June 19, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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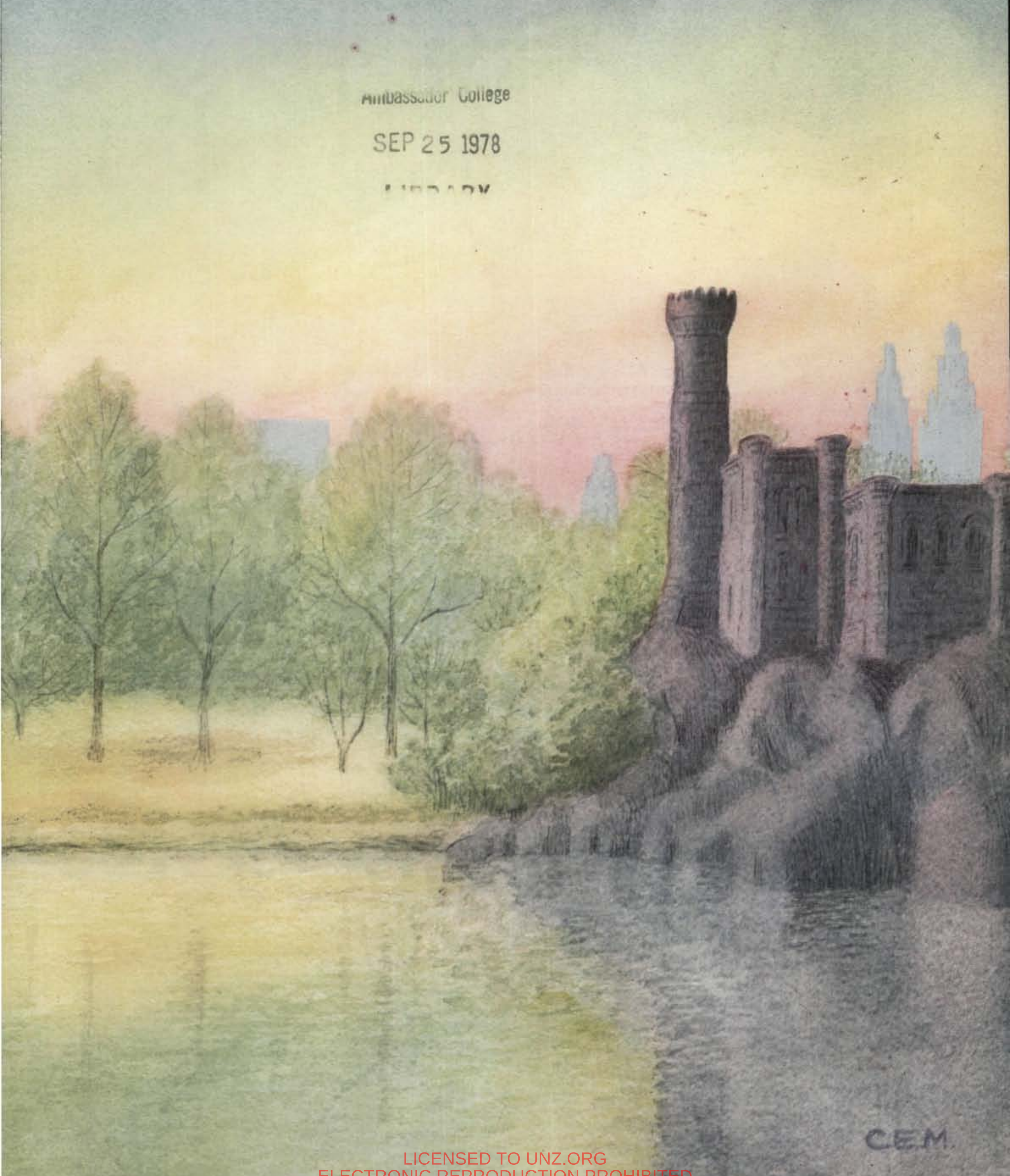

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Algonquin Sampler—Excerpts from the writings of Frank Sullivan, Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, James Thurber, Robert Benchley, E. B. White, and other Round Table regulars (and irregulars), as recited and acted, after a fashion, by an attractive company. (Joseph Jefferson Theatre Company, 11 E. 29th St. 679-7174. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

American Dance Machine—A potpourri of dance numbers from Broadway musicals of the past ("Can-Can," "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," and "No, No, Nanette" are but a few) performed by a troupe under the direction of Lee Theodore. Opens Wednesday, June 14. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—This cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch is moving from Off Broadway to Broadway. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. Reopens Monday, June 19. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

City Sugar—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

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Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely detremined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Co-

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

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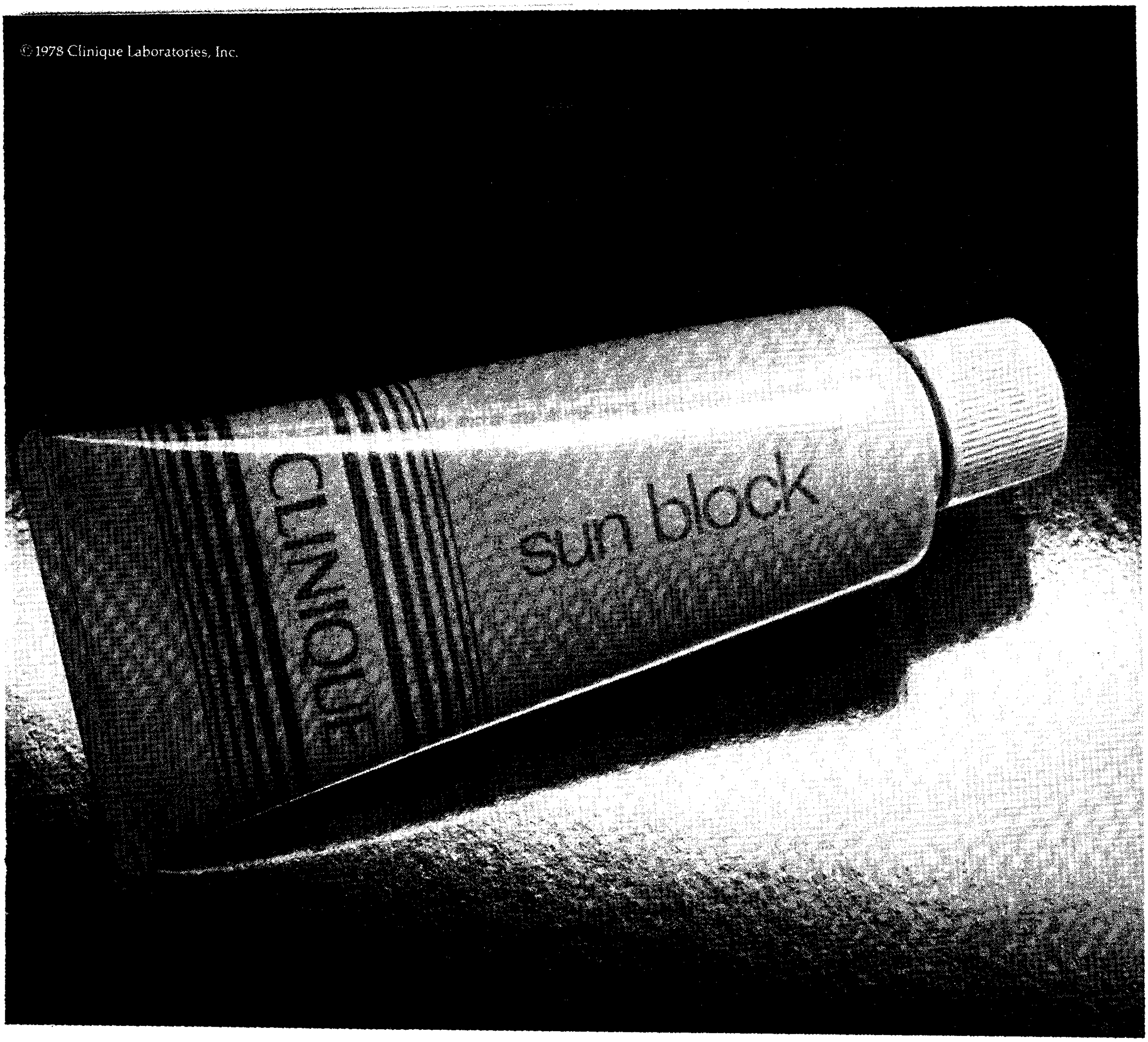

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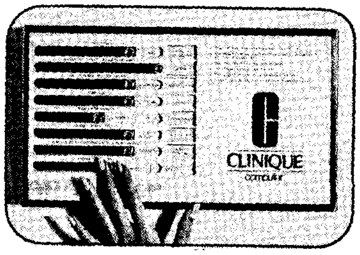

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

burn. The director is Mike Nichols. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A musical with a book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer (who also heads the cast) and music by Nancy Ford. Opens Wednesday, June 14. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Cup Ranneth Over—A one-act play by Robert Patrick. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 11. Closes Friday, June 30.)

Once in a Lifetime—A revival of Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's play, with Jayne Meadows Allen, George S. Irving, John Lithgow, Deborah May, Treat Williams, and Max Wright. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews Wednesday, June 14. Opens officially on Thursday, June 15, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 27. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

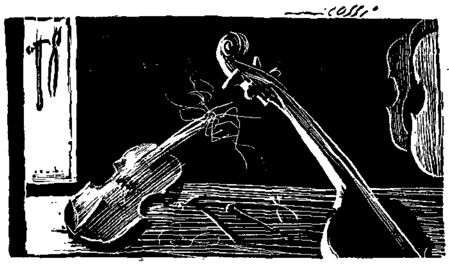
Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Sea at Dauphin—A powerful play by the distinguished Trinidadian poet Derek Walcott about a tragic, embittered Caribbean fisherman. With Sullivan Walker in the leading role. Leon Morenzie was the director. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, June 17.)



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The Show-Off—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Strawberry Fields—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

Timbuktu!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon heads the cast of a play by Bernard Slade. Arthur Storch directed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's drama, presented by the BAM Theatre Company, with Milo O'Shea, Austin Pendleton, Sam Waterston, and Michael Egan. (6/12/78) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

Yale Repertory Theatre—A four-week engagement of two productions: **SGANARELLE**, consisting of four short Molière farces, translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Andrei Serban will run through Sunday, June 18. (Reviewed in this issue.)... ¶ Arthur Kopit's **WINGS**, directed by John Madden, will follow, opening Wednesday, June 21, at 7:30 (preview Tuesday, June 20), and closing Sunday, July 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE**: A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,536 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE**: The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I**: An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 14, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Square Dance," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 8: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Friday, June 16, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, June 17, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, June 17, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 1: "A Sketch Book," "Divertimento No. 15,"

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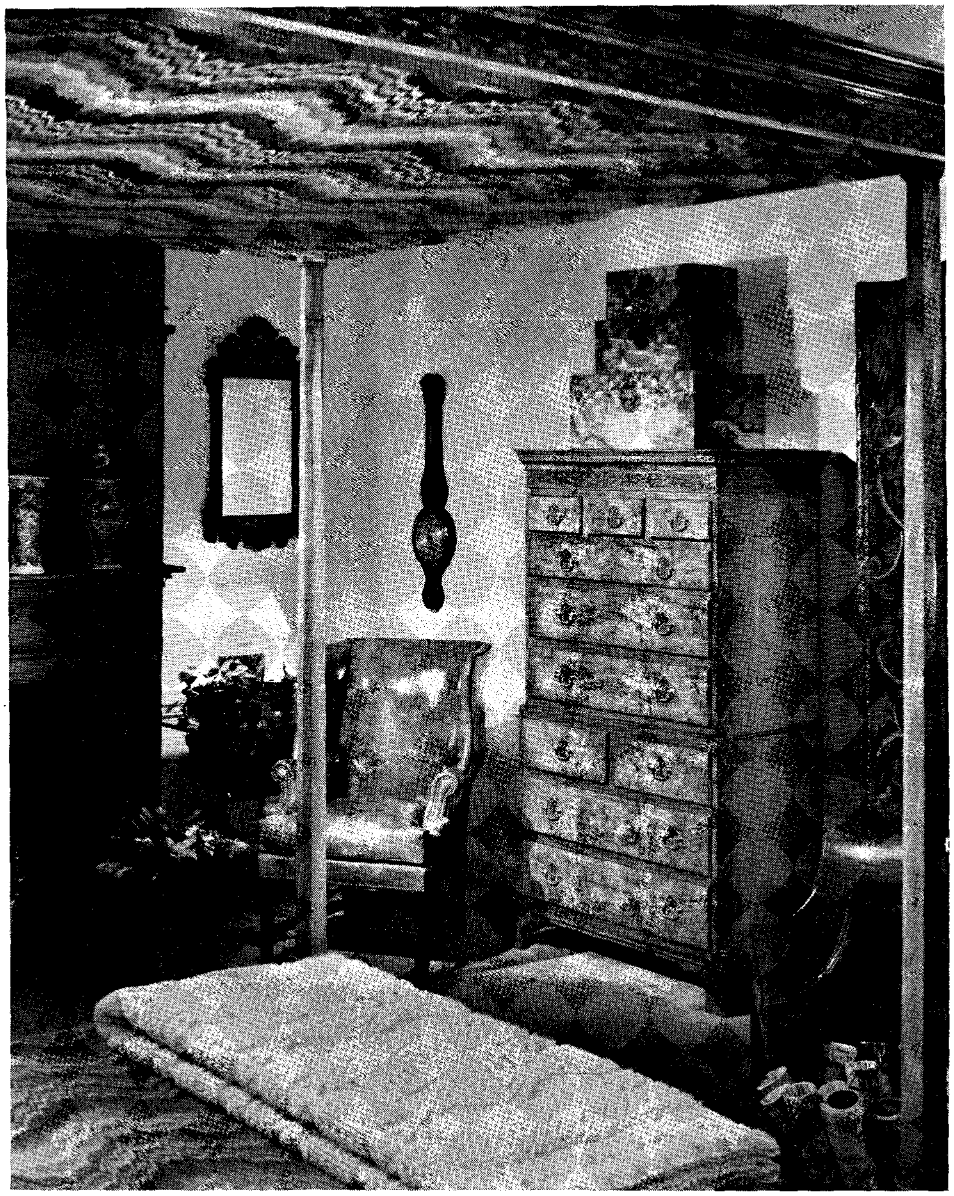

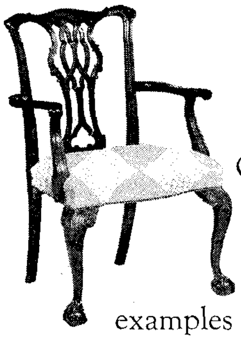

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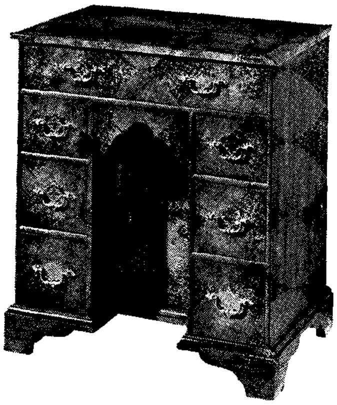

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and "In G Major."...¶ Sunday, June 18, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 8: "Coppélia."...¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Thursday, June 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Union Jack."...¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Square Dance," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Saturday, June 24, at 2: "Jewels."...¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Ballet Nacional de Cuba—With Alicia Alonso in a two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 14; Saturday evening, June 17; Friday evening, June 23; and Saturday matinée, June 24: "Giselle."...¶ Wednesday evening, June 14: "Les Sylphides," "Canto Vital" (première), "Swan Lake Pas de Deux," and "Blood Wedding" (première)....¶ Thursday evening, June 15; Saturday matinée, June 17; and Wednesday evening, June 21: "Coppélia."...¶ Friday evening, June 16: "Les Sylphides," "Blood Wedding," "Canto Vital," "Tarde en la Siesta" (première), and "Ad Libitum."...¶ Monday evening, June 19: "Pas de Quatre" and four premières—"Genesis," "Paso a Tres," "Dolls," and "Ad Libitum."...¶ Tuesday evening, June 20: "Les Sylphides," "Ritmicas" (première), "Tarde en la Siesta," and "Oedipus" (première)....¶ Wednesday matinée, June 21: "Les Sylphides," "Dolls," "Paso a Tres," and "Oedipus."...¶ Thursday evening, June 22, and Saturday evening, June 24: "House of Bernarda Alba" (première), "Pas de Quatre," and "Carmen." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Felix Blaska—A one-week engagement by an eight-member contemporary ballet company from France that is making its first appearance here—Wednesday, June 14, at 8: "Quatre Pièces," "Echappée du Sommeil," "The Ringmaster," and "Tu Es Cela."...¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18, at 8: "L'Histoire du Soldat" and "Tu Es Cela." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For information about tickets, call 850-4065.)

Kazuko Hirabayashi Dance Theatre—In a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday and Friday, June 15-16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 17-18, at 2 and 8.)

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—A six-performance engagement of a program of contemporary dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. Wednesday through Saturday, June 21-24, and Monday, June 26, at 8, and Sunday, June 25, at 7:30. For tickets, call 924-7560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. **DON PULLEN**, who was Charles Mingus's pianist for several years, is here leading a quartet through Saturday, June 17; on Tuesday, June 20, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** will move in with his group, the Untouchable Factor. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—There are *lots* of pictures on the walls, but then, this is SoHo. Novella Nelson, a striking-looking young woman who sings standards in a highly stylized and dramatic manner, goes on at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Drummer Zahir Batin's sextet performs through Saturday, June 17; Wednesday through Saturday, June 21-24, will be given over to bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream jazz septet, the Rising Sun. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Soul singer Peter Brown is here on Wednesday, June 14; Thursday and Friday, June 15-16, British punk-rocker Tom Robinson will lead his group; Saturday, June 17, will belong to a rock band called Fotomaker; on Monday, June 19, two fine folk-rock groups—the Roche Sisters and a band co-led by Jim Ringer and Mary McCaslin—will be onstage; Tuesday through Thursday, June 20-22, the great rhythm-and-blues guitarist **B. B. KING**—where would Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton, and a whole generation of blues-influenced rock musicians and listeners be without him?—will perform with his band; and on Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, **DOC WATSON**, the legendary singer and guitarist from the North Carolina mountains, and his son **MERLE** will pick and sing "Little Stream of Whiskey," "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar," and other classics from the family repertory. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

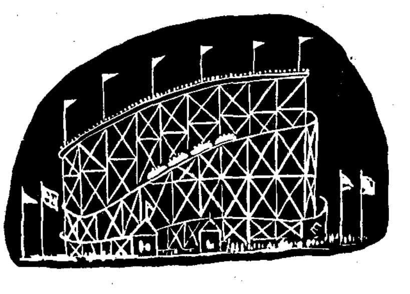
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is in the hands of pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and his bassist, **GEORGE MRAZ**, through Saturday, June 17. On Sundays, and for the week following June 18, **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house-favorite pianist, will be present. From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Named for a very strong Brazilian alcohol distilled from sugar cane, this second-floor room is decorated with potted palms, mirrored walls, and light-gray couches, and lets one easily imagine oneself in a Rio night club. The Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—adds to the authenticity. Live music begins at eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dinner and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is both an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **JIM MITCHELL** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** pays tribute to the pre-Bee Gees era of popular songs with a little help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper....**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights, from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.



Cassidy's, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—A popular, good-natured place that attracts businessmen and sports people and non-businessmen and sedentary people. Pianist Nina Sheldon, her bassist, and sometimes a saxophonist or a vocalist perform in the dining room Tuesdays through Fridays from nine to one. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a blues singer and songwriter who goes all the way back to the Bessie Smith era, is rocking, funny, full-voiced, and wonderful. She performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, delighting her audiences Mondays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist **RED RICHARDS** guides a traditional trio in a corner of this large, noisy dining room, which looks like a sea of high-backed Windsor chairs. Music Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—Singer and pianist **HUGH SHANNON**, a picture of international café-society nonchalance, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) perform together through Saturday, June 17. Beginning Monday, June 19, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will take over a group comprising Red Balaban, George Masso, Cliff Leeman, Jim Andrews, and **KENNY DAVERN**. Davern, a wonderful soprano saxophonist, will lead a quintet of his own on Sunday, June 18. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Fortune Garden, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-1212)—Pianist, singer, and Ellingtonia curator **BROOKS KERR** is in residence in the leopard-carpeted lounge, with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and with Greer and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** Thursdays through Saturdays. Swing tunes and banter from nine to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, is co-piloting a quartet with pianist **HAL GALPER**. They're on Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group

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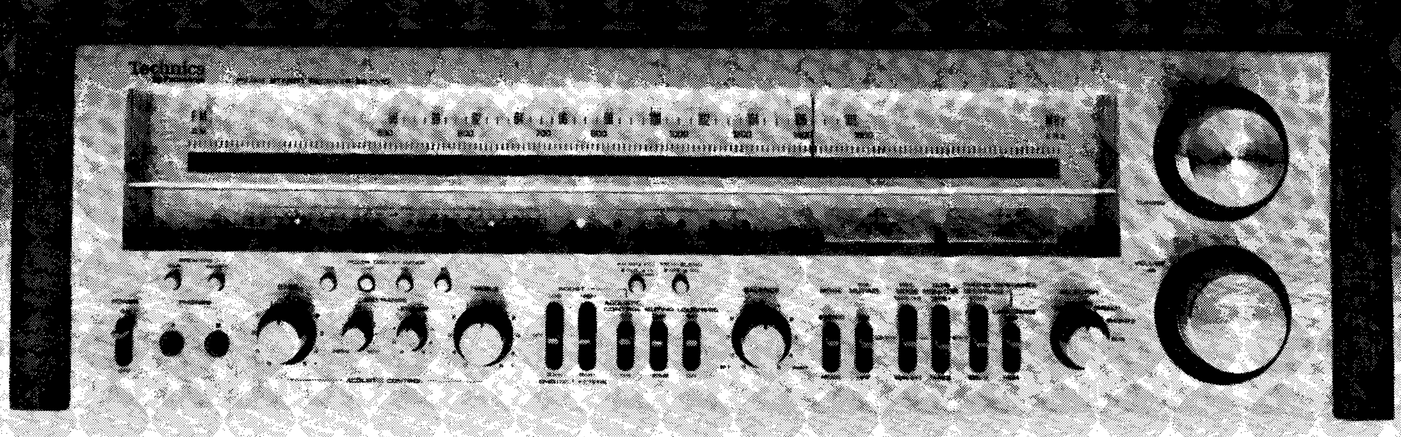

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. The most noteworthy musician in these parts is Kinky Friedman, a folkie and humorist who for years has been singing about his plight as a Texas Jewish cowboy. Friedman is here on Wednesday, June 14. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**Ronny Whyte,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **Jack Six** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Irene Kral has returned, and she works with a backing combo Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of smoke, rhythm-and-blues, and jazz on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Comic Jackie Mason, who usually works the Caesar's Palace circuit, is here through Saturday, June 17; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 20-21, Chris Rush, another comedian, will be on hand; and Thursday through Saturday, June 22-24, **Dave Van Ronk,** bearlike and scratchy-voiced, will sing and play tunes by Mississippi John Hurt, the Rev. Gary Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **Sy Oliver** directs a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**Cissy Houston,** who used to be a backup singer for Aretha, is now on her own, and her act is a celebration of pure sixties' soul music. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are given over to new talent. Dinner.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before **Bobby Cole** begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sidestreet, 314 E. 70th St., near Second Ave. (879-4220)—Guitarist **Gene Bertoncini** and bassist **Michael Moore** are sequestered in this small restaurant Mondays through Wednesdays, from eight-thirty to one. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work are as astounding as ever.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**David Amram,** a multinational multi-instrumentalist—he plays French horn, piano, guitar, and wooden flutes, and his music comes from his travels through Latin America, the Middle East, the conservatory, and the street—leads a quintet through Saturday, June 17. **Bennie Wallace,** an out-there tenor saxophonist, will lead a trio on Sunday and Monday, June 18-19. On Tuesday, June

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20, bassist **Ron Carter,** pianist **Kenny Barron,** drummer **Ben Riley,** bassist **Buster Williams,** and large numbers of Carter admirers will descend on the place. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A smudgy glass door and an unlit entranceway leads one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's sort of a public audition. Music every night but Sunday, provided mostly by rock bands on the way up. Showtimes are usually at midnight and two. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Bluesy pianist **Junior Mance** leads a trio in the upstairs Victorian-looking room on Friday and Saturday, June 16-17; Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven; and jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman,** guitarist **Eddie Berg,** and bassist **Lisle Atkinson** perform on Thursday, June 15, and Tuesday, June 20, from nine to midnight. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Pianist **Bill Evans,** his wonderful drummer **Philly Joe Jones,** and a bassist perform through Sunday, June 18; on Tuesday, June 20, pianist **Roland Hanna,** flutist **Frank Wess,** and the rest of the **New York Jazz Quartet** will move in. On Monday nights, **Thad Jones** and **Mel Lewis** continue their big-band tradition, which goes back even further than Monday-night baseball. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Trumpeter Franc Williams heads up a quartet through Friday, June 16; on Saturday, June 17, tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will perform; and on Sunday, June 18, the **Countsmen**—trombonist **Dicky Wells,** tenor saxophonist **Earle Warren,** and their rhythm section—will move in. Monday, June 19, will be a jam session by the Franc Williams group. Music from nine to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). Pianist **Harold Danko,** who is seen on Mondays with Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, above), works on his own with a bassist Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays; no music Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Tribute to Lionel Hampton—Mr. Hampton will be there, along with Buddy Tate, Phil Bodner, Doc Cheatham, George Duvivier, and Grady Tate. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, June 14, at 8.)

Walter Davis, Jr., Trio, Barry Harris Trio, and **Duke Jordan Trio**—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, June 16, at 7 and 9:45.

Julius Hemphill Quintet and **Jerome Cooper**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, June 16, at 10:30.

Bob Marley & the Wailers and **Stanley Clarke & School Days**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 17, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 17, at 10:30.

Ry Cooder—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, June 19, at 8.

Patti Labelle and **Maze (with Frankie Beverly)**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday and Friday, June 22-23, at 8.

Newport Jazz Festival—The opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in four halls, on a Staten Island ferry, in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. Forget about Saratoga unless you're already there. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 23, at 8: Schlitz salutes Sarah Vaughan and her trio, plus the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: The New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band. (Waterloo Village.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 5: "Twilight Jazz at Waterloo"—the music of Louis Armstrong and King Oliver, performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, including George Duvivier, Pee Wee Erwin, Budd Johnson, Bob Wilber, and Katharine Handy Lewis. (Waterloo Village.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "A Schlitz Salute to Jazz Latino," with Tito Puente and his Orchestra, Machito and his Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie, Cal Tjader, and Mongo Santamaria. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at midnight: "Basie's Midnight Jam," played by Count Basie and his orchestra, with Joe Williams and other friends of the Count. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at midnight: Ornette Coleman and the Cecil Taylor Unit. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Leo Smith and **Barry Altschul's Quartet**—Public Theatre. Friday, June 23, at 10:30.

Starship Encounters—Richard Hayman conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a concert of music from various SF films, plus a laser-light show. With William Shatner, narrator. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 24, at 2:30 and 8.)

Jeremy Steig & Eddie Gomez and **John Scofield's Quartet**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 24, at 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

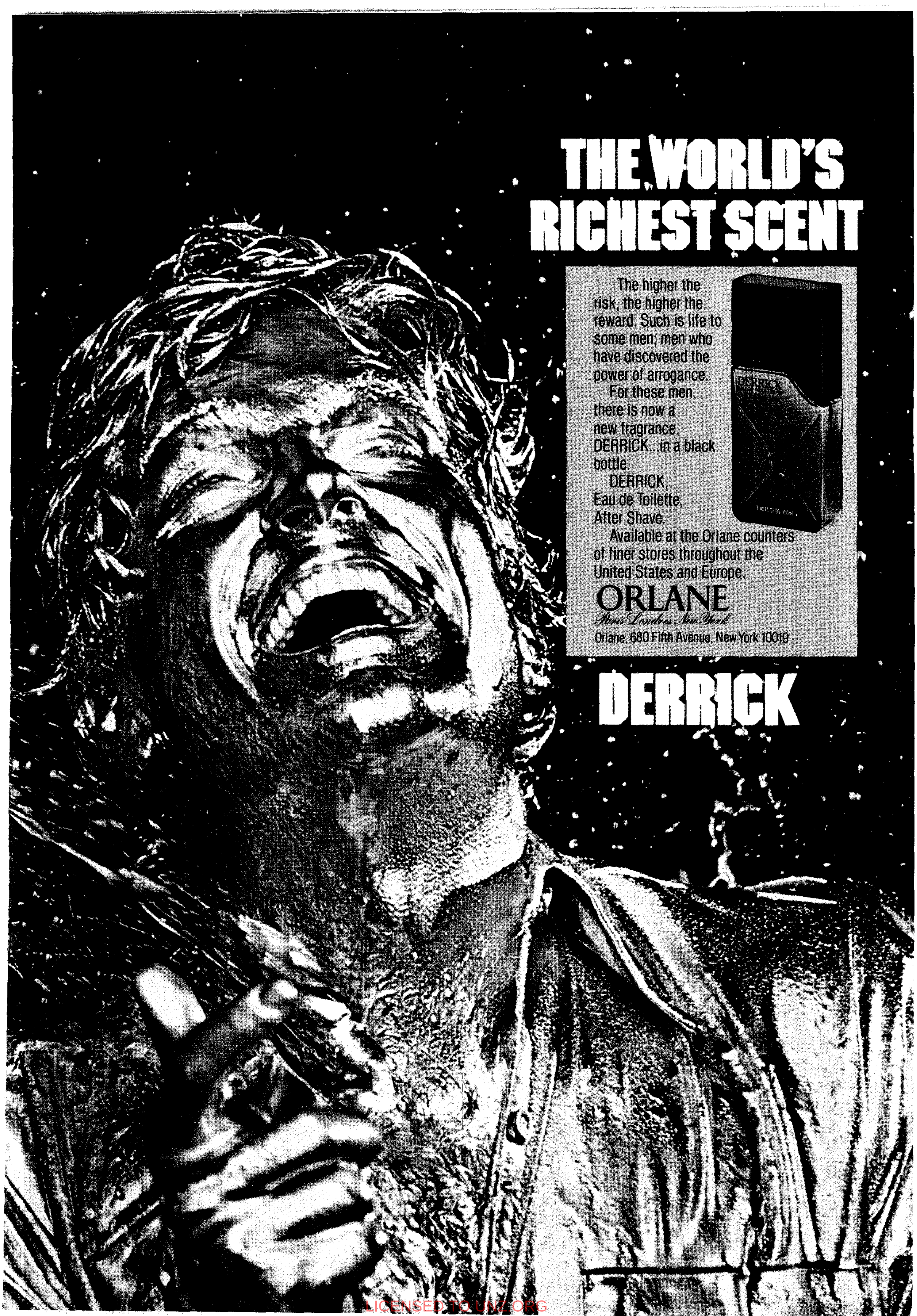
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vincenzo Agnetti—Manifestos by an Italian Conceptualist, and photographic compositions that illustrate, or at least touch upon, his major points. Through Saturday, June 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Elizabeth Bart—Oil paintings in which elegantly colored abstract forms are fitted together. Through Friday, June 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

R. O. Blechman / Edward Sorel—Small, lively watercolors, plus several works that were used as covers for this magazine. / Trenchant, funny, and expertly drawn political cartoons and satirical posters. Through Friday, June 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dennis Miller Bunker (1861-90)—A loan show



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WHAT IS GIN?

Gin is a state of mind. But, Gin is a recipe . . . Gin is Bombay. There's Only One World's Finest.

No two Gins are the same because Gin is a recipe. Certain English Gins have the flavor distilled in. The flavor of Gin makes the drink. The flavor of a true English Dry Gin is acquired in distilling from "botanicals." In distilling, as the vapor is boiled off it rises through racks of selected natural flavoring agents. These are:

1. Coriander (seeds) from Morocco
2. Lemon Peel from Spain
3. Angelica (root) from Saxony
4. Licorice from England
5. Orris (Iris flower) from Italy
6. Juniper (berries) from Germany
7. Almonds from Indo-China

From all of these Bombay Gin acquires that very slight, elusive flavor that makes Bombay a true, distinctive, dry Gin. This entire distilling process is further enhanced by a method of unhurried distillation which ensures that there is only *one* world's finest.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

of landscapes and portraits by a little-known American artist who worked in this country and in France. Through June 30. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Clarence Carter / Pierre Soulages—Cornfields shimmering in the heat, bleak country houses, run-down factories, all done in watercolors between 1927 and 1949 by a contemporary of Burchfield and Hopper. Through Friday, June 16. / Small, dark, and heavily varnished abstract paintings by the French Expressionist. Through July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jean Davidson—Abstract paintings incorporating bold forms and bold colors. Through June 28. (Galerias Paco, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Suzi Malin—Jet-set figures, mostly, depicted in various forms by this versatile young English artist. Through Saturday, June 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by the Austrian Expressionist. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexander Walsh—Expertly done watercolors, most of them depicting rather stark interiors inhabited by very small (or very large) contrasting conceits—a sailboat, a Colonial artillery piece and gunners. First one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Mexican Art—A two-gallery exhibit of works, covering twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **knoedler**, 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. (Through July 22. Daily, 10 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. (Through July 23. Daily, 10 to 5.) A single admission (two dollars) covers both shows.

Group Shows—At **blum-helman**, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings by Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through Tuesday, June 20. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings on shaped canvases by Tony DeLap and string wall pieces by David Roth in a show of six gallery artists. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **far gallery**, 22 E. 80th St.: An exhibit of paintings entitled "Six Artists and Their Models" offers figures by Ira Schwartz and Ronald Sherr, and compositions involving dramatic shadows by Masanobu Nihei. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tinted surrealist drawings, done in silverpoint and goldpoint, by Manuel Ayaso; pencil still-lifes, mostly, by Laura Shechter; and photographically exact heads, nudes, and still-lifes drawn on hard, cold-pressed paper with a 6H pencil by George Staempfli, who runs a gallery down the block. Through Friday, June 23. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: A ceramic snake with a human skull by Daisy Youngblood; a construction involving fabric, wire fencing, and ink splotches on a plywood background by Michael Luchs; and a collage incorporating wood, tar, Masonite, and linoleum by Donald Sultan are included in an exhibit here. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Sixteen metal and stone pieces by Max Bill, Alexander Calder, Mark di Suvero, and others. Through June 30. (Reed, 120 E. 78th St. Opens at 1.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Seymour Boardman / Rhoda Greenes—Two-dimensional rectangular forms outlined in color on white canvas or blocked in with a pencil on pebbly-surfaced paper. / Small abstract sculptures, classical in tone, carved of Carrara marble. Through Tuesday, June 20. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Susan Crile—Large abstract charcoal or pastel drawings, some based on figurative elements. Through Saturday, June 17. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Gillen—Two large abstract sculptures made of painted aluminum, and a number of smaller pieces—projected works—with tiny figures beside them to give a sense of scale. Through Saturday, June 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Oil-and-acrylic paintings of vast fields of Illinois corn in the tassel, and others showing the stubble left after harvest, plus watercolors of farm buildings—sheds, silos, barns. Through Thursday, June 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Metal sculptures in a range of sizes: indoors at the Cortella, 41 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, June 17), and outdoors at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Sept. 1).

Bernhard Lüthi / Joel Perlman—Large diptychs in which each panel offers a half-erased smudge of pastel on a dark background. / Vertical painted-steel constructions that suggest gateways. Through Friday, June 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

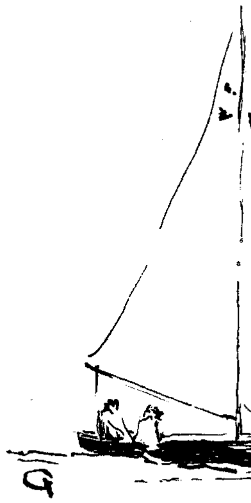
Charles Seliger—Small abstract patterns painted with acrylics on unstretched linen canvas. Through Saturday, June 24. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Patti Smith / Robert Mapplethorpe—Delicate (but X-rated) colored-pencil drawings by the artist-singer. / Photographs of Patti Smith sheathed in gauze, for the most part. Through Saturday, June 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—A dustpan growing out of the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun made of laminated plywood is one of the works on display, along with three poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through June 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Abstract paintings from his last ten years. Through June 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Bette Lazar and Peter Homitsky are among those exhibiting still-lifes. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Forty-three drawings by Beatrice Wood are the centerpiece of a show that also includes photographs and other works by her associates Sheeler, Man Ray, John Covert. Through Friday, June 16. . . . **getler-pall**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through June 30. . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through Saturday, June 17. . . . **long**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Goodnough, Noland, Motherwell, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through Saturday, June 17. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of still-life and flower painting includes a bouquet of coleus, anemones, and jasmine by Julien Binford; an arrangement of tropical flowers by Charles Coiner; and a greenhouse interior by Maurice Freedman. Through Friday, June 23. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **parsons-dreyfuss**, 24 W. 57th St.: A group show entitled "The Line" includes small compositions sewn into paper with silk thread by Ellen Tuchman; collages of handsomely colored Swiss cotton by Marischa Burckhardt; and a procession of pins that crawls from the baseboard up one wall and part way across the ceiling by Sibyl Weil. Through Saturday, June 17.



Sculpture—One work each by Arp, Archipenko, Nevelson, Noguchi, and Nadelman. . . . ¶ In a separate gallery, sculptor Mary Frank is exhibiting figure drawings made by slashing incisions in off-white paper with a razor and mounting the results on a fluorescent light box. The works are called Shadow Papers. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both exhibits through June 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Deborah K. Butterfield / John Kacere—Four life-size horses and several smaller ones made of twigs and branches woven together and caked with mud. / Female hips clad in synthetic underwear and depicted with air-brush realism. Through Saturday, June 17. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Collages. Through Saturday, June 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Drawings and prints made by the artist between 1972 and 1975, some of them blueprints for his light sculptures, others landscapes and still-lifes. An installation consisting of two columns of fluorescent rings of light—fourteen cool-colored ones on one side, and thirteen warm-colored ones on the other—completes the exhibit. Through Saturday, June 24. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Steve Poleskie—Another conceptual artist, but with a difference. This show consists of diagrammatic drawings of aerial stunts he plans to do, or has already done, and there on the gallery floor is the airplane he does them with—a tiny Pitts Special biplane. Through June 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Tania Schreiber—Compositions made up of huge triangles of primary colors by a woman artist who has been doing abstracts on the sides of New York buildings for fifteen years or so. Through July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Alan Sonfist—Two related exhibits. A display of wild flowers, grasses, and saplings—the artist's attempt to recreate a pre-Colonial forest—planted on nearly a quarter of an acre. (LaGuardia Pl. between Bleecker and Houston.) . . . ¶ Collages that combine photographs of forests with forest stuff—acorns, leaves, stones. Through Saturday, June 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **braunstein-quay**, 139 Spring St.: Works by three Californians—Hanna Hannah, who paints swatches of strong color in a checkerboard pattern on a dead-white ground; Elin Elisofon, who draws with a needle and thread, and also wraps up small dead birds like mummies; and Whit Ingram, who makes wall hangings (he calls

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them sculptures) with strips of cloth. Through June 30. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: An exhibition of works by seventeen painters organized by Michael Walls, which points up individuality in monochromatic painting. With few exceptions (Valerie Joudon's two-tone arabesque, and shaped canvases by Marilyn Lankowsky and George Peck), the pieces are all essentially big flat areas of a solid color; the artist's hand in applying that color is what makes the difference. Through July 8. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Drawings by seven contemporary French artists, among them Bernard Moninot, who is represented by a detailed pen-and-ink drawing of imaginary dark-room equipment, and Wolfgang Gafgen, who specializes in pencil depictions of frazzled ropes. Through July 12. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Carl Andre, Hanne Darboven, Donald Judd, and others. Through July 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: A show of works by artists who have not had solo shows here. Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MAUDE BOLTZ—Geometric patterns painted on twelve-foot banners of nylon fabric. Through June 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

NED SMYTH—Multipart concrete sculptures posted around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—"Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall, where it will remain through November.

NEW WORK / NEW YORK—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

SCULPTURE—Five works created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—A group of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

HARRY P. FISCHER—In 1901, this photographer opened a studio in Marietta, Ohio, and for close to fifty years he recorded events big and small that took place there—Theodore Roosevelt addressing a crowd at City Park, three men posing with their trophies after a deer hunt, a lone bride holding a bouquet. Through Saturday, June 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLIN—This Louisiana photographer is showing pictures of deserted ante-bellum mansions on the banks of the Mississippi, as well as a set of prints depicting Victorian architecture in Chicago, Milwaukee, and cities in the Southwest. Through Saturday, June 17. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

PHILLIP LEONIAN / LYNN LENNON—Pictures of people walking, by a photographer who has been obsessively watching walkers for the last ten years. / Self-portraits. Through Saturday, June 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

STEPHEN SHORE—The Yankees in spring training by a photographer whose last previous assignment was to document Monet's gardens at Giverny for the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, June 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EDMUND TESKE / ANTON BRUEHL—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images. / Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through Saturday, June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Photographs of moonlit deserted parking lots, quarry sites, airport runways, and industrial scenes by Robert Adams, Robert Levin, Elliot Schwartz, and Lewis Baltz. As a comment on all this, the gallery has mounted a lush nineteenth-century landscape by C. E. Watkins. Through Saturday, June 24. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works by Lisette Model, Jack Manning, W. Eugene Smith, and sixty or so other members of the Photo League, a New York-based organization formed in 1936 and dedicated to achieving social change through photography. It was blacklisted in 1947, and four years later it disbanded. Through July 9. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: New York street life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through June 30. . . . **VARCRC**, third floor, 22 E. 54th St.: Photographic blowups (the negatives are in the Library of Congress) of Caribbean life as seen by island visitors between 1880 and 1910. Through Aug. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through Sunday, June 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemme. Through July 4. . . . ¶ Works in a variety of mediums by thirteen young American artists. Through Friday, June 16. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages and other works. Through July 9. . . . ¶ The H. C. Westermann retrospective offers samples of his versatility and quirky wit—models of crazy houses; a hammer handle with a head at either end, nested in a box within a box; a drawing, titled the Kamikaze, showing a cargo ship hurtling out of the sky toward a parked monoplane. Through July 16. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by modern-day artists (Joan Brown, Red Grooms, Alex Katz) who make use of cartoon elements in their paintings, drawings, graphics, and films. Through July 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. . . . ¶ Music in the garden: On Sunday, June 18, at 3, a program of baroque music will be played by L'Ensemble, Ida Faiella directing.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens; one simple pair is devoted solely to kimonos carefully placed on racks. Through

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July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. . . . ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." . . ¶ Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through July 29.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers). Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

Manhattan Opera Singers—Lois Albright directing a performance of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," staged by Christian Smith, with the Players Orchestra of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 15, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the last two in a series of concerts of repertory favorites. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, June 17, and Monday, June 19, at 8.)

Schubert Fest—At Carnegie Hall, Sergiu Comissiona conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in four all-Schubert programs. Each is divided into three parts: a chamber-music prelude, an orchestral concert, and a post-concert lieder recital. Wednesday, June 14: Ernst Wallfisch, violin and viola, and Lory Wallfisch, piano, at 7. Orchestral works, with Claude Frank, piano, at 8:15. Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, at 10:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15; Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Jules Eskin, cello, at 7. Orchestral works, with Guy Lumia, violin; Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, alto; John Aler, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Paul Fayko, organ; and the Orpheon Chorale, at 8:15. Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, at 10:15. . . . ¶ Friday, June 16: Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, pianos, at 7. Orchestral works at 8:15. Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, and Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, at 10:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17: Robert Rudié, violin; Elizabeth Wright, piano; John Feeley, guitar; Paul Dunkel, flute; Janet Hill, viola; and Chaim Zemach, cello, at 7. Orchestral works at 8:15. David Clatworthy, baritone, at 10:15.

Metropolitan Singers and Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra and a children's choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 18, at 7.)

RECITALS

Music Project—The final concert of the season, with Janis-Rozena Peri, soprano. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St.

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Monday, June 19, at 7:30. For tickets, call 222-9190.)

Cecylia Arzewski—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera Stars on Film—Two programs of film clips, with commentary (live) by Francis Robinson. Tuesday, June 20, at 8:30, Part I: Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett, Ezio Pinza, Jussi Bjoerling, Kirsten Flagstad, Giovanni Martinelli, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 8:30, Part II: Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Arturo Toscanini, Jan Peerce, Lily Pons, Maria Callas, and George London. (Alice Tully Hall. For information about tickets, call 582-7500.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Saturday, June 17, at 9: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a benefit concert, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 5:30: The New York Renaissance Band in a program entitled "Festival Music of the High Renaissance." . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in four Mozart horn concertos, with Anthony Miranda and Sharon Moe, solo horn. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, starting June 24, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Saturday, June 17, at 7: America and Pure Prairie League. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 7: Marshall Tucker Band and Jay Boy Adams. . . . ¶ Monday, June 19, at 8:15: Tom Jones. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, June 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, June 18, at 2. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Tuesday through Thursday, June 20-22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, June 23, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 24, at 2:05.

Racing—At **Belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Youthful, Wednesday, June 14; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 17; the Nassau County Handicap, Sunday, June 18; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 21; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **Woodbine**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 24.

Soccer—**Closed-circuit TV at Madison Square Garden**: Nine semifinal matches for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Argentina. West Germany vs. Italy, Wednesday, June 14, at 12:45. . . . ¶ Brazil vs. Peru, Wednesday, June 14, at 3:45. . . . ¶ Argentina vs. Poland, Wednesday, June 14, at 6:15. . . . ¶ Peru vs. Poland, Sunday, June 18, at 12:45. . . . ¶ Italy vs. Austria, Sunday, June 18, at 3:45. . . . ¶ Argentina vs. Brazil, Sunday, June 18, at 6:15. . . . ¶ Italy vs. the Netherlands, Wednesday, June 21, at 12:45. . . . ¶ Brazil vs. Poland, tentative, Wednesday, June 21, at 3:45. . . . ¶ Argentina vs. Peru, Wednesday, June 21, at 6:15. . . . **Giants Stadium**, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Washington. (Sunday, June 18, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: Apples vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, June 15, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 16.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, antique jewelry, watches, coins, and American, English, and Continental silver; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including a collection of Tiffany lamps; from the estate of Charles E. Conville and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 15. . . . **Christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, June 16, at 10:30 and 2: European porcelains and pottery and Chinese Export porcelains; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 10:30 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**Clove Lakes Park**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; conducted by Gianfranco Masini. . . . **Prospect Park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18), "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; David Stivender. . . . **Cunningham Park**, Queens: Saturday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; Gianfranco Masini. . . . **Central Park's Sheep Meadow**: Tuesday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; Gianfranco Masini. . . . **Van Cortlandt Park**, Bronx: Wednesday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; David Stivender. . . . **Marine Park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 25), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; Gianfranco Masini.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, July 30. (First concert on Wednesday, June 21—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Bicycling Tour—On Wednesday, June 21, Patti Hagan and Joe Bresnan will conduct a tour of Central Park's bridges. It will meet at Columbus Circle at 6:30 P.M.; rain date, June 22. For information, call UN 1-9696.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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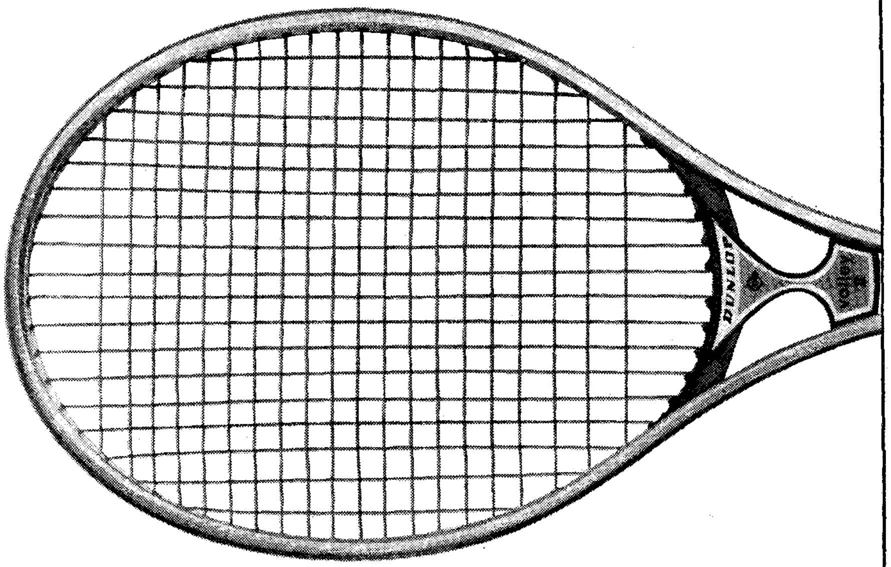

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An oversized racquet can be a truly excellent way to give you a lordly control of the ball, an octopus reach—and an acute attack of sweaty-palmed self-consciousness.

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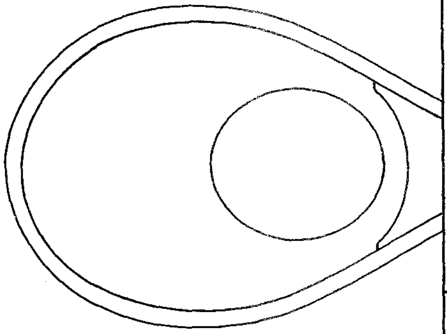
Using all our engineering expertise (and a certain basic craftiness), we have achieved the Dunlop Volley II. The extraordinary racquet which gives you fully 18% more string area, not to mention a monster sweetspot. Yet which nobody notices is oversized. (Its other name is "The Secret Weapon.")



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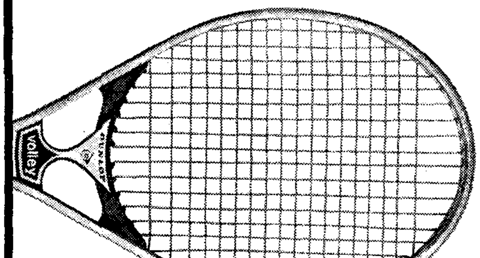

There's another new Dunlop Volley frame. A conventional size one. Like Volley II, it's made of superhard aluminum for incredible serve power. As well as smash power and ground stroke power. And we've engineered the Volley for control you didn't think possible in a hard-hitting racquet. If you don't need big head advantages, you still need the racquet that will make the most of your own advantages—the Volley. (Its other name is "The Weapon.")

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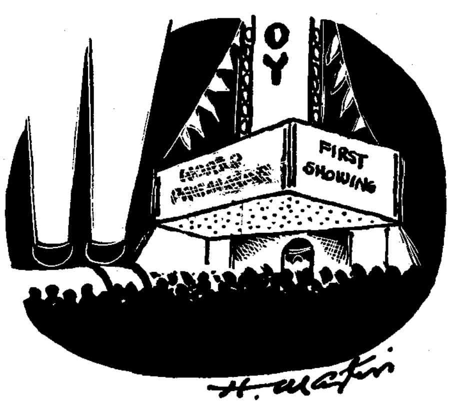
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 15: "American Graffiti."
From June 16: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 20: "Coming Home."
From June 21: "High Anxiety."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 15: "Thank God It's Friday."
From June 16: "Grease."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 15: "An Unmarried Woman."
From June 16: "Jaws 2."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Damien: Omen II."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 22 (tentative): "F.I.S.T."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Capricorn One."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Different Story."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 15: "Saturday Night Fever."
From June 16: "Jaws 2."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bonjour Amour."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 22 (tentative): "Servant and Mistress."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"House Calls."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Greek Tycoon."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 20: "Coming Home."
From June 21: "High Anxiety."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The End."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 22 (tentative): "Capricorn One."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through June 15: "Thank God It's Friday."
From June 16: "Grease."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Damien: Omen II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 15: "American Graffiti."
From June 16: "Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 15: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From June 16: "Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Capricorn One."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: Through June 15: "The Punk Rock Movie." From June 16: "Pirosmani."
Theatre 3: "The End."
Theatre 4: Through June 20: "Outrageous!" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth." From June 21: "F.I.S.T."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Turning Point."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through June 21: "Fantasia."
From June 22: "Matilda."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Chess Players."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 20: "American Graffiti."
From June 21: "High Anxiety."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Woman at Her Window."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 15: "The Harder They Come" and "Yellow Submarine."
From June 16: "A Star Is Born."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 20: "Joseph Andrews."
From June 21: "High Anxiety."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "Capricorn One."
Theatre 3: "The End."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Outrageous!" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 15: "American Graffiti" and "Let the Good Times Roll."
June 16-20: "Joseph Andrews" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From June 21: "High Anxiety" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 14: "Weekend" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Mireille Darc; and "Pravda" (1970), a documentary by Jean-Luc Godard.
June 15: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.
June 16-17: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
June 18-19: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
June 20: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Kill!" (†)
June 21: "The Saragoosa Manuscript" (1964), in Polish, directed by Wojciech Jerzy Has; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), a short silent film, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
June 22: "Night Moves" (†) and "The Long Goodbye." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 14: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon; and "Blume in Love" (1973), directed by Paul Mazursky, with George Segal, Susan Anspach, and Kris Kristofferson.
June 15: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau.
June 16: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
June 17: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
June 18: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Break of Hearts." (†)
June 19: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†); and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard.
June 20: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "La Grande Bourgeoise" (1977), in French and Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Catherine Deneuve, Giancarlo Giannini, and Fernando Rey.
June 21: "Intolerance" (†) and "Judith of Bethulia." (†)
June 22: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Music Room." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 15: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort; and "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.
June 16-17: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin; and "Something for Everyone." (†)
June 18-19: "The African Queen" (†); and "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.
June 20: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
June 21-22: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (†); and "Born to Win" (1971), directed by Ivan Passer, with George Segal, Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
June 14: A program of W. C. Fields short films; and "The Great Chase" (1962), a medley of old movie chases, from 1903 to 1927.
June 15-16: "Too Many Girls" (1940), directed by George Abbott, with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi

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IBM Reports

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Arnaz; and "Vivacious Lady" (1938), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Beulah Bondi, and Charles Coburn.

June 17-18: "Blackbeard, the Pirate" (1952), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Robert Newton, Linda Darnell, William Bendix, Keith Andes, and Torin Thatcher; and "Room Service" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with the Marx Brothers.

June 19-20: "Son of Kong" (1933), directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack; and "Mighty Joe Young." (†)

June 21-22: "Joy of Living" (1938), directed by Tay Garnett, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Carefree." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 14: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (1961), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, and Montgomery Clift.

June 15-17: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, Raymond Burr, and Fred Clark; and "The Search" (1948), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Montgomery Clift, Aline MacMahon, Ivan Jandl, Jarmila Novotna, and Wendell Corey.

June 18-20: "The Chase" (†) and "The Wild One." (†)

From June 21: "Rebel Without a Cause" (†) and "East of Eden." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 15: "Boy Slaves" (1939), directed by P. J. Wolfson, with Anne Shirley, Roger Daniel, James McCallion, and Alan Baxter; and "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), directed by William Wellman, with Frankie Darro, Rochelle Hudson, Arthur Hohl, and Sterling Holloway.

June 16-17: "Jabberwocky" (1977), directed by Terry Gilliam, with Michael Palin; and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.

June 18-19: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

June 20: "Things to Come" (†) and "Transatlantic Tunnel." (†)

June 21-22: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (†) and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 14: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "New Moon" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Mary Boland.

June 15: "Tales of Manhattan" (1942), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Paul Robeson, Edward G. Robinson, and Charles Laughton; and "If I Had a Million" (1932), an episode film, with many of the stars on the Paramount lot at the time.

June 16-17: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

June 18: "Roxie Hart" (†) and "Kitty Foyle." (†)

June 19: "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Fred MacMurray, and Una Merkel; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Ethel Merman, Ray Milland, Leon Errol, Gracie Allen, and George Burns.

June 20: "Strangers in Love" (1932), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Fredric March and Kay Francis; and "Street of Chance." (†)

June 21: "S.O.S. Iceberg" (†) and "The White Hell of Pitz Palü." (†)

June 22: "St. Louis Blues" (1958), directed by Allen Reisner, with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway; and "Stormy Weather." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 15 at 2:30: "Night Cap" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Forcier, no English titles; and "My Name Is Susan Yee" (1975), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Beverly Shaffer.... ¶ June 15 at 6: "Les Créoles" (1976), directed by Michel Brault and André Gladu, and "Ntesi Nana Shepen: On Disait que C'était Notre Terre" (1976), directed by Arthur Lamothe; both Québécois documentary films, in French, with no English subtitles.... ¶ June 15 at 8:30: "C'était un Québécois en Bretagne, Madame!" (1976), directed by Pierre Perrault and Bernard Gosselin, and "Ma Chère Terre: Les Cajuns" (1976), directed by Michel Brault and André Gladu; both Québécois documentary films, in French, with no English subtitles.... ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Brassard, with Denise Filatraut; English subtitles.... ¶ June 16 at 6: "Arsenal" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenki; Russian intertitles.... ¶ June 17 at noon: "Steamboat Round the Bend" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, Irvin S. Cobb, and Eugene Pallett.... ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "First Question About Happiness" (1978), a Québécois film, in Spanish and French, directed by Gilles Groulx, a documentary made in Oaxaca, Mexico; no English subtitles.... ¶ June 17 at 5: "Montreal Main" (1974), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Frank Vitale, with Mr. Vitale, Johnny Sutherland, Allan (Bozo) Moyle, and Steve Lack; not recommended for children.... ¶ June 18 at noon: "Steamboat Round the Bend".... ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "The Last Betrothal" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, with Marthe Nadeau, J-Leo Gagnon, and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles.... ¶ June 18 at 5: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.... ¶ June 19 at noon: "Glimpses of China" (1974), a Québécois film, directed by Marcel Carrière, with views of Peking, Canton, Shanghai, and Shenyang.... ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "Beat" (1976), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Blanchard, with Bertrand Gagnon and Nicole Scant; English subtitles.... ¶ June 19 at 6: "Mouches Volantes" (1976), directed by Larry Gottheim, an avant-garde film.... ¶ June 20 at noon: "Steel Blues aka Day of Steel" (1976), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Jorge Fajardo; and "Happy People Don't Have Stories" (1976), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Paul Tana, with Rita Lafontaine and Marcel Sabourin, English subtitles.... ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "As Husbands Go" (1933), directed by Hamilton MacFadden, with Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson, and Warner Oland.... ¶ June 20 at 6: "Jean Carignan, violoneux" (1975), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Bernard Gosselin, a documentary; English subtitles.... ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jacques Leduc, with Esther Auger and Luce Guilbeault; English subtitles.... ¶ June 22 at 7: "Chronicle of Everyday Life" (1978), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jacques Leduc, a four-and-a-half hour, eight-part documentary, with intermission; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 18: "The Popovich Brothers of South Chicago" (1978), directed by Jill Godmilow.... ¶ Starting June 20: "Prayer" (1976) and "Rituals and Demonstrations" (1975-78), both films directed by Zalman Jofen. Showings Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, 4:30, 6, and 7:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of six short films by Pat O'Neill. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—June 15-18: "Tomorrow" (1972), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Robert Duvall and Olga Bellin.... ¶ Starting June 22: "Outback" (1972), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Donald Pleasence and Gary Bond. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 6 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Cinema Village; June 18-19.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (St. Marks Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Olympia; through June 15.... ¶ Playboy; through June 20.)

Bonjour Amour—With Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos, directed by Roger Andrieux. In French. (Cinema II.)

Break of Hearts (1935)—Katharine Hepburn as a tender, guileless young composer, and Charles Boyer as a worldly, philandering symphony conductor. They marry, she leaves him in disillusionment, he drinks and goes to the dogs, she returns to save him. It's dreadful, turgid stuff, yet these two make something of it anyway. She's so intuitive and girlish and wistful that you want to conk her one, but she's so flamingly intense that you find yourself surrendering. With John Beal; Philip Moeller directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

Capricorn One—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (Trans-Lux East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ U.A. East; through June 22, tentative.)

Carefree (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (8th St. Playhouse; June 21-22.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I.)

The Chase (1966)—Overripe melodrama about the South, directed by Arthur Penn (he regrets the film as a far from personal piece of work) and written, nominally, by Lillian Hellman (who has elsewhere disowned it). Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Janice Rule, Robert Redford, Robert Duvall. What was intended as a modest picture about some aimless people on an aimless Saturday night got Thought

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Big. Produced by Sam Spiegel. (Regency; June 18-20.)

The Chess Players—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident, played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film exactly catch the relationship between Indians and British. (5/22/78) (Festival.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Thalia; June 21-22.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 16.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through June 20.)

Damien: Omen II—With William Holden, Lee Grant, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor; directed by Don Taylor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Dear Detective—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A Different Story—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Regency; starting June 21.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall; through June 21.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain is welcome, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema; through June 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 21.)

Grease—A musical, with John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, and Stockard Channing; directed by Randal Kleiser. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; starting June 16.)

The Greek Tycoon—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis, played in colossal dark glasses that make the stars—Jacqueline Bisset and Anthony Quinn—seem to represent people whose eyes are blinding headlights. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (Loews Tower East.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Playboy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting June 21.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen: the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

Jaws 2—With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 16.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; June 16-20.)

Judith of Bethulia (1913)—Seen now, this D. W. Griffith four-reeler (which was one of the first four-reel films made in America) appears to be a warmup for the splendors of his "Intolerance." "Judith of Bethulia" is not an altogether likable picture, but it has its heavy pseudo-Oriental charms. Blanche Sweet is the plump and pious Jewish widow who decks herself out as a courtesan and gains entrance to the camp of the Assyrian general Holofernes (Henry B. Walthall). Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are young lovers, and Lillian Gish, in a grand coup of unlikely casting, plays a young Jewish mother. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

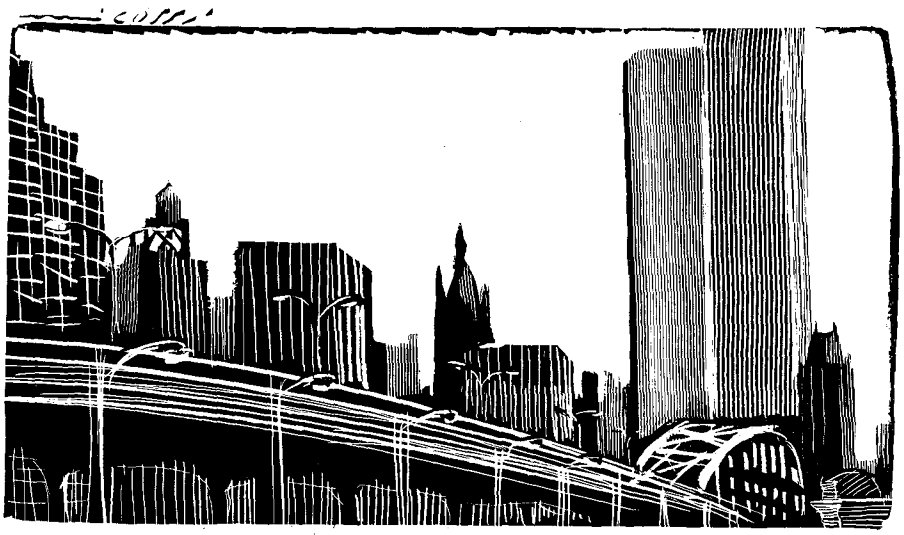
Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 20.)

Kitty Foyle (1940)—Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award for best actress for her "serious" performance as a white-collar girl whose baby dies. In a long career of giving pleasure, this is one of the few occasions when she failed; it isn't her worst acting (that's probably in "Tender Comrade"), but there's nothing in the soggy material to release the distinctive Ginger Rogers sense of fun. Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart adapted Christopher Morley's novel; Sam Wood directed. With Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Gladys Cooper, Florence Bates, and Eduardo Ciannelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Let the Good Times Roll (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Olympia; through June 15.)

Long Day's Journey into Night (1962)—This portrait of the artist as an Irish-American has the worst American failings: it's obvious, sprawling, yet crabbed. But if you respond at all, you may go all the way to exaltation. Perhaps just because of its hideous familiarity, its grinding, ludicrous wrestling with expressiveness, "Journey" is, at last, an American family classic; the usual embarrassments



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are transcended, and the family theme is raised to mythic heights. This is the best film ever made from an O'Neill play (and it's O'Neill's greatest play). Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Hepburn's transitions here—the way she can look eighteen or eighty at will—seem iridescent; she surpasses herself—the most beautiful screen comedienne of the thirties and forties becomes our greatest screen tragedienne. Sidney Lumet directs; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; regrettably, the version being shown at this time cuts thirty-four minutes; this seriously damages the structure and omits several of Robards' finest scenes. (Cinema Village; June 21-22.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" parodied the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Olympia; June 16-20.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. A French film, dubbed in English. (Olympia; starting June 21.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (New Yorker.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 20.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With

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Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Art.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall; starting June 22.)

Mighty Joe Young (1949)—King Kong domesticized and turned into a children's pet. Terry Moore plays an orphan girl, raised in Africa, who buys a sweet, docile gorilla, Joe, who adores her; Robert Armstrong (who discovered King Kong) finds them and transports them to a Hollywood night club. Joe, a ten-footer, holds Terry and a grand piano up in the air on a platform while she beats out "Beautiful Dreamer." But Joe turns out to be a moralist who disapproves of drinking and carrying on, and eventually he wrecks the night club in an impressive fury. He engages in a pretty funny tug-of-war with a team composed of Man Mountain Dean, Primo Carnera, and some other oversize types. Ernest Schoedsack directed this nonsense; it has some spectacular effects, but a wretched script. With Ben Johnson. (8th St. Playhouse; June 19-20.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

Night Moves (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Thalia; June 21-22.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (New Yorker.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 20.)

Pirosmani—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Georgian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who understands an unusual amount of the creative process, and who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. This is one of the most truly Slav and tranquil pictures to have come out of Russia for many a year. In Russian. (6/5/78) (Quad Cinema; starting June 16.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

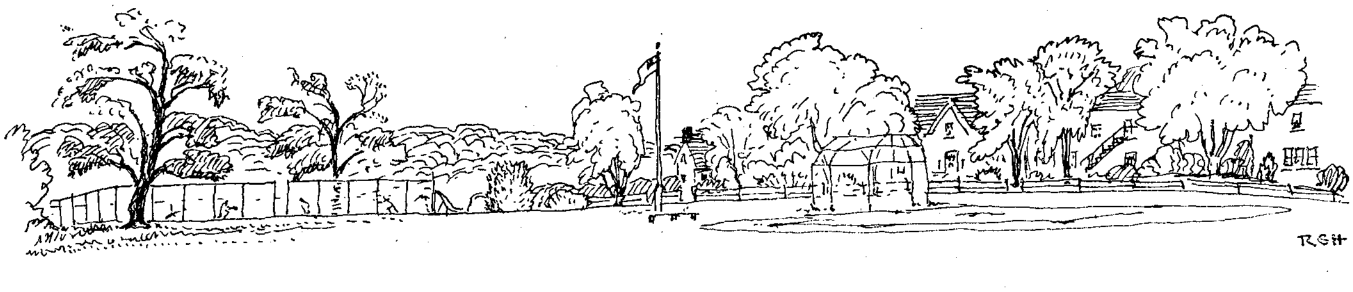
The Punk Rock Movie—A documentary of the punk-rock groups. (Quad Cinema; through June 15.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Regency; starting June 21.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16-17.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother murmurs approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, and Spring Byington as a sob sister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron, Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works



selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler). With Karen Lynn Gorney; directed by John Badham. (12/26/77) (D.W. Griffith; through June 15.)

Servant and Mistress—With Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol, directed by Bruno Gantillon. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia II; through June 22, tentative.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; June 16-17.)

S.O.S. Iceberg (1933)—An international production (Danish, German, American), this adventure melodrama about a shipwrecked group of explorers hanging on to a glacier that's breaking up was an international hit. Made in Greenland in 1932 and 1933 by the director, Dr. Arnold Fanck, it starred Leni Riefenstahl and a German cast; the American version, with Tay Garnett given the director's credit, retains much of Fanck's footage, and Riefenstahl is still the star, but the other German leads are replaced by Rod La Rocque and Gibson Gowland. From the start, the production doesn't appear to have been taken too seriously by those involved (not, at least, in the way they took "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" seriously; see below), and it's far from a great epic, but it has an entertainingly perilous situation, and there are marvellously photographed sequences. Ernst Udet, who had appeared in "Pitz Palü" and other Fanck films, does some exhibition-style stunt flying here, as he comes to the rescue. By the time she appeared in this film, Riefenstahl, discovered by Fanck when he saw her dancing the lead role in a ballet when she was seventeen, had already made her own début as a director, with "The Blue Light," in 1932. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood that had featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and myth-making. Garland's performance is nakedly intense; her musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford and Jack Carson. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). (Cinema Studio; starting June 16.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22.)

Street of Chance (1930)—William Powell, very cool and very sure as a gentleman racketeer, in a well-written, deftly plotted melodrama about gambling. In order to cure his younger brother, Babe (Regis Toomey), of gambling fever, he sets up a game with the slickest cardplayers in New York. When Babe cleans them out and makes off with all the cash in the pot, the gamblers think big brother has put one over on them, and they go after him. Jean Arthur and Kay Francis are the women; directed by John Cromwell, who also plays Imbrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; through June 15.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H.G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. (Thalia; June 20.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Iron-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most appealing early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Thalia; June 20.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Guild.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through June 15.)

The White Hell of Pitz Palü (1929)—The German geologist-filmmaker Dr. Arnold Fanck made a series of six "mountain films"—all popular successes—starring the young dancer Leni Riefenstahl. This one is the most famous, perhaps because although Fanck directed the outdoor sequences (a celebration of heights, vastness, ordeal, purity), the overall story was in the hands of G. W. Pabst, who obtained marvellously sensual performances from Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl. It's a passionately romantic outdoor epic full of that Promethean Alpine idealism about the conquest of the peaks which was soon after to become identified with Nazi mysticism. The celebrated German daredevil ace of the First World War, Ernst Udet (whose later experiences, during the Nazi period, were used as the basis for the 1955 film "The Devil's General"), appears as himself; when the principal characters are trapped on a mountain peak, Udet arrives in a tiny rescue plane. An example of a genre that died, this film of precipices, avalanches, and suffering produces very mixed emotions, but however one feels about it, it is visually stunning. When it opened here at the Roxy, it had a tremendous success, though its fame was diminished by a bastardized sound version, with sequences shot in a studio replacing the authentic originals. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Regency; June 18-20.)

A Woman at Her Window—A good French picture, badly subtitled, set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (6/12/78) (Little Carnegie.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a beguiling catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE new standard fifteen-cent United States postage stamp. It is an alarming pumpkin-orange in color, and it has the texture of the sort of gummed address label that Uncle Ned orders by the thousand from the Shopping Mart in the back of the *Times Magazine*. The white-and-orange eagle profile on the new stamp—a Halloweenish version of the Postal Service's logo—looks toward the left, and this, if the stamp is affixed in the usual upper right-hand corner, creates the disturbing impression that your letter is about to take off backward. Actually, it may not be about to take off at all; the position of the eagle's visible wing suggests that the bird may be merely stretching. Under the eagle's head there appears something puzzling and philatelically unprecedented, at least in modern times—the letter "A." What does it stand for? "American cheese"—for the color? "Affordable"? (Not likely.) "*Aigle*," maybe. Or maybe the "A" is a word, and not a letter, in which case it combines with the eagle to form a truncated and ungrammatical rebus: "A eagle." A eagle *what*? If the "A" is indeed the indefinite article, perhaps it goes with the "US Postage" legend across the bottom of the rectangle. But "A US Postage" makes no sense, either. Maybe they meant to say "A US Postage Stamp" and just ran out of room. And "15c" doesn't appear anywhere—one can safely assume because the new standard fifteen-cent United States postage stamp will all too soon cost sixteen or seventeen cents. No, the whole thing is a mistake, from top to bottom—unworthy of its perforations.

A FRIEND who is inclined to be somewhat tense and jumpy writes:

For years, I have spent a lot of my time trying to relax, and sometimes I even succeed. A new impediment, I find, is the introduction of the currently fashionable idea of relaxation into telephone sales pitches. For example, a female caller told me recently that she represented "the First National Bullion Corporation, a Wall Street firm," and went on to say, "I'm not trying to sell you anything, so you can relax." I concluded at once that the first part of this sentence was disingenuous in the extreme, but never mind that—one has long since learned that growth of the G.N.P., indispensable to the general welfare, would be impossible without disingenuousness on the part of salespeople. What got my back up was the advice that I do what I was already trying to do, and not for First National Bullion—that is, relax. "I will not relax," I replied petulantly. "Please state your business as briefly as possible." Whereupon the connection was broken; the caller had hung up.

Reflecting on the incident (an occupation that I found relaxing), I discovered that I, who on account of either early training or a pusillanimous character have trouble hanging up on people, felt a certain satisfaction in having efficiently got rid of an unwanted caller without violating my taboo. A further discovery was that *I* was the one who had been efficiently got rid of. The word "relax," it occurred to me, had been a screening device, precisely calculated to evoke the response I had given from anyone who was a poor prospect for the pitch that was to follow. Conversely, anyone who would hold still for such a remark as had been addressed to me could presumably be considered putty in a pitchman's hands. The caller had been saved valuable time because I had declared myself the opposite of a live one by responding as I had. I might agree that anyone who will allow himself to be advised to relax by a stranger on the telephone not only will probably buy anything but also deserves to have to listen to a sales pitch. But do I have to agree that anyone who does not allow it has to endure the advice in the first place? Relaxation is a private, sensitive matter. Telephone solicitors who invoke it are in a class with makers of obscene phone calls, and should be treated accordingly.

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Forty-five

TAKING a look at the Seventeenth National Fashion & Boutique Show, at the Coliseum. Got here with forty-five minutes remaining in show. F.&B. Show is four-day event. "Twelve hundred exhibitors, more than forty thousand retailers registered, the best show in history," says Oscar Pluznick, man in charge. "Far and away the best show. Really." Hint (something that even Oscar Pluznick doesn't realize): Superior way to see Fashion & Boutique Show is to arrive with only forty-five minutes left. Drastic but efficient. Leaves no time for idle perusing of women's crocheted tops, no need to dawdle over junior outerwear; warmup suits become wholly superfluous, booths and booths of marijuana-related paraphernalia become invisible. Jewelry by Pazzam; Leathers by Cacciola; House of Davian; Libra Imports; Waterbeds 'N' Stuff; Screen Dreams; Mabrooka Originals; Roberta Lapides for Anju; Pieces of Art; Sunrise Casuals; Bio-Essence, Inc.; New Earth Products; Medusa's Heirlooms; Symmetria; Gunda, Division of Future Trends, Inc.—all these fly by like loose shingles in a windstorm. Crucial to press on. Stopping to look could waste precious seconds.

We do smart thing: head straight for suspenders. Man named John Nemec, suspender honcho from San

Francisco, says, "I think it's the movie. You know, the 'Annie Hall.' " Nemec speaks with Central European inflection.

"I could sell an awful lot of suspenders," says a customer. "This guy's got fantastic suspenders."

"They want even suspenders that look like men's," says Nemec. "They want the leather. They want the buckles. Look, I even sold my samples. I can't even show you what they want, because I sold out the samples. Let me give you my card. Let me give you a toll-free number."

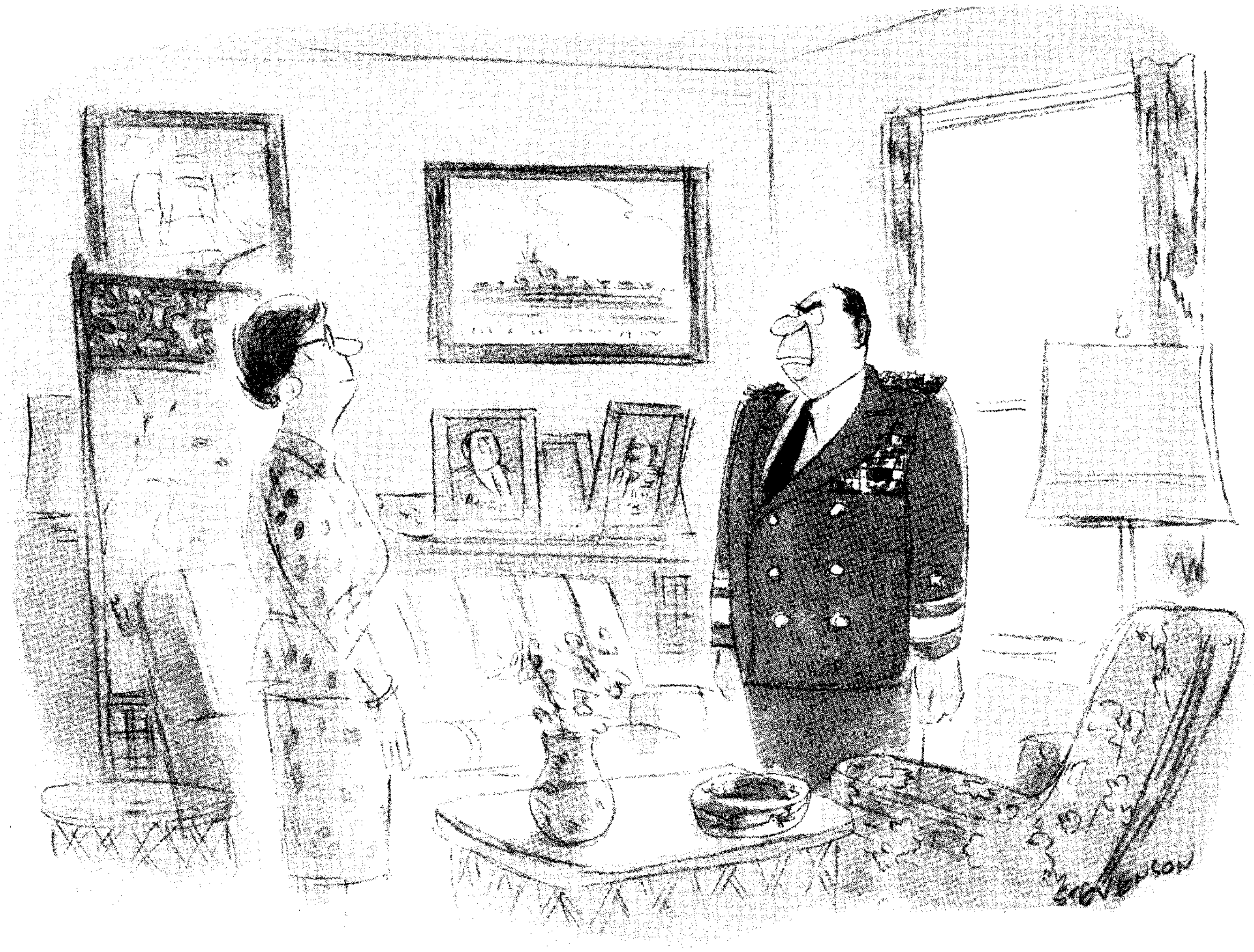
Pause at Booth No. 3901A. Patty Page fashions featured here. Patty Page quite young, just starting out in business, able to afford only small booth. Patty Page worries that booth may be inconspicuous. Hires conspicuous female models to stand in front and pose like store-window mannequins. Models are named Dimitria (wearing black crêpe), Angela (blue Qiana), Jeanette (rust crêpe), Brenda (peach glitter-knit). Every few minutes, models shift poses, then freeze. Effort appears to require great concentration. Patty Page, for our benefit, asks Dimitria correct spelling of her name. Stands six inches from Dimitria's frozen face. Dimitria's last name is Ruggiero. Dimitria Ruggiero tries to spell entire name without moving lips.

Only man in show selling American Indian feathered headdresses is Al Bass, sales rep for Al Bass Enterprises. Al Bass lives in Hull, Mass. Travels around in motor coach. Does a lot of travelling. Sells the headdresses for Pawnee Bill's Indian Trading Post. "We have real Pawnee Indians making these for us," says Al Bass. "I don't want to quote you wholesale—if you know what I mean—but I'll say that the big one there would retail for around two hundred. I work out of Boston. The headdresses are out of Pawnee, Oklahoma. Pawnee Bill is out of the business completely. Pawnee Bill is no longer living. He was an honorary white chief of the Pawnee tribe. I work the Northeastern states for them. No, not for the Pawnees. For Pawnee Bill's Indian *Trading* Post, of Pawnee, Oklahoma. Actually, I've never been there. One of the guys who own it now is a nephew of Pawnee Bill's original partner, Colonel Lyon. His name is Glenn Lyon. No, he's not an honorary Pawnee. Neither is the Colonel. I'm selling a lot of headdresses and a lot of knives here. The knives are from Gutmann Cutlery, of Mount Vernon, New York. I've been to Mount Vernon. Also, these miniature guns are moving very well. They shoot blanks. You know, caps. They're very loud. How loud? Superloud. I'd say superloud. I'm all over the Northeast in my motor coach. The blanket there is made in Mexico, warehoused in El Paso by Americraft. My boots come from Fort Worth. Lizardskin. I've never been to Fort Worth. El Paso, either. The vest and jeans are from Dr. Denim and Mr. Hyde, in Utah. The bracelet, that's reservation jewelry, genuine Indian—that's from around Albuquerque. Never been there, either. It doesn't matter. I get customers here don't even speak *English*. A customer doesn't speak English, we work with sign language and pencil and paper. I sold headdresses to Paris and Switzerland. I don't care *what* they do with them. Hey, call me. My wife might answer. Her name is Debra. She's from Savannah, Georgia. I was there once. Am I travelling this summer? Of course I am. Everywhere."

Mr. Punch

WE recently flew to England for a few days, and while we were there we encountered a man named Peter Butchard. This summer, Peter Butchard, he is letting it be known, is celebrating twenty-six years as a Punch-and-Judy man. Mr. Butchard is a sunny-looking sixty-nine-year-old who makes his home in Greenwich, and in winter he puts on his Punch-and-Judy show in London, for children's parties and in places like the foyer of the new National Theatre during intermissions. In summer, he travels to perform at various fairs, festivals, and garden parties, in cities, in the country, and on the coast, with some favoritism for Broadstairs, a small seaside resort in Kent, where Mr. Butchard was for fifteen years the full-time summer Mr. Punch. He is one of roughly fifty practitioners of the craft reckoned to be still at work in Britain. Mr. Butchard came late in life to Punch, after a prewar career—increasingly picaresque—as a bank clerk, farmhand, long-distance walker, and fairground roustabout. He was born in Northfleet, near the mouth of the Thames, where his father owned a cement works. "He had a good income and migraine and worried all the time," says Mr. B. "I decided that wasn't for me." During the Second World War, Mr. Butchard rose from seaman-cook on a naval water boat to officer in the Pioneer Corps, ending his service as a major in the British Military Government, in charge of trade unions and workers' insurance for one-third of the British Zone in Germany. Which proves, he says, that most people can do anything if they have to. "I'm convinced that if you or I were made Prime Minister tomorrow we'd make a job of it," he says. Mr. Butchard married a German woman in 1946 and came back to Britain to a succession of temporary office jobs, including one civil-service post that gave him time to prowl round secondhand bookshops looking for first editions of works by Charles Dickens. It was his Dickens enthusiasm that took him to Broadstairs, in the early nineteen-fifties; Dickens spent many of his summers in Broadstairs. In Broadstairs, where Mr. Butchard and his wife bought a house—which they sold when they moved to Greenwich—he took part in dramatizations of Dickens' works which the Dickens Fellowship put on. In 1952, he donned the costume of a Victorian Punch-and-Judy man for Broadstairs' Dickens Week. "I collected six shillings and eightpence during the first session," he says. "I thought, This'll do. I've been doing it ever since."

On the beach at Broadstairs (where we caught up with him), an impatient crowd of children was waiting at eleven o'clock in front of Mr. Butchard's booth—a frail-looking eight-foot-tall contraption of gaudily painted cloth over a wooden frame, held up by guy ropes pegged into the sand. When Mr. Butchard arrived, he was wearing a top hat, a striped waistcoat, and trousers turned up to reveal a red sock on one foot, a green sock on the other. "Hello, boys and girls," said Mr. B. "Have you seen Mr. Punch anywhere? I've been looking for him." Mr. Butchard then handed out a number of hats—including an opera hat, a velvet cap, a fez, and a gray homburg—to the nearest children, and set off along the beach with them, ringing an alpine cowbell, and collecting, Pied Piperlike, a gradually lengthening procession of children behind him. Back at the booth with a thus much enlarged audience, he sent one of his conscripted assistants around with one of the hats to make a collection. Mr. B. suggested, as this was done, that his audience and any parents hanging around might consider tenpence rather than the odd half-



"I sometimes wish you'd stop referring to my career as 'a hitch in the Navy.'"

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penny to be the proper donation for Mr. Punch in these inflationary days, and that small children should be encouraged to put coins into the hat instead of taking them out. Mr. Butchard then vanished behind the booth. From within, after a short interval, came a voice: "Wake up, Mr. Punch." On the green-velvet-covered shelf that formed the stage apron, under a little proscenium arch, a shape twitched. "Wake *up*, Mr. Punch!" And, at this, Mr. Punch—hunchbacked, with beaky red nose and clown's high hat—slowly pulled himself up, opened the curtains, swung his long, floppy legs over the edge of the stage, and started singing.

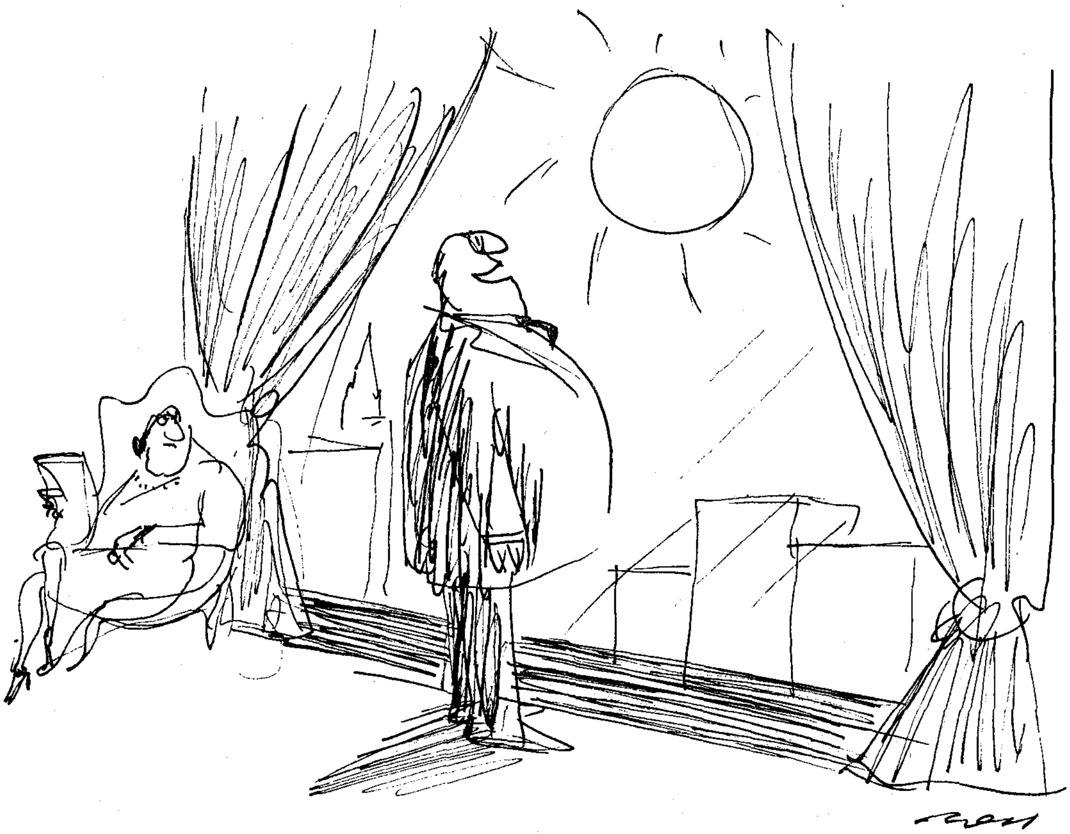
Mr. Butchard's Punch is in a lively tradition that has been traced back to Roman roots, by way of the commedia dell'arte and Italian puppeteers—working with marionettes—who came to England around 1660. Pepys refers to "Polichinello" in his diary in 1666. By the nineteenth century, the early marionettes had given way to glove puppets, and the cast included the characters who are still in business today: Punch; his wife, Judy; the Baby; Toby, the dog; the Doctor; the Black Man; the Beadle (a form of policeman); the Clown; the Hangman; and the Ghost of Judy. Mr. Butchard bought his puppets, which are Victorian, from a retired Punch-and-Judy man in Hastings, and his wife has recostumed them three or four times. Several Punch-and-Judy scripts, with more or less of a plot, have been written down—for instance, by a student of English drama named John Payne Collier, in an edition that had drawings by George Cruikshank, the nineteenth-century illustrator (most notably of Dickens); and by Henry Mayhew, the Victorian writer (who was one of the founders of the magazine *Punch*), in his great book "London Labour and the London Poor." But Mr. Butchard, like other Punch-and-Judy men, through the centuries, extemporizes as he feels fit. Quite literally. He says, "What goes on depends very much on how I feel that morning, how I did at the Broadstairs casino roulette wheel the night before, how my liver is, what I've read in the morning paper, and how the children sitting out front react. Sometimes we spend a lot of time just singing. Mr. Punch likes to sing, and so do all the little girls, though small boys don't want to take part in too much tomfoolery."

Mr. Butchard's Punch, sitting with his long legs dangling, beat time with his left hand as the audience of small children sang such songs as "Baa Baa Black Sheep," "Chick Chick Chicken," and "Jack and Jill." Then Judy arrived on the stage and gave him the Baby to look after. Mr. Punch pretended that he couldn't see the Baby, and the children yelled, "It's over there!"

"What, over there?"

"No, over there!"

Punch found the Baby and flung him over the edge of the stage. Judy had a fit, grabbed Punch's stick, and bashed him over the head; then Punch grabbed it back and bashed her in return. After he had disposed of her, Mr. Punch asked the children to call Toby for him, and Toby appeared. The Doctor came on, wearing Chinese robes and speaking with an Irish accent. The Beadle, representative of authority,



"This is how I like my energy. Straight!"

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turned up to arrest Punch and got clobbered like the others. Punch gets away with all his villainies. The bad guy triumphs.

Punch, of course, has given himself to the English language: "pleased as Punch" describes untrammelled glee; "wire-pulling," as a political metaphor, dates from the marionettes of Pepys's time. (As it happens, though, the word "punch," meaning hit, has an etymology unrelated to Mr. Punch.) Mr. Butchard enjoys the fact that he is working in a historic branch of theatre; he also gets pleasure from its being a one-man operation. "I am an actor-manager—in my own way, like Henry Irving," he says. He and his wife once tried performing as a team—she played Judy and the Baby—but they had a fight in the confines of the booth when he called for Judy and she brought on the Baby. Mrs. Butchard said, "From now on, do it yourself."

It took him a while to learn the tricks of the trade. During his first season, he heard voices outside the booth: "He's no good, is he?" "And when you think of what Uncle Fred was like, and this one charges sixpence." However, at the end of that season an old lady in a fur wrap gave him a shilling, saying, "I know what it's like to be down and out myself." Punch *is* a low thing, says Mr. Butchard. In Dickens' day, being a Mr. Punch was one of the meanest occupations a performer could take on. Mr. Butchard believes that you have to get rid of all your pride before you're a Punch. He sometimes has to put up with older children who get out of hand. (He quotes the line "Boys is wicked.") He can generally keep an eye on unruly youngsters through the thin fabric of the booth, and Mr. Punch will say a word or two that settles them down; but on one occasion some boys crept up behind, undid the guy ropes, and pushed the booth over with Mr. B. inside it. He suddenly felt the beach rise up and hit him in the face. Two men picked up the booth and the puppets, and Mr. B. carried on. He says, "Working on a beach, you have to get used to sand behind your glasses."

Mr. Butchard has no plans to retire. "When I'm eighty-nine, I may cut down to one show a day." At first, he found it tiring to hold his arms up above his head, with his hands inside the glove puppets, for the length of the show, but now he's used to this. He has a strong, carrying voice, necessary in open-air theatre; he has never employed the silver device called a swazzle, which Punch-and-Judy men sometimes put in their throats for producing the required strident sound. "A swazzle is easy to swallow accidentally," he says. "They used to say you weren't really a Punch until you had two swazzles rattling inside you." On Broadstairs beach, Mr. Butchard clearly *is* Mr. Punch. He walks back to his boarding house wishing he had a stick to use on the great British public, which comes to the seafront and leaves it deep in litter. In the booth, he often talks to himself in Punch's voice: "Well, then, what shall we do today?" And the voice carries him on from there, Punch taking over: "What's this for lunch, Judy? Kippers and custard!"

Pedestrians' Burdens

NEW YORKERS for the most part don't own pickup trucks, and this means that a great many of them carry their work, their purchases, and their treasures around with them as they walk from one place to the next. The containers are familiar, but what about the contents? What's in all those Dry Dock Country shopping bags, neatly wrapped packages, outsize envelopes, briefcases, art cases, suitcases, reticules, backpacks, and shoulder bags? Our interest was stirred a month ago when we ran into two friends on the street, both heavily laden. The woman had a large red shoulder bag, in which she was carrying eighteen rare wild flowers she'd dug up the previous day in the Catskills to put in a terrarium, and the man had a Ventura two-suiter and a Balducci's shopping bag, which he was using to carry home fifteen quarts of heavy cream—in the form of sixty half-pint cardboard boxes of heavy cream—to make a bowl of Southern-style homemade eggnog. Last week, on a rare June day, we took up stands at several points around the city: Seventh Avenue just below Thirteenth Street, between a florist's shop and a candy-and-nuts store, near a subway express stop; Seventy-second Street just west of Broadway, near the Sacred Cow Steak House and another express stop; and Lexington Avenue near Eighty-seventh Street, just north of Gimbels and yet another express stop. We spent a couple of hours at each point; we spoke to some people and just made notes about others; and we can report the following:

THE VILLAGE

A TEEN-AGED girl with black pigtails carrying a red plastic shopping bag in which were three new pairs of silver socks with gold stars on them.

A man in a suit carrying a Baskin-Robbins chocolate malted with a straw in it.

A man in a suit carrying a brown paper bag in which were a container of carrot-and-apple juice and a slice of whole-wheat bread.

A man in a gold sharkskin jacket carrying four peacock feathers and a copy of the *News*.

A woman in a print dress carrying her New York Telephone bill.

A middle-aged nun in a gray dress with a black-and-white headdress holding hands with an elderly man. In a brown shopping bag she had two new red TWA flight bags she had just picked up at a ticket agency for her father—the elderly man—who was about to make his first trip to England.

A messenger carrying a two-foot-by-three-foot manila envelope for a firm on Fourteenth Street. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I have no idea what is inside this envelope."

Two men carrying a large piece of plate glass, which showed a flowing green reflection of the florist's shop and the candy store.

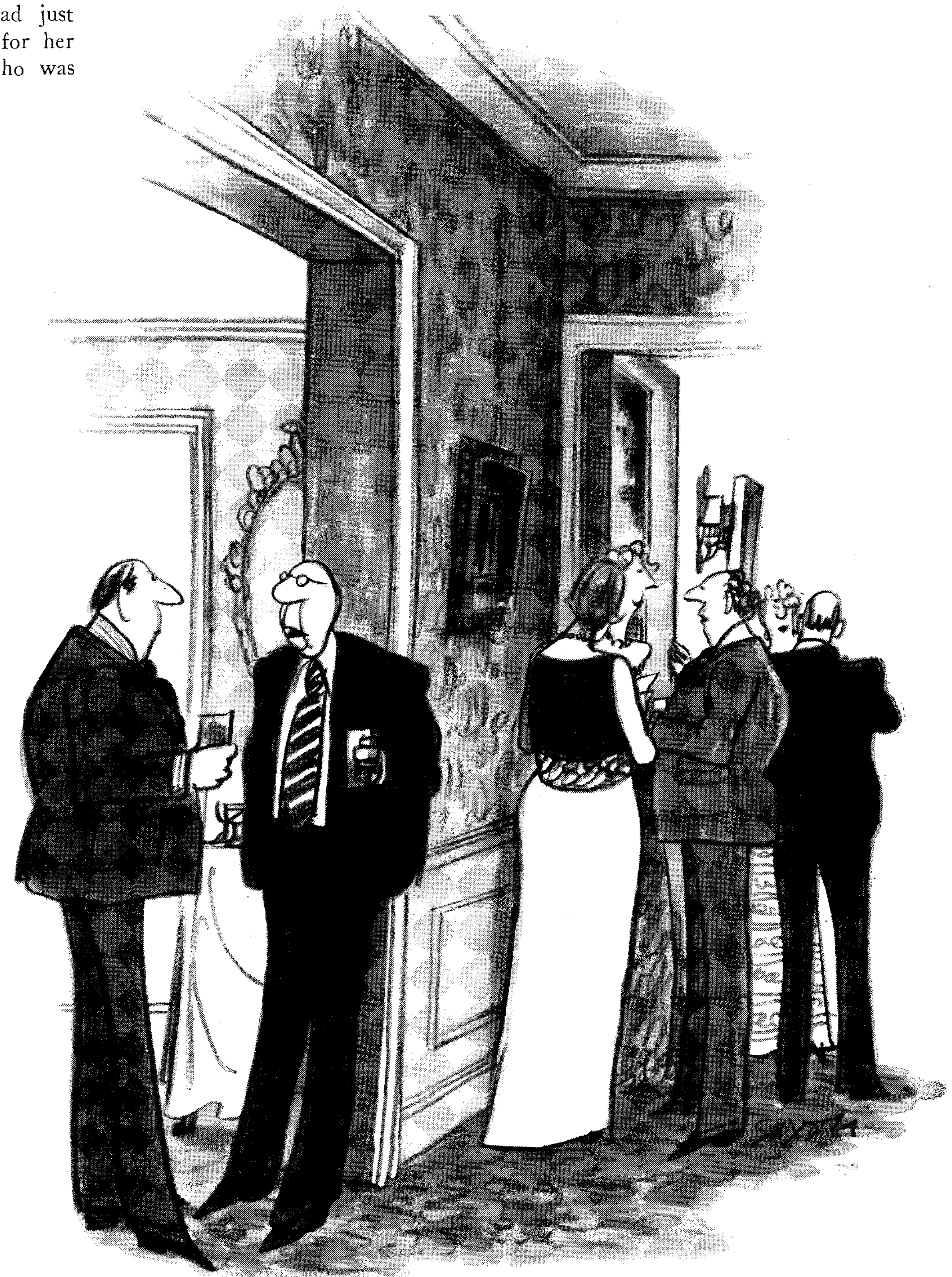
A blond young woman in a black pants suit and a purple-and-white silk scarf carrying a blue canvas "TEMPORIS VITAE LIBRI" tote bag and a small Barnes & Noble canvas book bag. "I'm going off to the place where I do my typing every day," she said, "and in this tote bag I've got one third of a novel (my second novel), two cans of Frank Lewis Royal Ruby Red grapefruit juice, which is the best grapefruit juice, if you like grapefruit juice—it comes to us from the Texas grapefruit-of-the-month club my husband belongs to—and two license plates from a car we've just sold. And this Barnes & Noble bag was sitting on the back seat of the car. It has spices in it that a friend of ours bought in St. Vincent when we took a sailing vacation in the Caribbean last winter, and then forgot to take with him. Let's see. Those are three whole nutmegs; that red coating on the outside is mace. This is a bundle of cinnamon bark wrapped in palm fibre, and that's a bundle of anise, also wrapped in palm fibre. This is a little bag of cloves, and that's a Baggie of mauby bark, which is brewed with those other spices into a drink that tastes bitter, but the West Indians just love it."

A blond woman in tan slacks and a black-and-white shirt carrying a neatly wrapped blue package about the size of a laundry box. "Believe it or not, this package has one hundred and sixty-eight eighteen-inch-long zippers—red ones, pink ones, also green, yellow, blue, purple, and turquoise. I've just started a business making folding Japanese mattresses, and I have orders for twenty-eight mattresses. Each mattress has three cushions, and each cushion has two zippers—one hundred and sixty-eight zippers. Wish me luck."

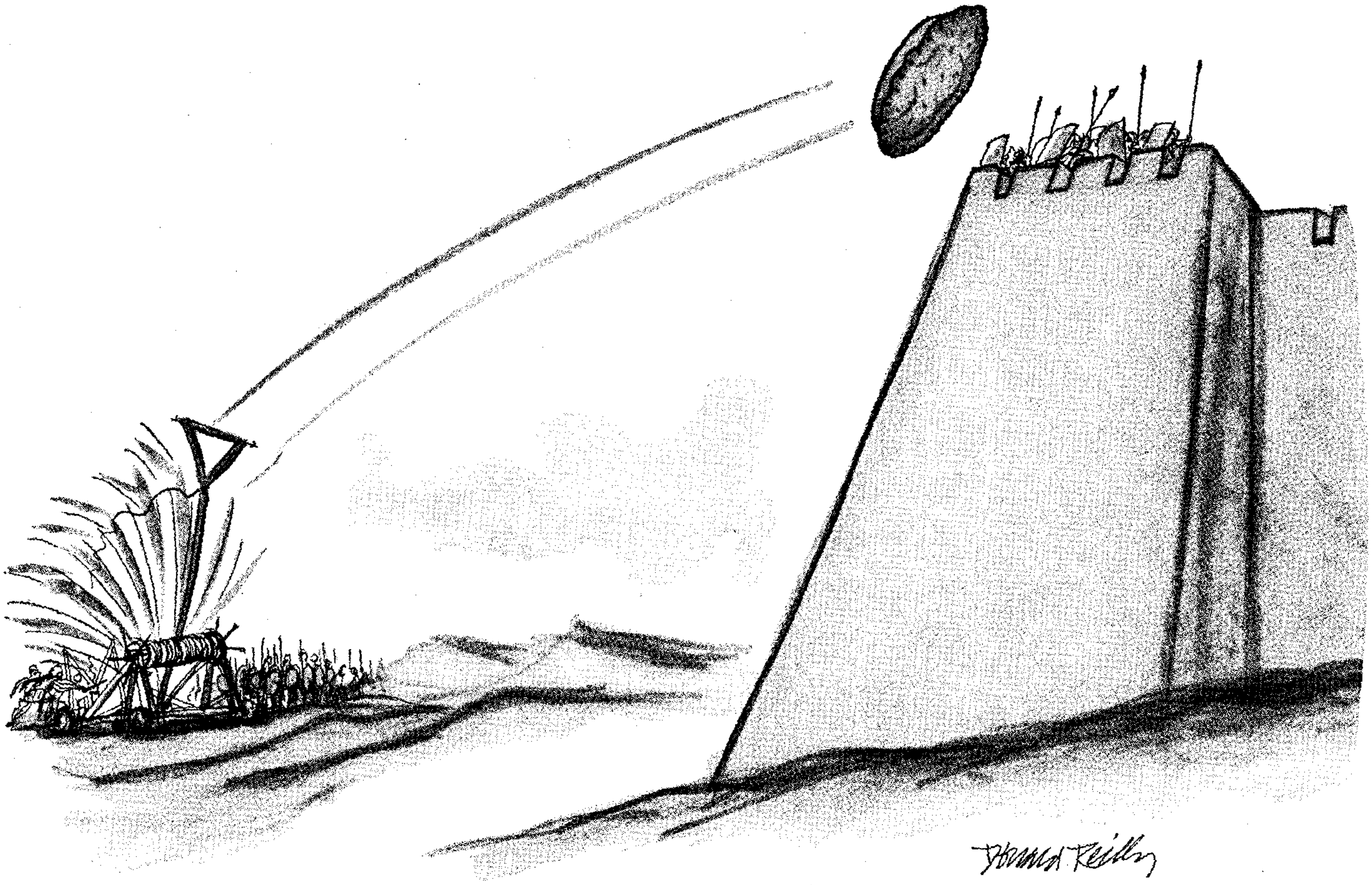
Upper West Side

A WOMAN with glowing black hair carrying a tan canvas tote bag. "There's nothing at all in here except the *Times* and my lunch, which is Chinese vegetables with rice and noodles that I cooked at home this morning."

Two women in their twenties carrying the action of an old upright



"Don't worry about it. I couldn't talk to my *son until he was thirty."*



piano, which they were taking off to a friend's apartment to be fixed.

A man in a leisure suit carrying a case of wine.

A man in a leisure suit carrying a six-foot-tall palm tree.

An old woman carrying two piñatas.

A woman with her hair in a bun carrying a birthday cake, in a box, to her office for a co-worker's birthday.

A young man in a black suit carrying an armload of bright-colored scarves. "I'm a magician, and I usually carry the scarves in my case, but today I locked the case in my car by mistake. There should be fifty scarves here."

A small woman getting out of a taxi with a forty-pound bag of potting soil. "It's for the rosebushes on my terrace."

A young woman with a large brown leather purse. "There's nothing in here but a T-shirt and a pair of sneakers—it's my change of clothes for the office softball game this afternoon."

A gray-haired man with a long mustache and an old clasp briefcase. "There's mostly groceries in this briefcase. I used to carry a little green bag, but it looked too hippielike, so I gave it up. I hate carrying things in my arms; I'm always sure they'll fall out. As far as usefulness goes, I'd like to carry a pocketbook, but my wife wouldn't understand. I've also got checkbooks in here, and notebooks full of schemes. I always carry eight to ten subway tokens—never less than five—and a lot of quarters and dimes, so I can never get caught anyplace without being able to make a phone call."

UPPER EAST SIDE

A TALL, dark-haired man with a shiny white nylon tote bag. "This is Le Sports Sac, and it's available at Bloomie's and other fine stores, and it's the answer to my problems. I bought it to carry film plates in. They're heavy, and the Sac, which is made out of rip-stop parachute nylon—those little ridged squares are there so the fabric can't rip past a certain point—is very strong and weighs absolutely nothing. It comes with a zippered bag made of the same material that's six inches by eight inches, and the whole thing can fold up into that little bag. No film plates today—just a baseball glove, a baseball, a *Post*, and a pencil to do the *Post* crossword."

A man in a three-piece suit carrying an attaché case. "A shirt I'm returning to Macy's. That's it."

A young couple, each carrying a black plastic plant tray. The man said, "I've got twenty corn seedlings here for our place in the country. I've raised them in Jiffy-7 Peat Pellets. Jiffy pellets look like cookies, but when you soak them in water they swell up to the size of a small flowerpot. They're filled with peat and nutrients for seeds, and it's an easy way to start vegetables and flowers. My wife has five watermelon seedlings, ten cucumber seedlings—five bush cukes, five regular cukes—and five pepper seedlings and five cantaloupe seedlings. A couple of the peppers look pooped, but I think they'll do fine."

A young woman with a large brown shoulder purse. "I usually don't carry anything except my purse. I like to travel light. In the purse? Besides my wallet, just different sorts of emergency things. Paper, a pencil, a paperback copy of 'The Primer of Freudian Psychology,' Kleenex, and a makeup kit. Some days, I have food—usually a couple of Chocodiles. I always carry cigarettes and a lighter, and a book of matches, too, in case the lighter won't work or somebody asks me for some matches. Also an appointment book and a very slim address book. Today, I also have a couple of cans of Diet Pepsi I'm taking home that I bought downtown at a store called the Mott Street T-Bone. And a bag of fresh shrimp—two dollars and sixty cents a pound—from Chinatown. I was walking around there earlier, and there was a line of Chinese women waiting to buy shrimp, so I just got in line."

THE NEW MUSIC

WHAT did you do today?

—Went to the grocery store and Xeroxed a box of English muffins, two pounds of ground veal, and an apple. In flagrant violation of the Copyright Act.

—You had your nap, I remember that.

—I had my nap.

—Lunch, I remember that, there was lunch, slept with Susie after lunch, then your nap. Woke up, right? Went Xeroxing, right? Read a book, not a whole book but part of a book—

—Talked to Happy on the telephone saw the seven-o'clock news did not wash the dishes want to clean up some of this mess?

—If one does nothing but listen to the new music, everything else drifts, goes away, frays. Did Odysseus feel this way, when he and Diomedes decided to steal Athene's statue from the Trojans, so that they would become dejected and lose the war? I don't think so, but who is to know what effect the new music of that remote time had on its hearers?

—Or how it compares to the new music of this time?

—One can only conjecture.

—Ah well. I was talking to a girl, talking to her mother actually but the daughter was very much present, on the street. The daughter was absolutely someone you'd like to take to bed and hug and kiss, if you weren't too old. If she weren't too young. She was a wonderful-looking young woman and she was looking at me quite seductively, very seductively, *smoldering*, a bit, and I was thinking quite well of myself, very well indeed, thinking myself quite the . . . Until I realized she was just practicing.

—Yes, I still think of myself as a young man.

—Yes.

—A slightly old young man.

—That's not unusual.

—A slightly old young man still advertising in the trees and rivers for a mate.

—Yes.

—Being clean.

—You're very clean.

—Cleaner than most.

—It's not escaped me. Your cleanness.

—Some of these people aren't clean. People you meet.

—What can you do?

—Set an example. Be clean.

—Dig it, dig it.

—I got three different shower heads. Different degrees of sting.

—Dynamite.

—I got one of these Finnish pads that slip over the hand.

—*Número uno.*

—Pedicare. That's another thing.

—Think you're the mule's eyebrows don't you?

—No. I feel like Insufficient Funds.

—Feel like a busted-up car by the side of the road stripped of value.

—Feel like *I don't like this!*

—You're just a little down, man, down, that's what they call it, down.

—Well how come they didn't bring us no ring of roses with a purple silk sash with gold lettering on that mother? How come that?

—Dunno baby. Maybe we lost?

—How could we lose? How could we? We!

—We were standing tall. Ready to hand them their asses, clean their clocks. Yet maybe—

—I remember the old days when we almost automatically—

—Yes. Almost without effort—

—Right. Come in, Commander. Put it right there, anywhere will do, let me move that for you. Just put that sucker down right there. An eleven-foot-high silver cup!

—Beautifully engraved, with dates.

—Beautifully engraved, with dates. That was then.

—Well. Is there help coming?

—I called the number for help and they said there was no more help.

—Blackberries, buttercups, and wild red clover. I find the latest music terrific, although I don't generally speaking care much for the new, qua new. But this new music! It has won from our group the steadiest attention.

—She told me she licked her own breasts, when alone. It helped, she said.

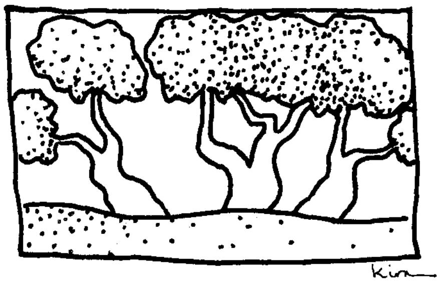
—Our Susie.

—Our darling.

—Floating objects floating by, some of them recognizable as cats—

—Can't we get this mess cleaned up?

—Some monster with claws, maybe velvet-covered claws or Teflon-covered claws, inhabits my dreams. Whistling, whistling. I say, Monster, how goes it with you? Quite happily, dreammate, he says. There are certain criticisms, the Curator of Archetypes thinks I don't quite cut it, thinks I'm shuckin' and jivin' when what I should be doing is attacking, attacking, attacking, as Rommel instructed.



—Ah, my bawcock, what a splendid fellow thou art.

—*But on the whole,* the monster says, I feel fine. Then he says, gimme that cornflake back. I say, what? He says, gimme that cornflake back. I say, you gave me that cornflake it's my cornflake. He says, gimme that cornflake back or I'll claw you to thread. I say, I can't man you gave it to me I already ate it. He says, c'mon gimme the cornflake back did you butter it first? I say, c'mon man be reasonable, you don't butter a cornflake.

—How does it end?

—It doesn't end.

—Is there help coming?

—I called that number and they said whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

—Where is love?

—In the new music.

—Yes, it isn't often you hear a disco version of "Un Coup de Dés." Makes one want to think harder, more morally, toward various good ends.

—The new music is drumless, which is brave. To make up for the absence of drums the musicians pray nightly to the Virgin, kneeling in their suits of lights in damp chapels provided for the purpose off the corridors of the great arena.

—I was talking to a woman. She was standing there with a bandage over her eyes.

—Yes?

—She got everything.

—You mean the settlement.

—He got his tie. The red tie.

—The house?

—She got the house.

—The boat?

—She got the boat.

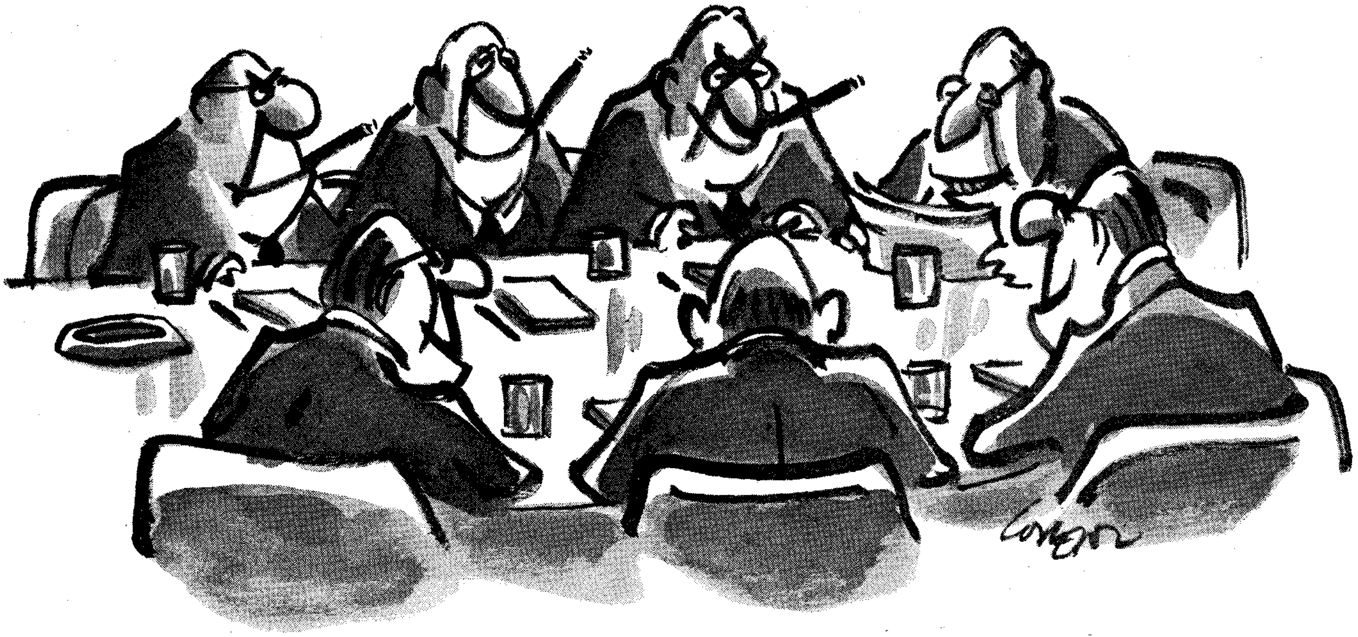
—The kids?

—Of course the kids. He got his tie. The red tie.

—Cleaned him out did she?

—She was wearing a silk dress patterned with red roses against a black field and fringed with a white tulle collar torn from a book. She slapped me with her open hand and I thought, God damn it, woman, I'm not the one you're mad at, it's someone else, someone else, someone you've not met yet, Odysseus, Diomedes. . . .

—Where does one go to com-



"And finally, I'm happy to report that our special review panel has determined that this board's failure to bring off the Trenko merger was in no way attributable to human error."

• •

plain? Where does one go to complain, when fiends have worsened your life?

—I thought for days, wondering what her eyes were like under the thick, pancake-colored bandage. The other wives run away from such a wife, as if her state were catching. Then, slowly, they return, one by one, carrying sprays of baby's breath, baskets of periwinkles. . . .

—But perhaps one ought *not* to complain, when fiends have worsened your life. But rather, emulating the great Stoics, Epictetus and so on, just zip into a bar and lift a few, whilst listening to the new, incorrigible, great-white-shark, knife, music.

—I handed the tall cool Shirley Temple to the silent priest. The new music, I said, is not specifically anticlerical. Only in its deepest effects.

—I know the guy who plays washboard, wears thimbles on all his fingers.

—I have to tell you something, Susie says other women have more orgasms than she does, she's been reading "The Hite Report." Susie says other women have more, wanted to know why. I told her about the great Quadraphonic Orgasm, implying she could have one, if she was good, but it is growing late, very late indeed, for such as we.

—Our Susie, my Susie, your Susie. I'd rather drink beer and own a fine shotgun, like Mallarmé. Remember that afternoon in 1876 when he was out shooting fauns, took two fauns over the limit which was even then rather generous?

—Rape of nymphs, persuasion of nymphs . . .

—All sitting on banquettes with their white napkins laid over their white or black shoulders, left shoulders, white or black bare shoulders as the manual prescribes.

—Is that the bunch that caused all the trouble?

—Tall elegant waiters waiting, monumental with great black Rodin wrinkles in their hair. While this new music we like so much, and believe in so immensely, is played.

—What is the message of the new music? Let me say this: The message of the new music is the telegram of tumescence, that is to say hope. Tiny penises wrinkling, then getting big again. Yes this is reductionary, but, at the same time, fundamental. Let us not neglect the messages the new music has for our dear counterparts, such as Susie, which is wetness, to be frank about it. It is not wrong of the new music to carry, or engender, these responses. The new music burns things together, like a welder. The new music says life becomes more and more exciting as there is less and less time.

—To the curious: A man who was a Communist heard the new music, and now is not. Fernando the fishseller was taught to read and write by the new music, and is now a leper, white as snow. William Friend was caught trying to sneak into the new music with a set of bongos concealed under his cloak, but was garrotted with his own bicycle chain, just in time. Propp the philosopher, having dinner with the Holy Ghost, was told of the coming of the new music but also informed that he would not live to hear it.

—Succeed! It has been done, and with a stupidity that can astound the most experienced.

—Saw the shadow of a banker playing with his pencil as he stared vacantly across the banking floor, this banker's shadow commingling with the shadow of the next banker playing with his pencil—

—Not having experienced in his bones the new, down-to-earth, Chinese cinnamon music, which unwraps the sky.

—The rest of the tale presents no real difficulties.

—The rest of the tale presents no real difficulties. The thing to keep your eye on is less time, more exciting. Remember that.

—As if it were late, late, and we were ready to pull on our red-and-gold striped nightshirts.

—Cup of tea before retiring.

—Cup of tea before retiring.

—Dreams next.

—We can deal with that.

—Remembering that the new music will be there tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

—There is always a new music.

—Thank God.

—Pull a few hairs out of your nose poised before the mirror.

—Routine maintenance, nothing to write home about.

—DONALD BARTHELME

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

We are happy to accept for *The Paris Review* your poem entitled: "Roosting." . . . AS SOON AS POSSIBLE please send a 5- or 6-line contributor's note.

Megan Abbott Hendler is a 1972 graduate of the State University of New York, College at Potsdam, where she majored in foreign languages. She now studies Spanish literature at New York University and is at work on a book of verse. This is her first appearance in *The Paris Review*.

Megan A. Hendler is a resident of New York City. Her villanelle "Roosting," which treats of Peninsular poultry-farming methods, is her first poem to appear in *The Paris Review*. It was drawn from her experiences in a small village in Badajoz Province, Spain, where she worked as a hardware-and-feedstore checkout girl. Ms. Hendler hails from Poughkeepsie, New York. There, Nelson Rockefeller once visited her elementary school.

Megan Abbott-Hendler worked for a time on a feminist quarterly in San Francisco, gathering material for her novel, "Two Bitch" (Vindication Press), which won last year's Alameda WomenCenter Nouvelle Nouvelle Prize. A repatriated New Yorker, Abbott-Hendler commutes weekly to Woodstock, New York, where she is director of the Poets-on-the-Grass program. She was also the 1972 recipient of the Female Series of Younger Poets award, for "Backfire and Blowout: Bang, Bang"—a book of poems on automobile repair and sexism.

M. Abbott Hendler, a new contributor to *The Paris Review*, is an International Business Machines customer engineer and has corresponded with a number of well-known European poets and writers, using the Selectric machines of most firms in the Wall Street area. A collection of those letters, tentatively titled "We Think the Body's Electric," will be published in the fall of this year.

Phoebe Hendler, 27, lived for two years in Brooklyn, New York, and has published poems in *Stonehenge*, *Lothlorien*, *Macondo*, *Bokanon*, *The Book of Job*, and *Verrazzano*—six Bay Ridge quarterlies. She now resides in Manhattan.

M. A. Hendler is a young New York City poet who has read her work on the corner of Delancey Street and the Bowery, where she also polishes windshields. Last year, Ms. Hendler won the SoHo/BoHo/DeBo/HoBo Poetry Award for her performance piece "On Meeting Students of Abstract Design in Bumper-Pool Matches at the Blarney Cliff," chanted in a heavy rainstorm.

Megan Abbott was a Girl Scout until 1966, earning eight badges over the years, including "Birds" and "Trees." Megan began writing poetry at Scout camp, during a seventy-mile bike hike, with the sonnet "The Wretched Cyclist to His Raleigh" (collected in "Early Poems," an Anathema Chapbook). She is no longer associated with the Girl Scouts.

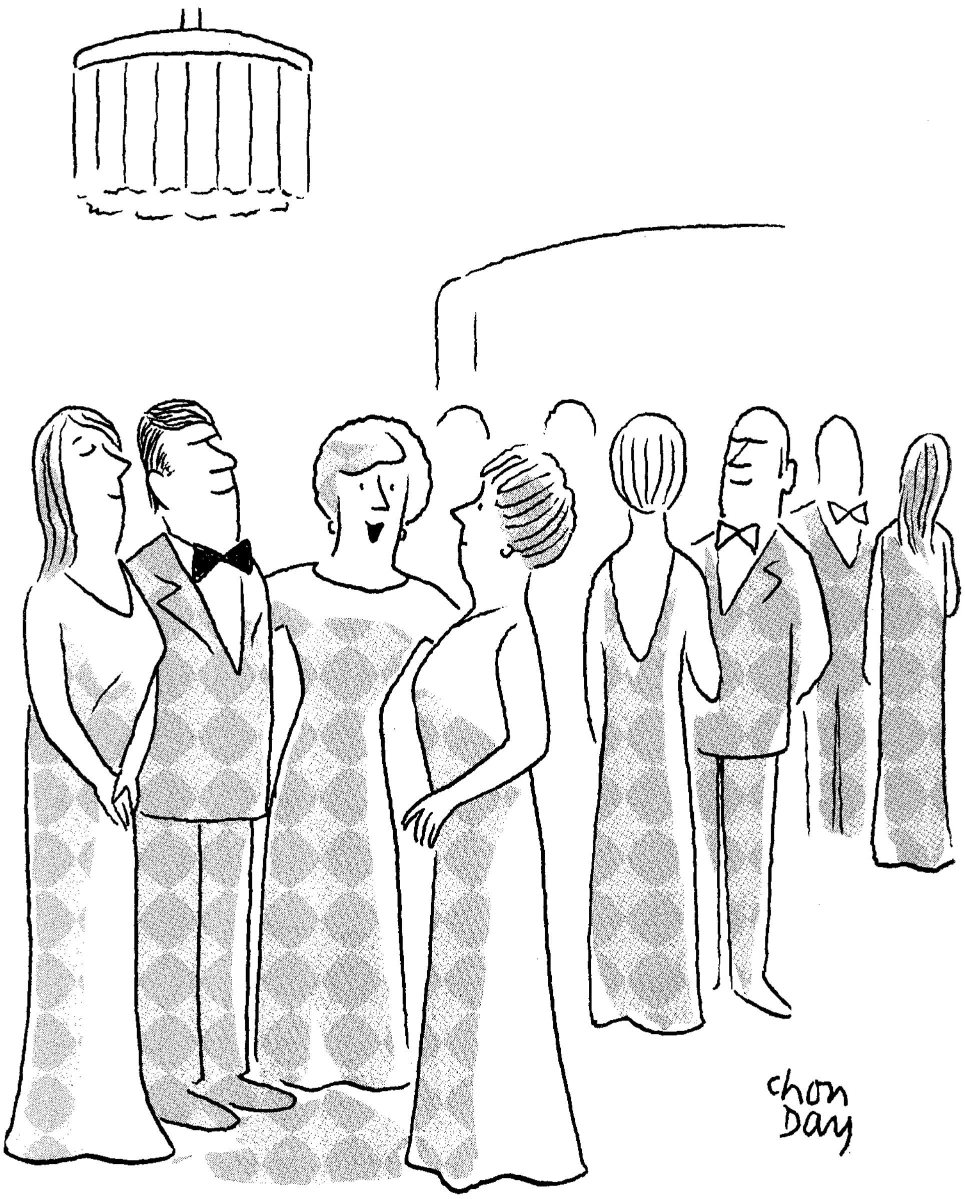
Megan Hendler still lives and writes on Fourteenth Street in Manhattan. She is available for appearances at parties and literary events at the rate of sixty-five dollars an hour. She will play *frontón pelota* at outdoor gatherings but assumes no responsibility for damage to property. This is her first poem to be published in *The Paris Review*.

M.H. notes that "Roosting," her first work to appear in *The Paris Review*, is "symbolic of the great struggle of anxiety-ridden humankind to mellow out and get some rest." The title of her poem comes from page 1,005 of Webster's New Collegiate.

Meg Hendler has worked on the Alaska pipeline for the past three years. She likes drinking beer and playing with the huskies. This is her first contribution to *The Paris Review*.

Megan Abbott Hendler prefers to remain a secret.

—Elizabeth Macklin



"Meet Roy Foster and Edith Palmer. They're married."

TRAVEL STORIES

FOR a moment, after delivery, Susan had felt herself sliding down a long tunnel of darkness, Dr. Crawford's voice still singing, "Push, *push*." When she awoke, Scobie was there, at the foot of her bed. And in his arms he held their child. "Sammy," he cooed. "Sammy my boy." She had made him a father—that was her first thought. Remembering, she wondered why. Loving Scobie was too much her life, she knew it would hurt her someday.

"Swish!" he cried, feigning a jump shot as he hurried into the living room. "Off to the gym."

"Have fun," she said.

"Thanks." He kissed her. "I'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Don't kill yourself."

"I won't."

The screen door slammed behind him. She watched him cross their short lawn. Shadows followed. Butterflies? Robins? And was that a crow perched on a telephone wire? Solemn Sammy, three now, sat with Tommy Delano behind their lemonade stand, Mrs. Delano's card table, and waited for customers. Scobie stopped and bought a cup. They stared in amazement as he finished it in one swallow. Then he waved goodbye and disappeared down Johnson Street, too thin, his hair long, wearing jeans, yet carrying himself with a considered air. My fragile, stubborn husband. She looked at her garden, careful rows of tomatoes and zucchini, peas and squash, lettuce and spinach. Just to the left, her pear tree spun a web of light across the green grass. With her help it had survived the winter, something it was not supposed to do, something her friends had said was impossible in Iowa. Would it survive another? Yes, she thought. Or we'll move to California. Scobie could teach at Berkeley, or Stanford, or U.C.L.A. She used to believe, as a child, that when she closed her eyes at night people as small as her dolls would slip from the dark hedges and dance in circles around the trees outside.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Sammy nearly pulled the screen door off its hinges as he charged into the living room. "Come see!" He tugged her to the door. "Look!"

A parade was passing along Johnson Street, about twenty beautiful women wearing white wedding dresses and carrying signs. "I Am Who I Am," one sign read. "Let Me Be," another read. Taking Sammy's hand, Susan stepped out onto the front stoop. One of the women played a guitar and sang. Neighbors clustered at their doors and smiled curiously. The women danced, taking small dainty steps. A few carried umbrellas, also white, open against the heat. One of them crossed the lawn to the stoop and handed Sammy a rose, the wilting yellow flower pinched between square dirty fingers—a man's fingers, Susan realized, looking closer and seeing the bristles of a beard behind the rouge. She quickly pulled Sammy away, holding him.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, sweetheart."

"I wanna see!"

"Of course." She kissed the top of his head and let him go. "I'm sorry."

She stood still for a second, trying to steady her breathing. Sammy obviously did not know that the beautiful women were men. He just liked the parade. She could see him back behind the lemonade stand with Tommy. The parade had turned the corner and vanished. Some vision, she thought, crossing the living room and walking into the kitchen. Here the sunlight was brilliant, shining directly into the room, and as she moved between the sink and the shelves, stacking clean plates and glasses, she felt she lived in a tree house. She wiped the counter and table with a sponge, then swept the floor. Sammy should be taking his nap now. But if she let him stay up he would fall asleep earlier tonight. She bent down into the cool breeze of the refrigerator, throwing away old vegetables, a soggy salad, a yogurt gone bad. What could you say to a man who wanted to be a woman? Or a woman who wanted to be a man? What could you say to someone who wanted to change herself that much?

Sammy came in through the back door. "Mommy, where's Daddy?"

"Playing basketball."

"Why?"

"Sammy, please don't ask so many questions. I'm trying to work. Have you seen the bucket?"

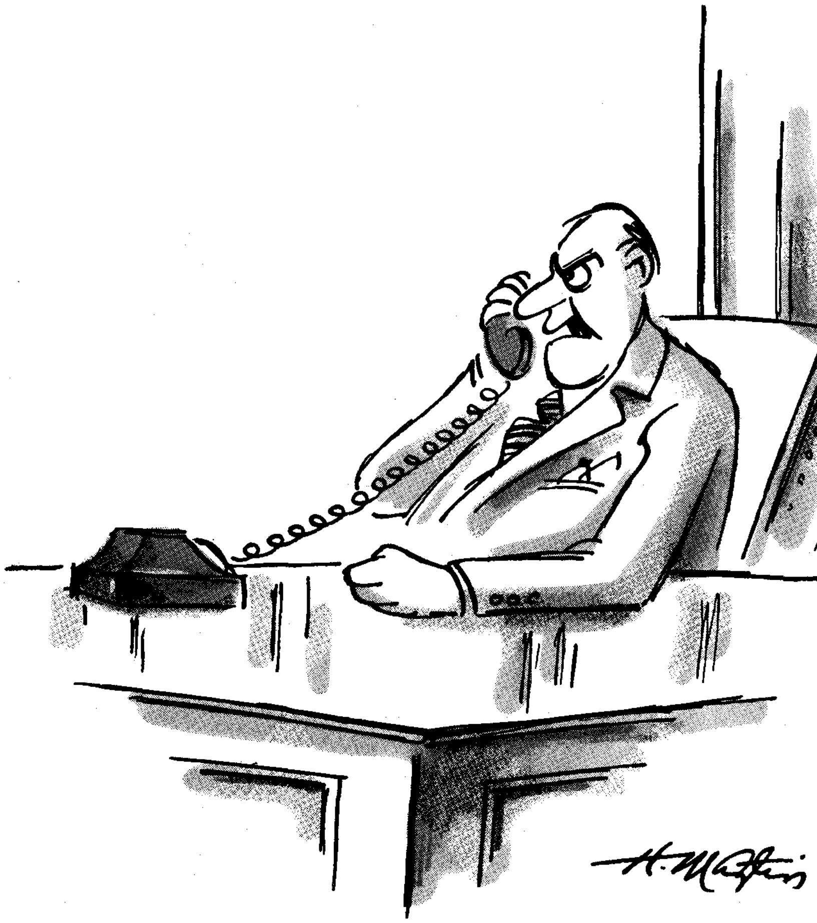
"When's he coming home?"

"Soon." She searched among the bottles and paper bags under the sink. "Would you please go into the living room?"

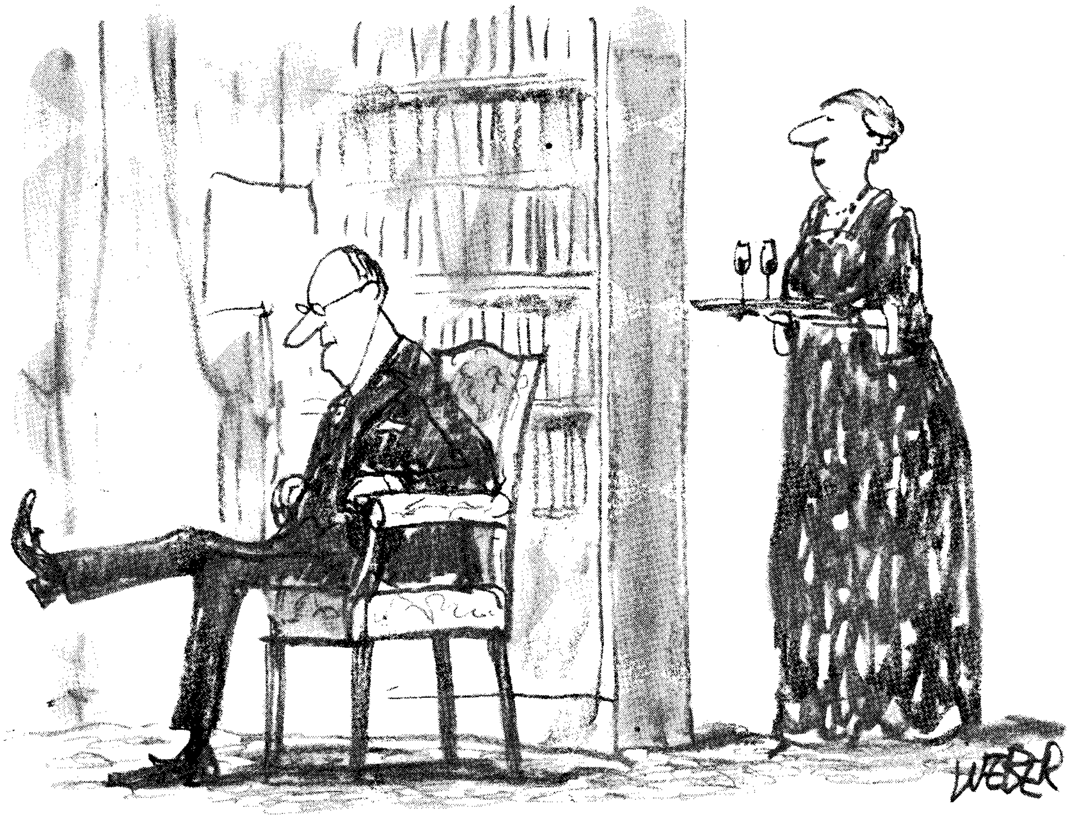
"Why?"

"*Sammy*."

He stared at her helplessly from the



"So you think $576.53 isn't much money these days?
Ha. Ha. Ha. I'm laughing."



"You know, Marion, one of the things that have stood the test of time is these tassel oxfords."

middle of the kitchen floor, then turned and walked away, sneakers squeaking on the linoleum, shoulders stooped, head hanging.

"Sammy, what're you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing what?" She peered around the corner. He was sitting cross-legged by the couch, his back to her. "Come on, let's work in the garden."

He reluctantly joined her, already anxious to grow up, escape. If only you knew, she thought, watching his green eyes, speckled gold out here in the sunlight. She handed him a spade. "Can you dig a little ditch for me? Right along the edge. Like this. It's for the water."

He studiously set to work, the spade unwieldy in his small hands. She pulled weeds. The soil was dark and damp, the best outside someplace in Russia. The Ukraine, maybe. She could smell her body, the slight scent of her sweat. A few cars passed, sounding imperative, going somewhere. A bicycle clattered over the curb. She stopped working and stared intently at the view: the Delanos' cluttered back yard, the corner grocery store with its bright-red Coke machine by the door, the sandstone Catholic church across the street. Downtown in the bars, she knew, men and women her age were already drinking beer and watching baseball on television as they collapsed drunkenly into fitful camaraderie, pounding each other's backs and rivalling to pay for rounds. It'll hit a hundred tomorrow, she thought, bending back to work, trying to ignore the thickness of the air. Surrounding downtown were these frame houses, porch swings, cobbled alleys, these streets quiet as Sunday. She had taught third grade until Sammy was born, the sinking fear she had felt as a child in school returning every time she passed through that heavy green door and heard her footsteps tap-tap-tapping along the hallway, the children's voices squealing and shrieking no matter what they said, because they assumed no one was listening, no one cared. Even remembering, it made her sick. Motherhood had come as something of a relief. Last night, she had asked Scobie if he thought she was stupid. Now why did I do that? It's just the kind of question he hates. "Sammy, be careful. Don't cut those roots. See?"

"When's Daddy coming home?"

"Soon. You can stop now, if you want. Why don't you go play in your sandbox?"

"O.K."

He trudged off. Poor kid. She was always suggesting things for him to do. She stood and squinted dizzily into the sun.

WALKING home, Scobie passed under the concrete railroad bridge—a blur of moss and graffiti, short echo, darkness—and started the slow climb past the library. The wide blue sky was brilliant, electric, behind the darkening buildings. Starlings darted like bats in the shrinking light. That light, almost liquid, reminded him of something else. What? He turned, startled by a burst of rock and roll, early-evening excess obscure in the receding blackness of Peter's Tavern—a jukebox, gleaming. Suddenly church bells rang, soft and steady in the stillness. Scobie stopped and blessed the Catholics. They rang their bells with papal regularity, even here, in the heart of nowhere. Keeping step, he continued west, past the drugstore, across a parking lot, down a gravel driveway. Mothers called their children in to dinner. Screen doors slammed, springs pinging. A girl in a yellow dress skipped rope in front of the hospital, counting monotonously, dreamily. He stepped across the stretch of grass and into the kitchen. Susan was at the sink, slicing onions. He kissed the back of her neck. She turned and smiled and touched his cheek, her fingers wet. Her eyes went on forever. He held her tight, frightened, as always, by the smallness of her bones. "The good guys won."

"Congratulations."

The kitchen window was open. A warm sweet breeze rustled some papers on the table. He smelled lilac, cut grass, smoking hamburgers. "Let's cook out tonight."

"Wonderful! Sammy would love that."

"Where is he?"

"In his sandbox. Talking to himself." She grinned, crying—the onions.

"I'll start the charcoal," Scobie said, touched by her false tears.

He opened the screen door and paused on the concrete step, looking over the grass—he would have to mow it tomorrow—at the thick wall of bushes and drooping willows that obscured the Delanos' yard. Three white wooden chairs and a white table turned pale purple in the changing light. He inhaled noisily, closing his eyes and trying to relax his arms, his shoulders, his tight aching neck. When he opened

YORK: IN MEMORIAM W. H. AUDEN

The butterflies of northern England dance above the goosefoot
below the brick wall of a dead factory. After Wednesday
comes Thursday, and so on. The sky breathes heat;
the fields burn. The towns give off a hint of striped
cloth, long-wrapped and musty; dahlias die of thirst.
And your voice—"I have known three great poets. Each
one a prize son of a bitch"—sounds in my ears
with disturbing clarity. I slow my steps

and turn to look round. Four years soon
since you died in an Austrian hotel. Under the crossing sign
not a soul: tiled roofs, asphalt, limestone,
poplars. Chester died, too—you know that
only too well. Like beads on a dusty abacus,
sparrows sit solemnly on wires. Nothing so much
transforms a familiar entrance into a crowd of columns
as love for a man, especially when

he's dead. The absence of wind compels taut leaves
to tense their muscles and stir against their will.
The white butterflies' dance is like a storm-tossed ship.
A man takes his own blind alley with him wherever he goes
about the world; and a bent knee, with its obtuse angle,
multiplies the captive perspective,
like a wedge of cranes holding their course
for the south. Like all things moving onward.

The emptiness, swallowing sunlight—something in common with
the hawthorn—grows steadily more palpable
in the outstretched hand's direction, and
the world merges into a long street where others live.
In this sense, he is England. England, in this sense,
still an empire and fully capable—if
you believe the music gurgling like water—
of ruling waves. Or any element, for that matter.

Lately, I've been losing my grip a little: snarl
at my shopwindow reflection; while my finger
dials its number, my hand lets the phone fall.
Closing my eyes, I see an empty boat,
motionless, far out in the bay.
Coming out of the phone booth,
I hear a starling's voice—in its cry alarm.
But before it flies away the sound

melts in the air. Whose blue expanse, innocent of objects,
is much like this life here (where things stand out more in the desert),
for you're not here. And vacuum gradually
fills the landscape. Like flecks of foam,
sheep take their ease on bottle-green waves
of Yorkshire heather. The corps de ballet of nimble
butterflies, taking their cue from an unseen bow,
flicker above a grass-grown ditch, giving the eye

no point of rest. And the willow herb's vertical stalk
is longer than the ancient Roman road,
heading north, forgotten by all at Rome.
Subtracting the greater from the lesser—time from man—
you get words, the remainder, standing out against their
white background more clearly than the body
ever manages to while it lives, though it cry "Catch me!"—

thus the source of love turns into the object of love.

—Joseph Brodsky

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers.*)

• •

his eyes, the lawn, the bushes and trees, the chairs and table all seemed to have just stopped laughing. He walked around the corner of the house. Sammy sat in the middle of his sandbox, moving toy trucks through a wilderness of collapsing mountains. "Hello, Sammy," Scobie said, so quietly he could barely hear himself. "Sammy?"

Those pink fingers, the delicate moons, waved in delight above the cooling sand. "Daddy!" A brief, imaginary embrace: "Daddy!" Or was he merely including Scobie in his secret world, the cause of all that pensive seriousness, so intense for a child so young? Scobie crossed to the red sandbox, bent down. "How're things?"

Sammy looked into the sand, puzzled, his eyes partially Susan's, partially Scobie's father's, partially no one's. "Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Tommy's father makes trucks."

"I know." Scobie laughed.

THEIR mouths moving slowly and silently, Scobie and Sammy looked to Susan like two men discussing the weather, war, something serious. Sammy, trying to imitate his father, leaned with his weight on one leg, his hip slightly cocked, his hands in his pockets. She quickly concentrated on the salad, humming an old hymn as she moved about the kitchen. She carried the salad out to the wooden table in the back yard.

"Hi, Mommy," Sammy greeted her. "Look what we're doing."

"What's that?" She unwrapped the paper plates, distributed the paper napkins.

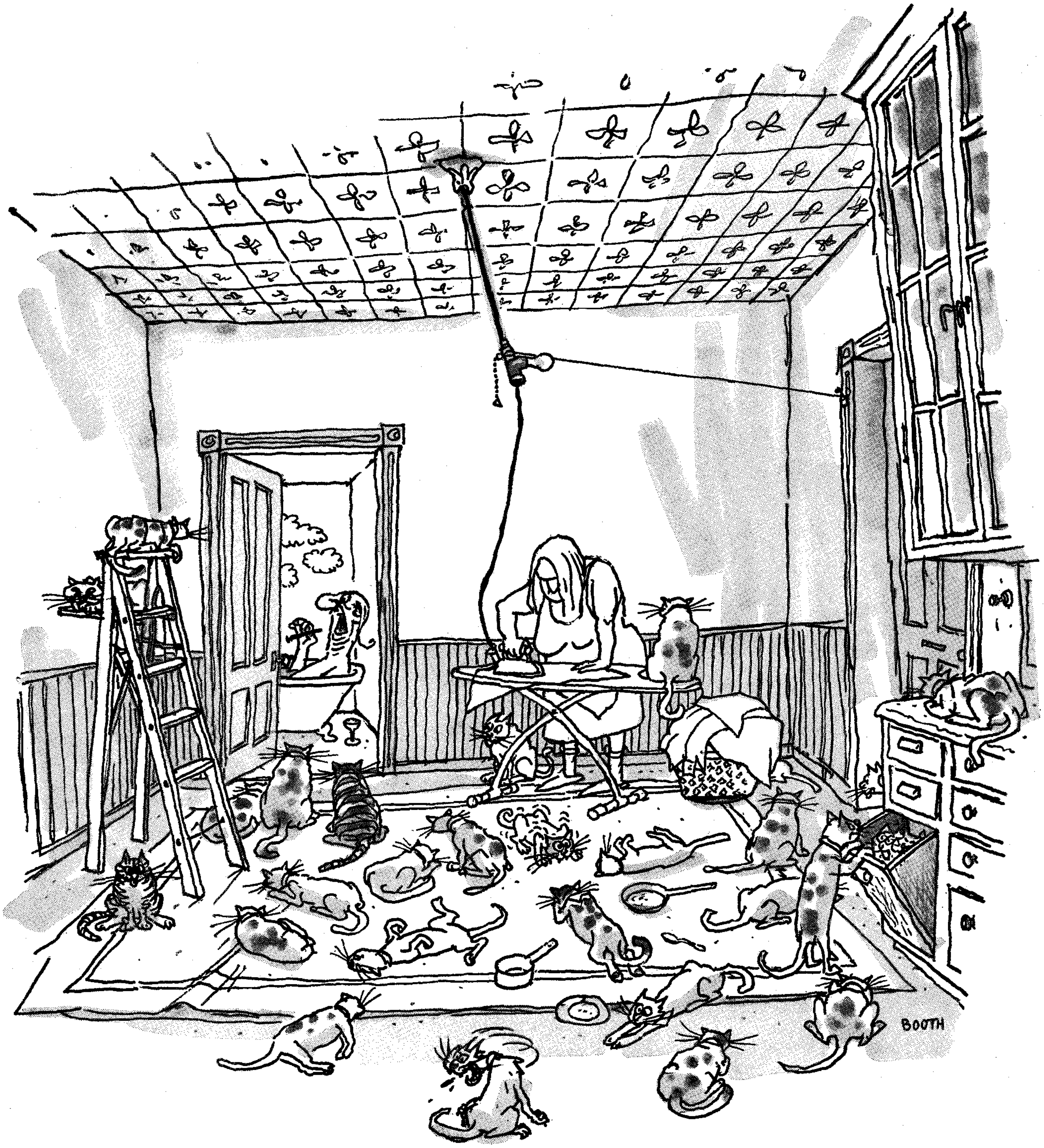
"Trying not to burn supper is what we're doing," Scobie said, banging at the grill.

"How much longer?" she asked, heading back toward the screen door.

"Five minutes."

The house was already dark. She turned on a few lights as she made her way to the bedroom and changed, remembering nights like this when her father, splendid in his white tuxedo, would prance about the kitchen playing Louis Armstrong on his trumpet. Then off he would go to a club where his band entertained strangers until one in the morning. She stared at herself in the mirror, brushing her hair. Susan, where have you gone? Away. College. Europe. Marriage. Motherhood. She looked deeper into her eyes and saw a young girl sitting on a bed, rain sliding down the windowpanes behind her. Too much dope. She resumed brushing. Susan, where have you gone? Dancing, crazy, to the movies, nowhere, *I don't know*. It was an impossible question, a voice speaking from her worst fears, and she resolutely ignored it, dropping her brush onto the bureau, next to Scobie's watch, and leaving the bedroom. Yet the words, like a jingle, ran through her head, nightmarishly persistent. She pushed open the screen door and stepped out onto the grass. Scobie was seasoning the hamburgers. Sammy pushed toy trucks toward an inevitable and colossal collision.

"Mommy, I'm *hungry*."



"Last night I heard a cadada."

• •

"Dinner's ready," Scobie called. "Come and get it."

They carried their paper plates to the grill, then sat together at the wooden table, passing potato chips and ketchup while around them the shadows lengthened and the birds gradually grew quiet.

"Hi," Scobie said, grinning at her.

"Hi."

"What do you think?"

"About what?"

"This." He laughed. "Our future. It's here."

"I think it's fine," she said.

"Me, too."

"But weird."

He nodded, his eyes moving to the closing circle of darkness. Susan leaned back and stared at the pink and purple sky. Soon it would be drained black. The air's so clean out here, she thought, breathing deeply. Yet she missed the ocean, the strong salt breeze rolling in with the waves, the fog, the dampness, the sweet brackish stink of low tide, those long slow days on the beach. At night the lights exploded along the old boardwalk, the casino burned at the edge of the sea, thousands of kids strolled back and forth, eating cotton candy, smoking joints, trading albums on the steps of the bandstand where her father once played afternoon concerts. She had been one of those kids, one of too many. Where she came from, fathers worked in factories or for the government, mothers raised children, and everyone went to church on Sunday. She thought of her mother, smiling, rueful and scrutinizing as she turned from the kitchen sink, the slender white lighthouse balanced in the window behind her, an obsolete warning rising from a cluster of rocks and seaweed half a mile offshore.

"Daddy, how come I don't have a brother?" Sammy asked.

Susan jumped. "What?"

"Tommy has a brother."

"Virgil Smith has a sister," Scobie said, peering into his salad.

"How come I don't have a sister?"

"Most kids get jealous when they have a brother or sister," Susan said.

Sammy shrugged. "How come we're not going anywhere this summer? Tommy's going to Florida."

She reached across the table and wiped his mouth with her napkin.

"We can't go anywhere," Scobie said. "We don't have enough money. But maybe next summer. How'd you like to go to New Hampshire? See your grandparents?"

"Oh, boy."

"Really?" Susan asked.

"Sure. Why not? If we've got the bread."

"That would be lovely," she said. "I miss them."

"I know you do."

Sammy had pulled his hamburger from the bun and was now holding it above him and nibbling at the edges.

"Eat that thing right or don't eat it at all," Scobie scolded.

"Hey, folks." It was Joey, crossing the grass with Clara, Susan's oldest friend in Iowa City and an interne at the nearby hospital. She and Susan had met at a party, Susan immediately liking Clara's wide, welcoming face and big-boned softness, the enthusiasm in her gray eyes. Joey was as angular as she was curved, as dark as she was fair, a silent nodding elf with a habit of smiling before he asked you a question, pleased by its appropriateness, the possibilities of the answer. He played drums for a local band. Clara's red hair bounced at her shoulders, and when she smiled she positively beamed. "Happy Fourth of July!"

"So what's happening?" Joey smiled, a wrinkle of his rabbinical beard.

"Not much," Scobie said. "Just a nice suburban scene here. Want a beer?"

"Sure. Hey, Sammy." Joey bent and touched Sammy's dirty cheek. "When're you going to learn how to play the drums?"

Sammy thought. "Soon."

SUSAN loved parties, the quick rush of excitement she felt when friends or strangers arrived at the door or when she first walked into someone else's room and realized that within the next few hours anything at all could happen. A party, like sex, was organized around the simple principle of pleasure. Of course, sex had not always been that way. Her parents thought it was a command to have children, a necessary and rather embarrassing technicality. At least, that was what they seemed to believe. Who could tell? Not me, she thought. Scobie made love with the sad precision and distant thoughtfulness of a priest administering last rites. Afterward, they curled together like children, their small protected space something to defend from the outside world, the attacking forces—time and loss, disbelief, fear, the sure knowledge that pleasure seeks oblivion, annihilation, escape. Susan moved into the kitchen, compulsively wrapping vegetables in waxed paper and pushing them into the refrigerator. Clara kept her company, leaning against the counter, the screen door behind her neatly dividing the summer night into small square mosaics. Susan could hear Sammy laughing happily as he sat on Scobie's chest in the living room, miming attack while Scobie mimed horror, neither of them speaking, only the Beatles' ironic, nervous music accompanying their struggle.

"Sammy, bedtime!" Susan called.

"Aw, Mommy," he groaned, breaking the spell.

"Authority speaks." Scobie laughed.

"Do I have to?"

"Yes, you do. I'll take you up. Tell you a story. O.K.?"

"Yes, sir."

"So let's go." Scobie stood. "Say good night."

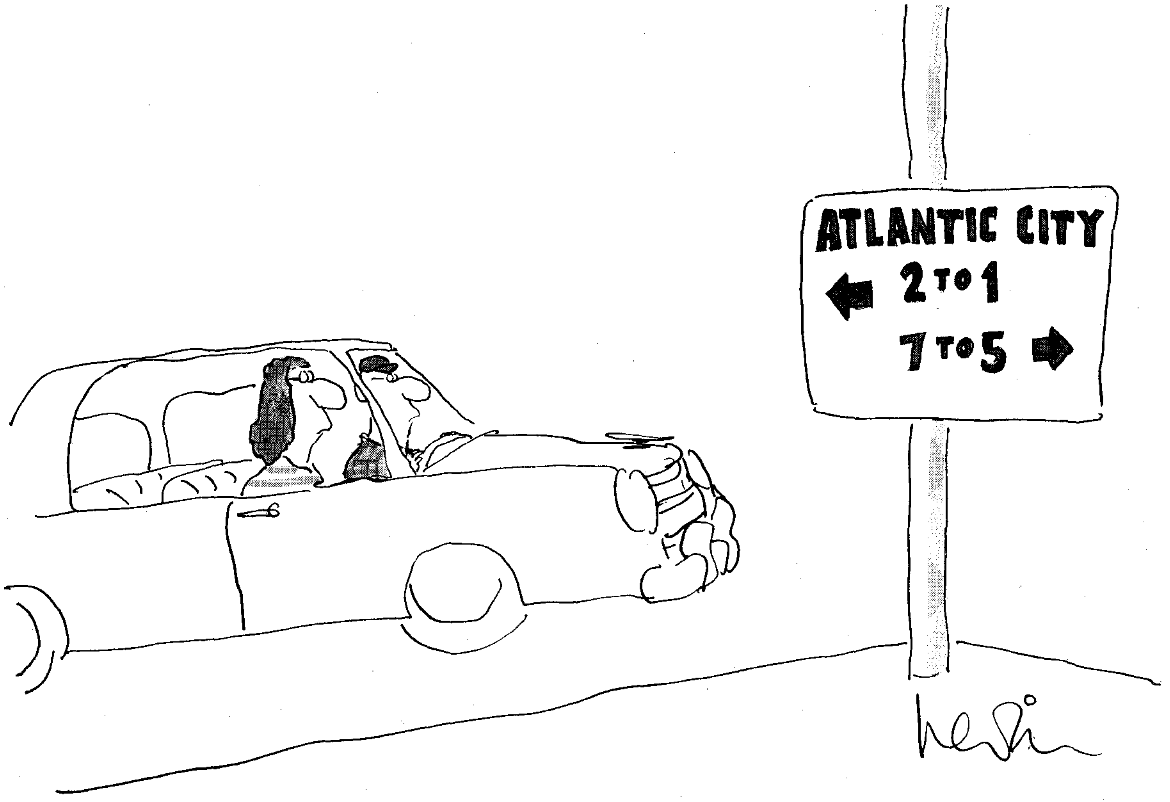
Sammy, slipping his hand from Scobie's, ran to Susan. Did he love her more? Scobie remembered his own father's threatening power, that silent shape refusing softness. He stared at the ghostly green aquarium, the flicking, darting fish, the mother-of-pearl cigarette box he had inherited from his grandmother, his wall of books. Two black speakers, large as coffins, stood upright in the corners.

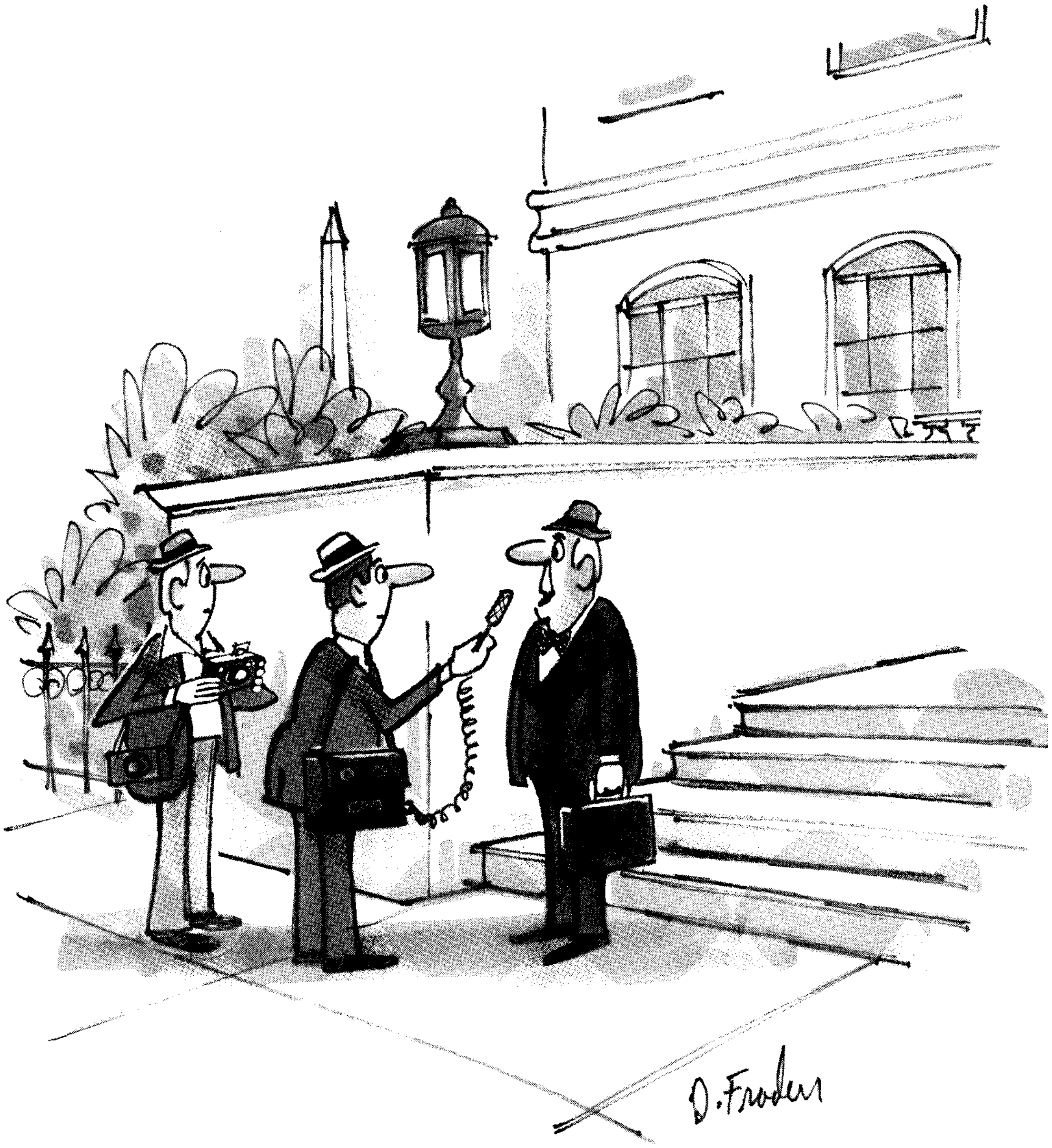
"Good night," Sammy said to Joey, returning and taking Scobie's hand again. They climbed the stairs together, the music muffling behind them. Susan looked up as Joey hesitated in the kitchen doorway. "Hi," she said. "We're just talking."

He entered warily. "Any more beer?"

"Of course. I'm sorry. In the fridge."

He leaned down into the cold green light. "So what's up?" he asked, straightening and pulling the beer tab.





"I think my indictment was just and when all the facts are known I will be proven guilty."

• •

"Nothing," Susan said. "We were just wondering what it would be like to all sleep together."

"Are you serious?"

Even before they started laughing Susan wondered what it *would* be like. Scobie would never do it, he was too conservative. She could almost hear him: *Fathers don't do that sort of thing*. He and Sammy would often sit up there for hours, Sammy transfixed as Scobie told him about trees that talked and oceans that thought, her own voice reaching them as a reassuring murmur. "Would you be scared, Joey?" she asked.

"Disgusted."

"Why?"

"All that flesh."

Following him back into the living room, Susan sat on the floor, resting on one of the large bright pillows, and rolled a joint. Scobie would not smoke anymore. She wondered what reveries did to a surreal imagination, then wondered what they had already done to hers. Clara held her chin high, a touch of stubbornness in the stance. Susan stared at the soft shape of her loose breasts beneath her dress, her thin hands smoothing her lap. Clara took the joint from Susan and puffed delicately, her little finger cocked, as if the joint were a cup of tea, her eyes squinting in concentration. Scobie returned, smiled at them, and made himself a Scotch. For a few seconds Susan resented his overview.

"Sammy O.K.?" she asked.

"Oh yeah, he's fine." Scobie shook his head, refusing the joint, as he stretched out beside her. "You know, he thinks I make all those stories up. He thinks all the myths I tell him are mine."

Susan laughed, clapping her hands, that girlish, delighted gesture she knew he loved.

Scobie grinned at the ceiling. "He probably thinks I'm a lunatic and just listens to humor me."

"Scobie, I have a big favor to ask you," Joey said.

"Change the record," Scobie said.

"Thank you."

Clara nodded vigorously, red curls dancing around her temples, the imaginary teacup still balanced in her hand. Scobie crawled to the stereo. "I first saw the Beatles in 1964," he said. "Twelve years ago. Incredible, huh? Any requests?"

"Something cheerful."

"Something bouncy."

"Aretha Franklin?"

"Let's dance," Susan said, clapping her hands again.

"Dancing it is." Scobie stood, pulled her to her feet, and led her around the room in an exaggerated waltz to the pure round notes of "Dr. Feelgood." Energy's the rush that comes with rock and roll, everything private made public, celebrated. He swirled Susan under his arm, dancing awkwardly, self-consciously, his eyes on Clara, a pleading gaze. He trusts me, Susan thought. But I can't trust him, not completely. There's the difference. Then she wondered if she also loved him more, if her lack of trust were the result of that difference. Scobie, needing her less, trusted her more? Did that make sense? One thought and Scobie lost the rhythm. He watched Susan to catch it again. Slowly he was back in the music. Clara saw him looking and smiled. He smiled, too, more with his eyes than his mouth, a secret message sent over Susan's shoulder. Or was Susan imagining things? Was he just being friendly? She glanced around the room. The fish in the aquarium seemed to swim to the music. Even the air bubbles were synchronized. Everything works that way, if you can see what's happening. She looked at Scobie. We're a beautiful couple, she thought. Friends said it, parents said it, employers said it, she had even heard strangers saying it:

"What a beautiful couple." Beautiful couples don't have problems. Why had she ever believed that? Neither of them was really beautiful, she knew. They were pretty and graceful. They moved well. They gave pleasure when they walked into a room. They seemed to know what they were doing. She almost laughed, watching him now, gangly as a tourist trying to belly dance, his serious face concentrating on the impossible task of gyrating elegantly. "Won't the music wake Sammy?"

Scobie turned it down. "I don't think so."

"It might," she said. "Maybe we should wait awhile."

The song ended. They were left staring at each other in silence, kids again at their first dance, wondering what to say, how to stand. They all sat down.

"We're irresponsible parents," Susan said.

"No, we're not," Scobie said. "Children like to hear music. I can remember lying in bed and hearing my parents having parties. They played Frank Sinatra, that's the only difference."

"A little less loudly," she said.

"Maybe. I felt very secure hearing all that noise. And the laughter. They sounded happy."

Susan was watching him, the way his mother had once watched him try to flirt. There's no escape from familiarity. He had to live with it, as he lived with bad weather, his own depression, failure, the power of stupid and spiteful people. Only when love is a duty are we eternally secure against despair. He let himself really look at Clara for the first time since they had met, though he remembered that night, her slow movement toward him through the laughing couples, a smile ready on her face. She was dressed in jeans and a red silk shirt open low enough on the neck to expose the smooth white beginnings of her breasts, so much larger than Susan's and swaying as she leaned forward to tap her cigarette ash into an empty paper cup. She was very beautiful, a northern star, pale as breath on a cold window. He had always imagined her life as a series of outings. To football games, snug in plaid blankets. To picnics and parties. To the coast in a crowded station wagon.

"Scobie?" She was offering him the joint.

He shook his head.

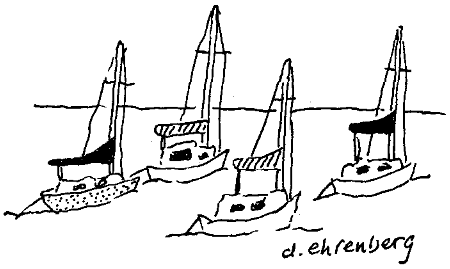
"How come you don't smoke?" she asked.

"I lose control."

"Of what?"

"Whatever it is that convinces me I'm only one person."

Taking the joint, Susan let her fingers brush Clara's, then quickly looked toward Joey, as if she were interested in what he was saying, or the smile on his face, that dreamy, tranquil expression he assumed when stoned or happy. Even my fantasies are clichés, Scobie thought, changing the record again. Two women tongue to tongue, nipple to nipple. He had once dreamed of singing with a rock band, prancing obliviously as his own voice boomed back at him, finally finding a beat indistinguishable from the heart's. That would be happiness. Smoking dope and listening to music always reminded Susan of college, those four fast years when she had almost escaped her entire childhood. Now that freedom seemed as ephemeral as any other. Nothing's in control because it all comes rushing at you a million miles a minute, nameless, contorted, laughing like God: What do *you* know, Miss La-Di-Da? Not much, she thought.



"Are you going to teach again?" Clara was asking her.

"Soon as Sammy gets a little older."

"What if you have another kid?" Joey asked.

"We'll deal with that when and if it happens," Scobie said and solicitously drew Susan closer. He smelled of sweat, tobacco, an old smell she loved, man smell, father smell.

"I'm not sure I want to have another kid," she said.

"I *know* we can't afford it," Scobie said. "But it'd be a shame for Sammy not to have a brother or sister, don't you think?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"He'd be very lonely. It's a trap," he continued, explaining to Clara. "You have one kid, then you feel morally obliged to have another to keep the first one company, and the next thing you know you're fulfilling all your statistical expectations. Gotcha."

The truth being, of course, that

THE BONE-DUSTER

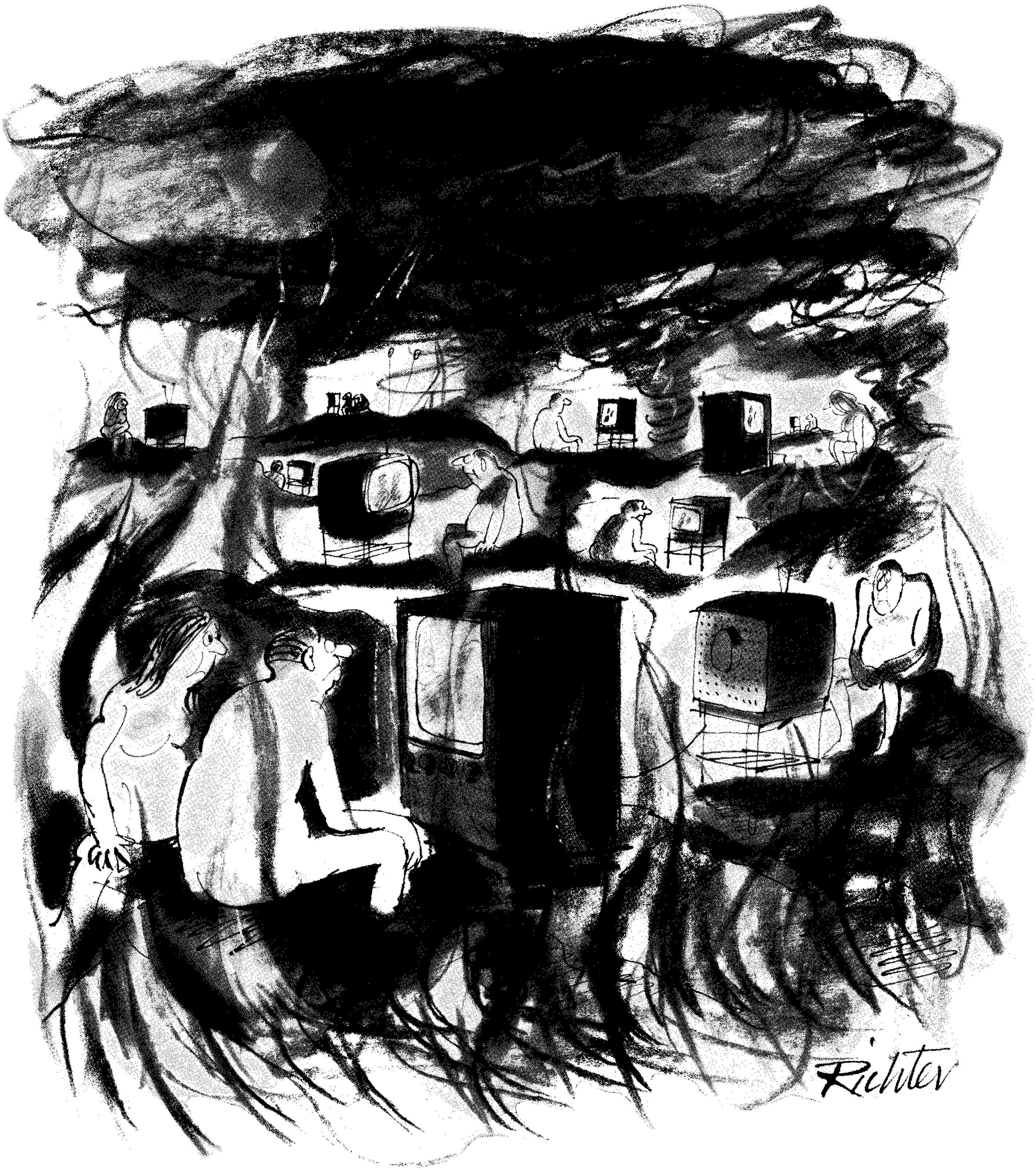
Two adolescent summers
wasting in the basement
of the Peabody Museum
the dampness from stones
rising along my arms, sleeveless as I dusted
the bones of
a thousand extinct pigs—it seems
I have written about this before,
moving down the stacks from drawer
to drawer, seems I
will always be writing the poems
that might have soothed me
then. Then as now
the smell of damp stones, of
bones, of wood aging in basements and slow dust,
pieces of tedium drifting down
and down on the calm air.

And then up to lunch
in the bright fluorescent
hall of birds, table on
table lined with limp bodies, sparrows and weavers,
auks, hawks, and puffins, all typed, all
labelled, gold, red, green and brown-feathered lumps
laid out behind us as we ate.

Again
I toss my lunch bag
into the bin, again the slow freight
elevator, dim and rusting,
lowers me down and down.

—John Morgan

• •



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Scobie wanted to have another child but thought Susan wanted to be able to walk into a room and tell people she was more than a mother. "I don't resent being a mother," she said. "There'd be no point to that."

"It doesn't really make much sense, though," Scobie said. "Why put kids through all the crap you've just been through? They're not going to help you run the farm, or maintain your membership in the House of Lords. Right? If you have children, you've got to admit you're having them for your own pleasure. There's no other reason anymore."

"Propagating the species."

"Propagating the class, you mean. Or the race. What's the point?"

"So why did you have Sammy?" Clara asked.

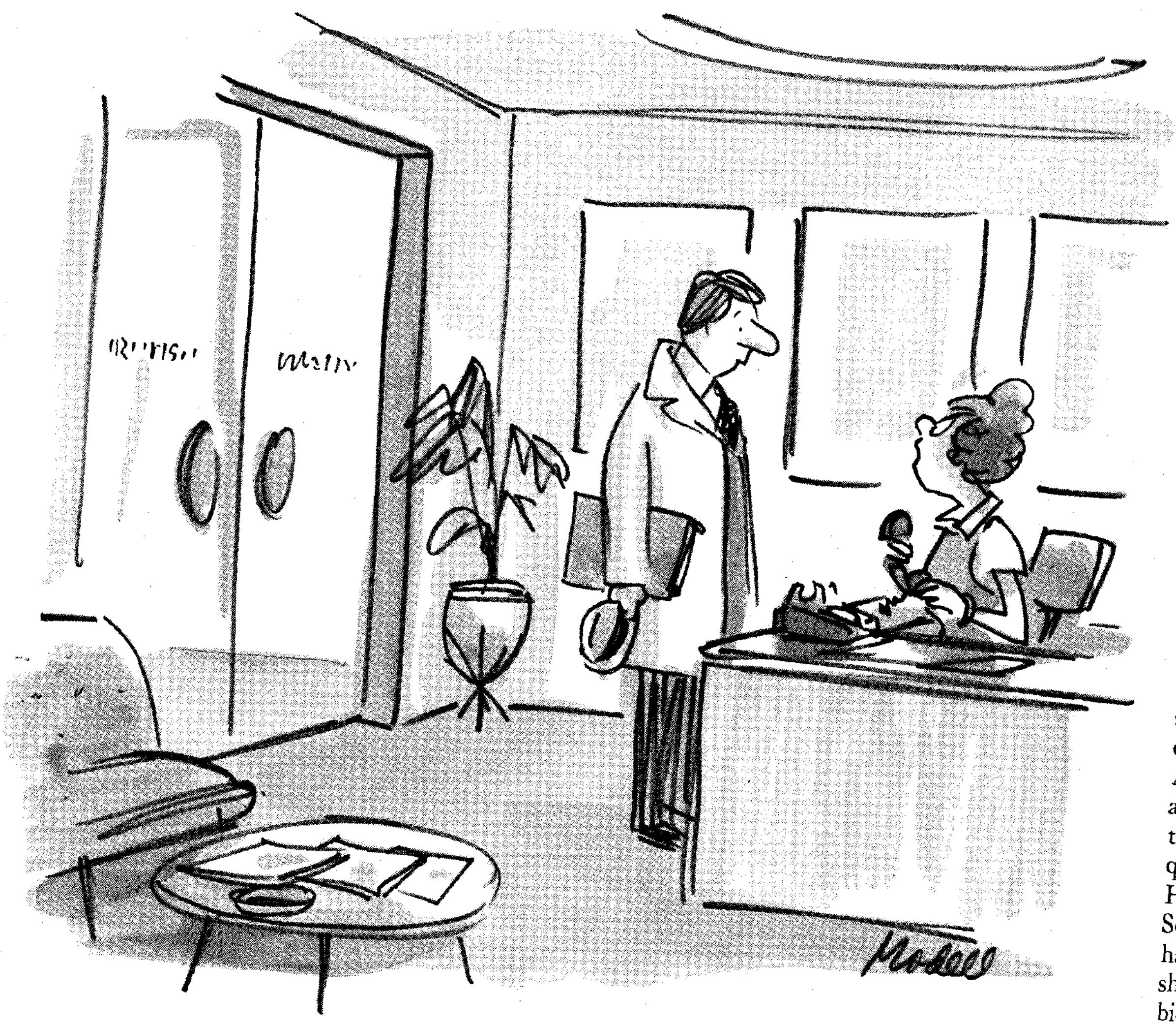
"I'm sentimental."

Bliss, that's what he wants, and that's why he loves children, they seem so much closer to the source. Susan had always found it strange that someone who loved language so much should consider silence truth, but he did. She could never be sure what he was feeling.

"My father wanted me to marry and settle down," Clara said. "The whole thing."

"And now you're a hot-shot doctor," Scobie said. "I like that."

This time Susan was sure he ex-



"Mr. Thompson will see you shortly. He's seething at the moment."

changed a look with Clara, a quick, sheepish grin.

"It's dark enough," he said. "We should go out."

"I can't move," Joey said.

"Pothead."

"Moralist." Joey rolled over and looked at Scobie.

"Come on," Susan said. "Let's go out."

They stood and went together to the back yard, where they lay on their backs, staring at the sky and talking while beyond the trees a fierce red streak grew thinner and slowly sputtered away, leaving behind the sudden night. Then a Roman candle shot hissing high above them and exploded, showering down a soft umbrella of smaller stars. Susan flinched when the next explosion hit the sky. It was spectacular, terrifying. She could feel Scobie's arm touching her elbow.

"Napalm," he said.

"Oh, Scobie. Don't be disgusting."

"Sorry. Just free-associating."

"Do you think it'll wake Sammy?"

"It might," he said. "Jesus, can you imagine? He'd probably think it was World War III."

"Scobie, he doesn't even know what war is."

"You know what I mean. The end of the world. Cataclysm. Holocaust. Apocalypse. I'd better go check."

He rose and disappeared into the house. Joey lit another joint and passed it around. Susan took it all the way in, holding her breath until it hurt. The explosions vibrated, painfully explicit.

"Clara, do you ever wish you had kids?" Susan giggled. "Tell me the grass is always greener."

"I envy you sometimes, sure."

"We ought to start a mutual-admiration society. You've got freedom. You're making something of yourself."

"You sound like my father," Joey said. "Clara's just trying to get along, like everyone else."

"Clara's a woman who hasn't let her entire life be determined by what a woman's expected to be," Susan said. "In case you hadn't noticed."

"I'd noticed."

"I don't particularly like being a doctor," Clara said. "Not all the time."

"Excuse me while I slit my wrists," Joey said.

"You don't understand, Joey," Susan said. "We're having a conversation."

Upstairs, Scobie bent above Sammy and whispered, "Sh-h-h, it's all right." He picked him up and stroked the fine hair on his soft head. "It's just fireworks, that's all. Look." He pointed through the window. The sky was burning, lighting their faces, Sammy's round eyes staring in stunned wonder at the spectacle. And then he fell asleep again, his eyelids fluttering, closing, opening quickly, gently closing. His head rested against Scobie's shoulder, his hands clenched Scobie's shirt. Carefully, Scobie lowered him back into his bed, covered his legs with the sheet, tucked his frayed toy giraffe under his arm, and tiptoed from the room. Susan rolled over onto her stomach and lay with her head resting in the cradle of her arm, waiting for him to appear through the screen door. Blades of grass, so close, looked like giant trees. How she missed the sea! Here he was.

"Hello." He settled beside her. "Sammy's O.K."

"Thank you."

He touched her cheek. "My joy."

"You're a good father," she said.

"I'm learning."

"No, you've always been good."

"Hey, Joey," he said, changing the subject. "Did I ever tell you I once met John Lennon?"

"Hell you met John Lennon."

"I did, really. In London. Nineteen-sixty-six. I was on my way to see my parents. You know, for vacation, Christmas vacation. And there he was."

"Where?"

"At the airport bar. Disguised."

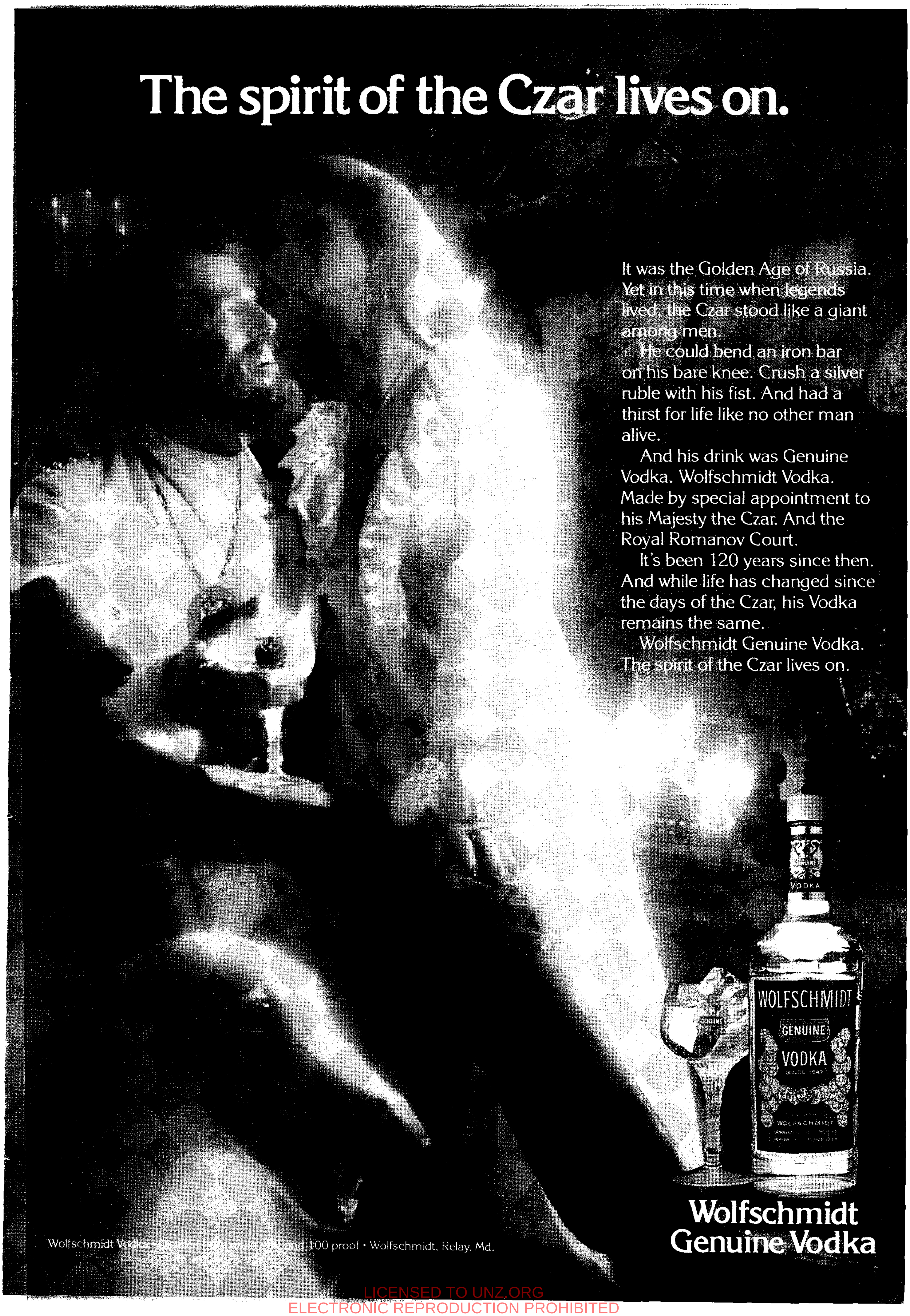
"Is he making all this up?" Joey asked Susan.

"I don't know."

"Disguised as what?" Clara asked.

"A tweedy literary type. His hair was slicked back, he was wearing a sort

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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At 10 pm the vote was counted. By a majority of 60 votes they had approved the fire truck. Said the town clerk, Irene Thalheimer, "Who knows if it's a right or wrong decision. The important thing is it's what the majority really wants. This is democracy, and I think it's great."

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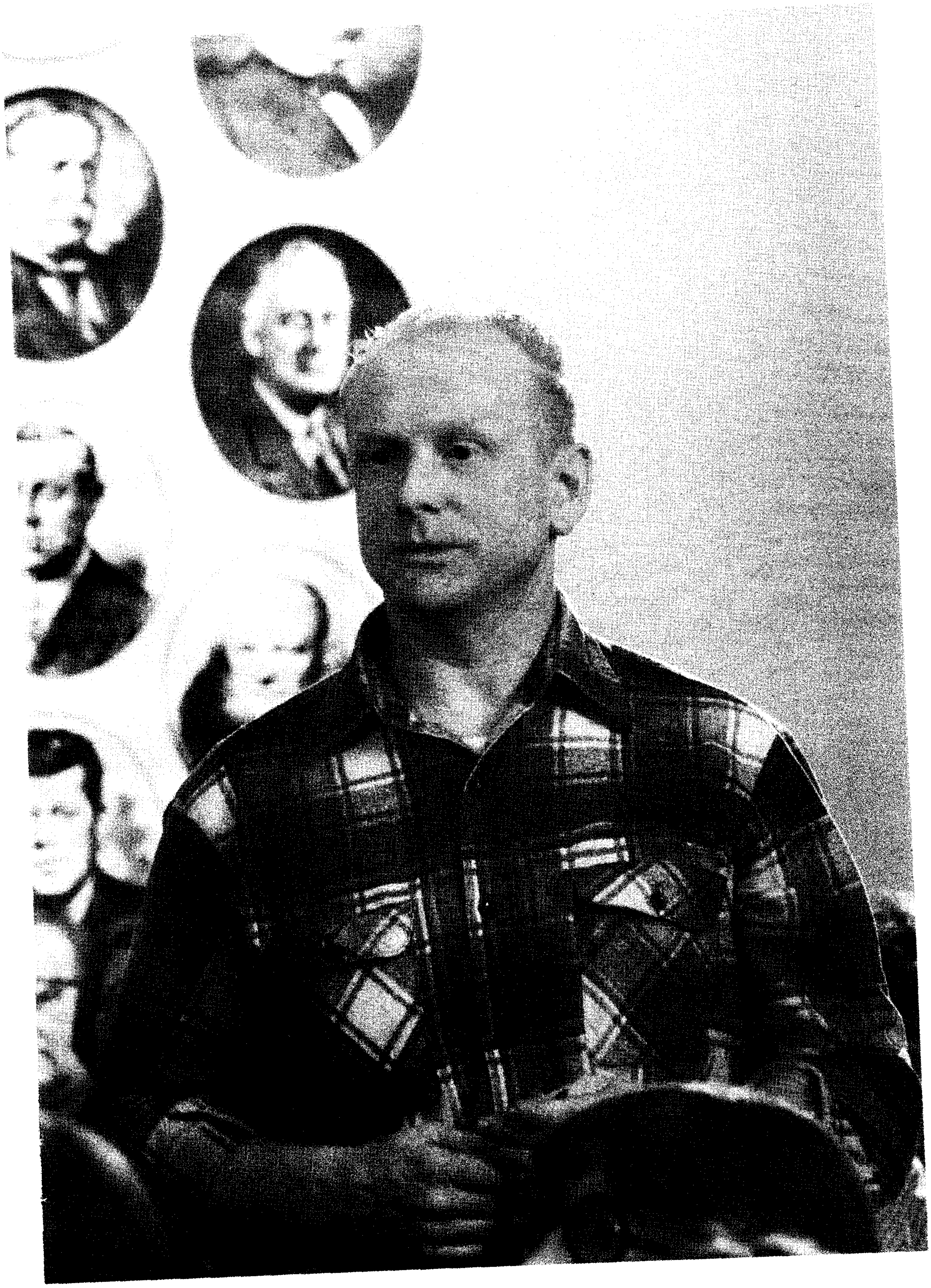

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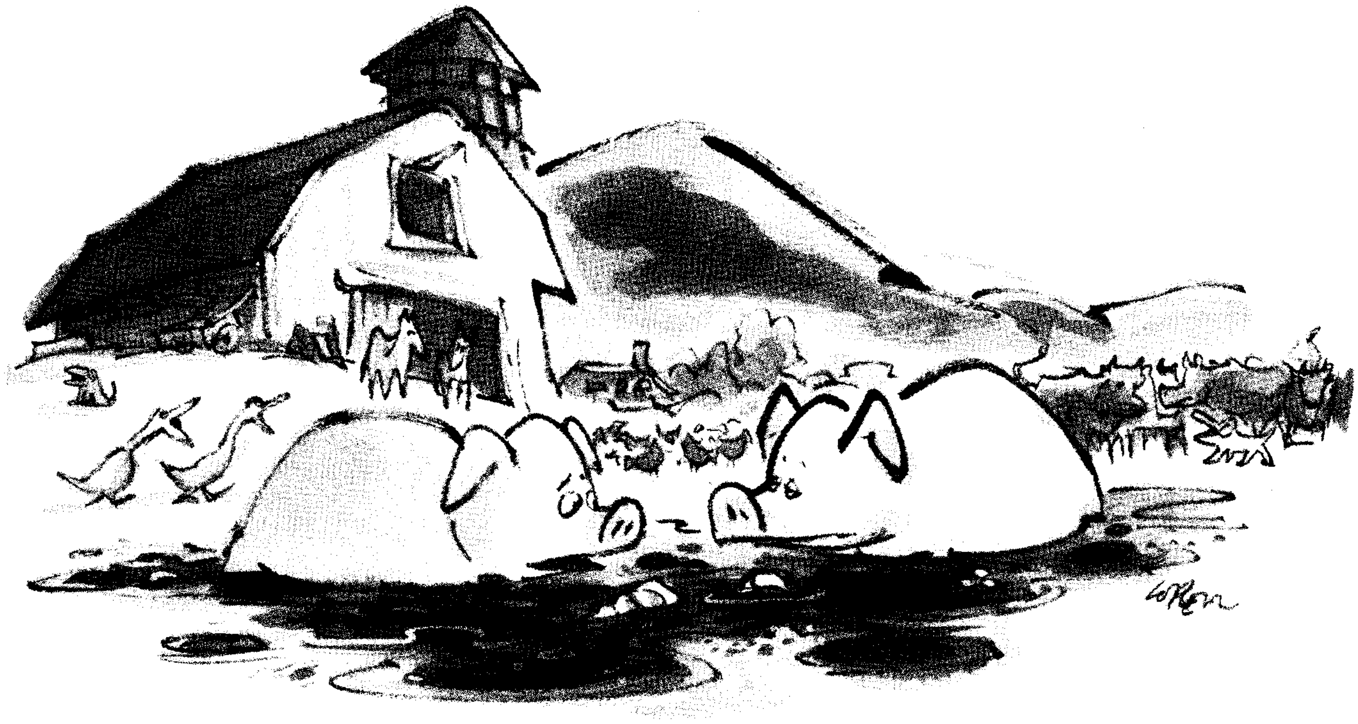

"Oh, I like it here O.K., but sometimes the barnyard language gets me down."

• •

of gray sleeveless sweater. Thick glasses. Elbow patches. Those brown shoes that look like hiking boots, you know? We talked."

"I don't believe a word of this," Joey said.

"We talked about how we were both scared of flying. He was very nervous. Drinking."

For all Susan knew, he was telling the truth. Stranger things had happened to him. On the other hand, he invented half his life. Which part of him did she love? He touched her knee affectionately. Why wouldn't she respond? Why was she so cold? It angered him, briefly. He looked into the shaking light and saw Clara's hair, her round soft shoulders.

A Roman candle sizzled and died. Susan felt like an old woman, some friendly but irritating third person. The sky was dark again, still and moist and starless. "That was quick," she said.

"Actually, we've been out here six hours," Scobie said. "It's tomorrow."

"Seriously, wasn't that quick?" Susan asked.

"Yes," Clara said. "It was. I think."

"No, I'm on Scobie's side," Joey said. "Years have passed."

"Joey, stop it. You're making me nervous," Susan said.

High up, far, far away, a small light moved through the sky.

SCOBIE made himself another Scotch.

"You're drinking too much," Susan said.

"Spare me." He raised his glass. "Quiet."

"What?"

"I thought I heard Sammy."

They both listened.

"No, he's all right," she said.

Scobie's arm had fallen asleep, a numb and prickly pain, but he did not move. "When you met me, what did you think?"

"That you were funny-looking."

"Thanks."

"It was your haircut."

"I cut it myself."

"That was apparent." She looked at him, shy and slightly angry. "I *chased* you, Scobie. You should feel flattered."

The aquarium glowed, a green light through which the iridescent fish slowly circled the wavering seaweed and rising bubbles.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" she asked.

"O.K."

"I wish it would rain."

"Me, too." He traced her arm with a finger. "How come you're so skinny?"

"I have a pot belly," she said.

"The size of a walnut. You're skinny, Susan."

"You don't like me skinny?"

"I love you skinny."

"Is this true?"

"Yes," he said.

Her fingers stroked his skull as the room ticked around them. There's always someplace we're trying to get to, he thought. Something we're trying to remember or imagine. "Once, when we were little and wanted to have an adventure, Dad invented a spy game," he said. "The whole family played. Mom and I just missed catching him pass a secret message to Matthew at the drugstore soda fountain."

"You romanticize your past."

"No, I don't. It happened. I know. I was there."

"You like it better there."

"Oh, Susan. Don't exaggerate. I don't *like* it better."

"Yes, you do."

He pulled her closer. "What's the matter, baby?"

"Nothing."

"Susan?"

"You're itching to get away."

"Not me. I do all my travelling up here." He tapped his forehead, an absurd gesture.

Cold as a sudden draft, her hand touched his face. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just jealous of Clara, I guess."

"What?" He felt himself blinking stupidly.

"I saw you tonight."

"What did you see tonight?"

"The way you looked at her."

"How did I look at her?"

"If you have feelings, you have feelings."

"Sweetheart, I love *you*." He realized he was slightly drunk.

"You can't avoid your guilt by not actually sleeping with Clara, then drive me crazy by making sure I know you'd like to. That's not fair, Scobie. I'm not stopping you."

He put "Nashville Skyline" on the turntable and sat back down beside her.

She sighed. "You really are going to leave me someday, aren't you?"

"I don't believe this. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm scared. Oh, Scobie, is this what you wanted?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," he said, though he was afraid of failure, afraid he might stop loving her.

"Let's go to bed," she said. "O.K.?"

"I'm not sleepy."

"Well, I am." She stood, stretching her arms above her head. "Don't stay up too late."

"I won't."

She bent down and kissed him, her mouth soft and wide. "Good night."

"I love you."

"And I love you, Scobie."

She turned to climb the stairs, leaving behind an aura of desertion. Scobie lit a cigarette, saw his own face in the window, the flare of the small flame briefly burning away his eyes. The walls were too white. He could not fill the space. He almost closed his eyes, but darkness seemed more frightening, an endless fall. The room taunted him, a parody of the rooms he had watched his parents soften and familiarize with their furniture, their habits, their laughter, their paintings. He missed them tonight. He wanted to ask them how they did it, how they made it through, for his own marriage now seemed as terrifying as their blank room. Why did he always feel he was doing something he had already done in another, more accurate life? He held on to his knees, trying to believe this version of reality. He could hear Susan upstairs as she moved toward the bathroom. Water ran through the pipes. The sound reminded him of his grandparents' house, the small corner bedroom, his father's old room—the flowered wallpaper, the musty scent of rain, the desk by the window. He remembered winter nights returning from that house after Christmas, he and his brothers wrapped in blankets in the back seat, his mother and father talking quietly in front, the red glow of their cigarettes and the dim light of the dashboard, the sense of their world, small and self-contained, moving through the unfamiliar darkness, each gas station and motel a separate star, alien but no longer threatening, placed by distance as they sped home. He rose and walked into the kitchen. He swallowed more

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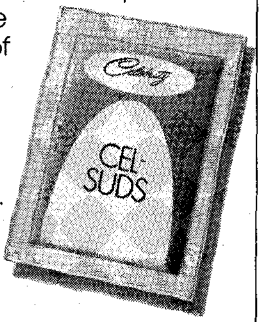

TRIP TIP#9

How to pack bottles.

Wrap your nail polish remover, hand lotion and other bottles in individual washcloths to cushion them, then put each in a plastic sandwich bag just in case it leaks. Better yet, pack our convenient little envelopes—the TripSavers by Celebrity. There's nail polish remover, hand lotion, spot remover, deodorant, detergent, even a quick shoe shine kit. Get them at any fine store and keep some in your suitcase. They could save your next trip.

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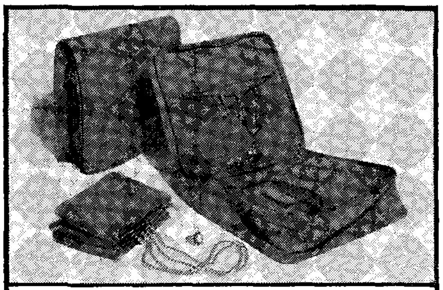

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Scotch. A copy of Kafka's stories lay on the kitchen table. He picked it up and stared at the photograph, Kafka's soft animal eyes, his complicated animal sadness. Upstairs, in the bedroom, Susan turned on the television, then flapped the sheets, smoothing all the wrinkles, before climbing into bed. Someone was talking about Jimmy Carter. Would he really be the next President?

"Scobie, come see!" Susan called.

"What?" He ran up the stairs.

"The news, the news. It's incredible."

"What's incredible?" he asked, hurrying into the bedroom.

Susan had pulled the sheets up to her chin. "Too late. You missed it."

"Missed what?" He looked at the television.

"Nothing." She blushed. "It was a trick. To get you up here."

"Why?"

"So we can make love."

"Oh, Susan." He laughed. "You're so strange."

Later, he thought he heard his father calling his name. He sat up in bed and stared into the darkness. There was nobody there.

"WHAT'S wrong?" Susan asked.

"I thought I heard something," Scobie said.

"You've been hearing things all night."

He lay back down next to her. "Susan, let's have another kid. Sammy needs a sister. O.K.?"

"Fine." She hugged him.

But he was already breathing deeply, his cheek resting on her shoulder. She stared at the trees outside caught by the corner street light, branches waving gently across the edges of her world. The soft weight of Scobie's body held her down, kept her from flying away. She could still remember the dark rooms in which she lay awake all night because the nuns had told her Heaven was a hospital, eternity a white room with no windows, one soul to each room. Her parents, superstitious as peasants, had taught her the power of prayer. Order was the will to believe. Chaos was faithlessness. Out there beyond this room, this house, this family, a completely different way of thinking ruled the universe. Scobie was dreaming, twitching like a dog. She woke him. He grunted, rolled over, and soon she heard his quiet snore again. What had his parents taught him? Elegance, she thought. Elegance and desire. He had once told her he felt a moral obligation to disappoint them: "Every freedom has its costs." She rolled over

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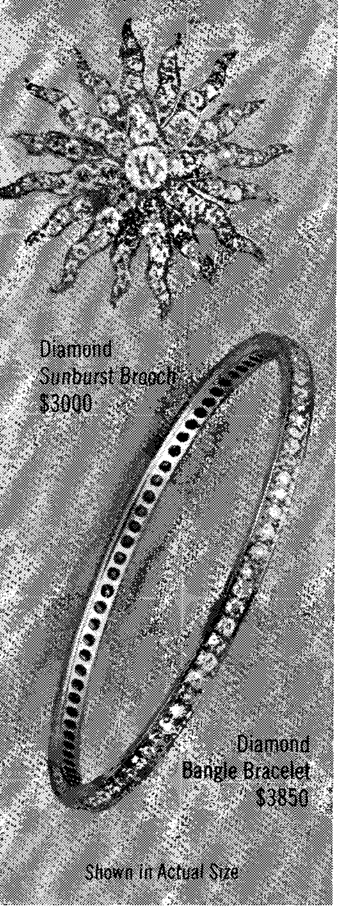

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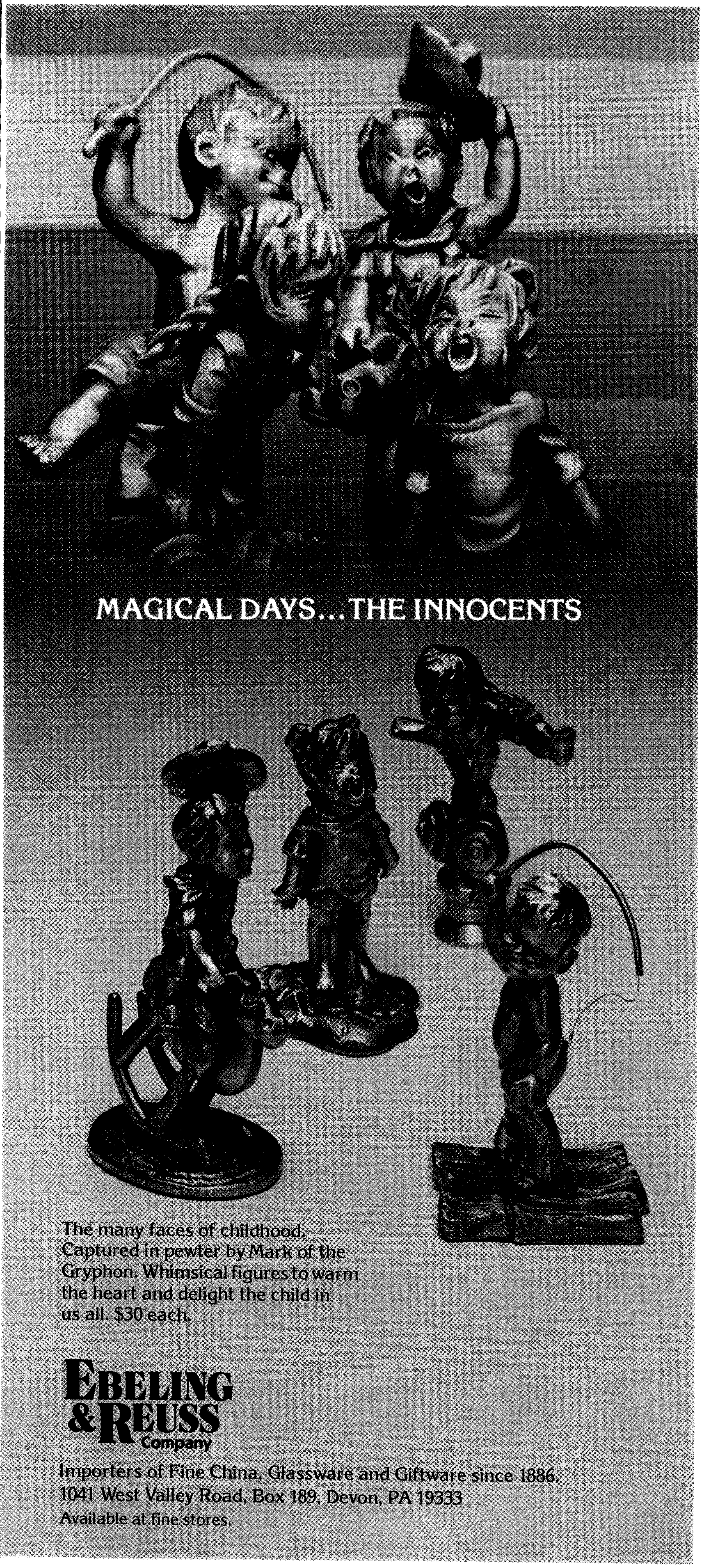
and curled to the shape of his body, her breasts to his smooth back. She remembered a spot of light dancing across her eyes and her father's hands under her arms, teaching her to walk. Impossible. I can't remember that far back. She tightened her arms around Scobie. He moved vaguely, slept. Sometimes they woke in the middle of the night making love. Midnight plunder, he called it. She wished they had enough money to visit her parents this summer. Why can't I sleep? What's wrong with me? Scobie's religion amounted to a fairy tale, a wistful disbelieving love for the power of wonder. She slipped her arm out from under him. Marriage was a compromise with terror. She arched her back, smoothing more wrinkles, the princess and the pea. Scobie snorted. She stroked his forehead. He wanted answers, not compromises. He *believed* in answers. But no mortal can give them, she thought. People invent ways to pass the time between birth and death, then invest them with absolute meaning. Yet all over America, right now, as heads sank softly into pillows, the same question rose in every imagination. Why? And the same black silence answered, no answer at all, just silence, the single separate person trapped inside the walls of her skull, no way out, no way to hear another voice and not suspect it's your own. What bright beauty could counter that? None. Facts were facts: the wrinkles around Scobie's eyes, the sadness at the corners of his mouth, his sudden, always unexpected ebullience as his long fingers and flat wide palms lifted Sammy—squealing, delighted—into the air. Sweet, serious Sammy. His father's son. Her own love made visible. What would become of him? She slowly, carefully slipped from the bed. In a narrow shaft of light from the street she saw Scobie's sleeping face. A faint frown puzzled his forehead. Even in sleep he could not relax. She pulled the sheet to his chin. He curled, hands folded between his thighs.

Tiptoeing, she left the room, still naked. Sammy's door was open, his room almost bleached by the light from the street. He lay on his stomach, a small pool of wetness by his mouth, his hands clenched into fists, subdued fury, his sheet kicked back and tangled at his feet. She covered him, brushed his damp hair from his forehead. Now what? She stood for a moment in the middle of the room, pondering a mysterious winking light—the glass eye of Sammy's toy giraffe.

Quietly, she returned to her own bed. All was well. Strange, she thought, how late at night your room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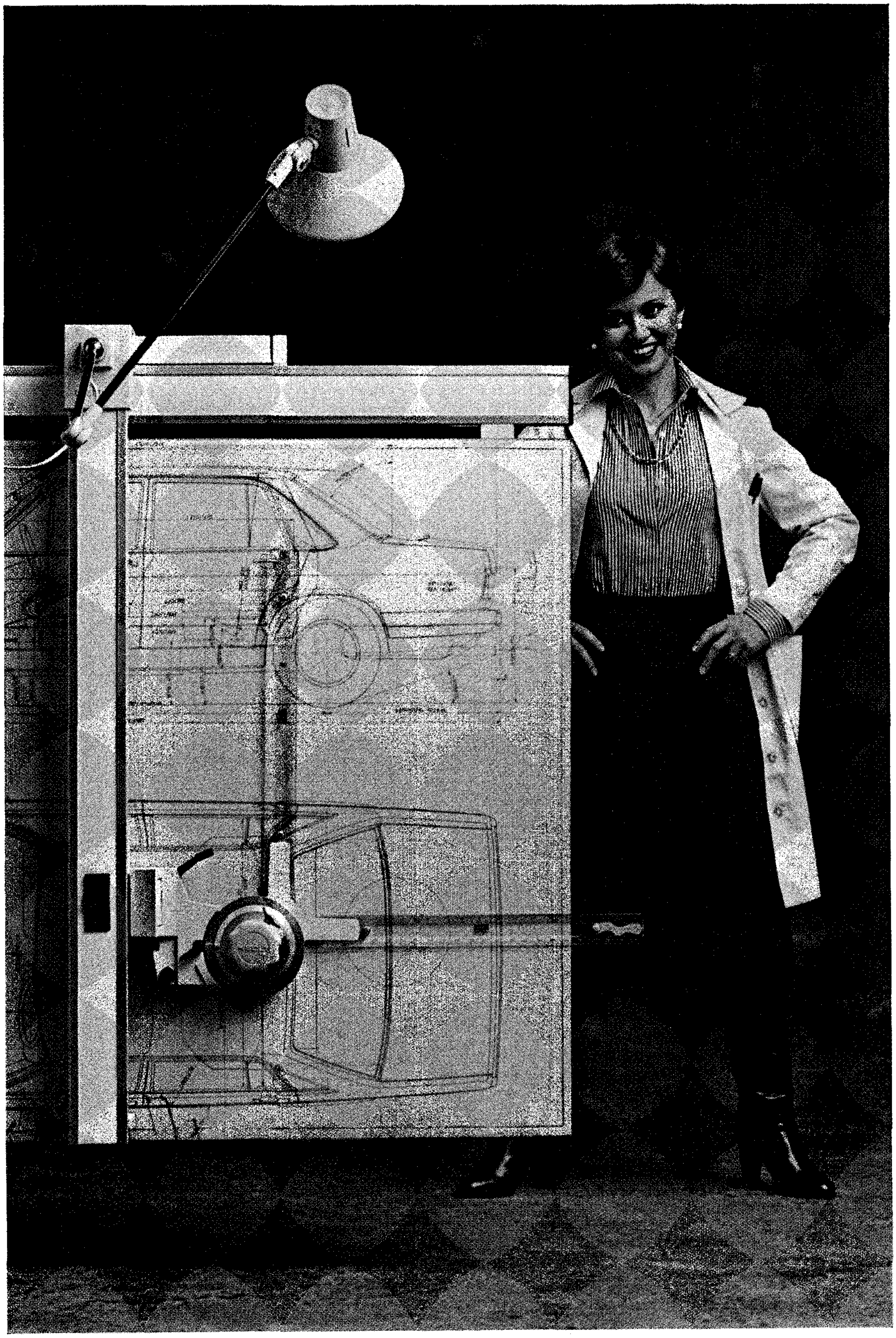
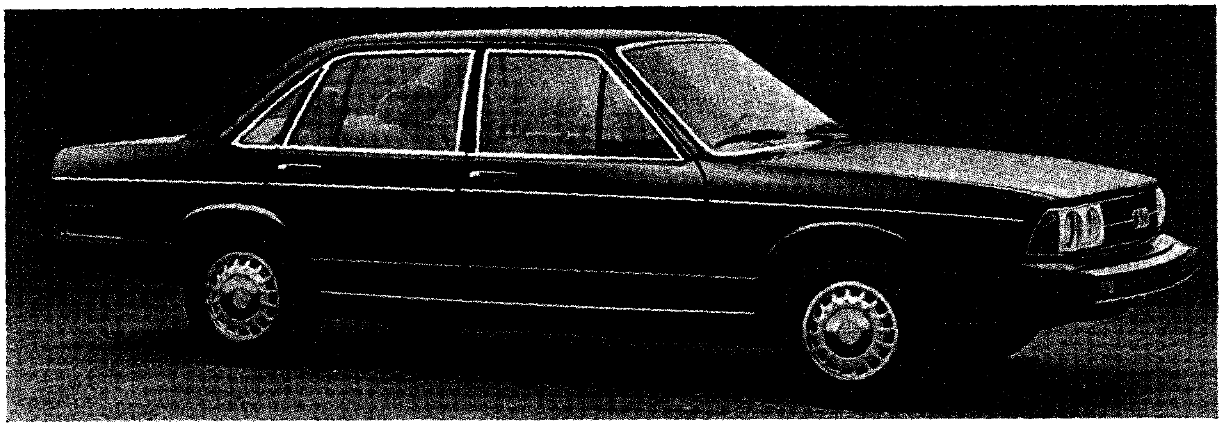


"IN MY FAMILY, I PICK THE CAR AND LET MY HUSBAND PICK THE COLOR."

HERMINE FINKENZELLER, AUDI 5000 STRUCTURAL ENGINEER



Isn't it usually the other way round?

Finkenzeller: Well, I suppose it's a bit unusual for a woman to be a structural engineer. But I am and it happens that my husband is not. Actually, he's very good at his job, but he's in an entirely different field. I've been designing automotive components for 15 years. These drawings of the Audi 5000 are the ones I did as a member of the engineering team that designed the car.

Was it hard getting started as an automotive engineer?

Finkenzeller: In the very beginning, yes. But that was years ago. Today, it's easier for a woman to be accepted as an engineer. Consider how many women chemists and physicists there are now. Things have opened up. I'm respected by the people I work with for what I can contribute as a structural engineer.

But don't men usually know more about cars than women?

Finkenzeller: Why do you assume that? Because they played with a little red car as children, and girls played with dolls? That hardly qualifies a man as an automotive authority. In Europe, some men seem to know technical terms about cars. But a lot of men think in romantic terms about cars. Behind the wheel they see themselves as something they're not, perhaps race drivers. Women don't seem to have this problem. Their attitude toward cars is more rational. A car satisfies their needs, not their fantasies.

How will a woman feel about the Audi 5000?

Finkenzeller: Good. They will like its layout. It's probably the most intelligent 15½ feet of engineering on the road today. Women will appreciate that we didn't devote half the car to the power plant. You can't sit people under a hood. My colleagues developed a 5-cylinder gasoline engine that has plenty of power, yet doesn't take up unnecessary space. So the car seats five people very comfortably. It is a big car. As a matter of fact, I believe in your country it's the largest German luxury car for the money, less than $9,000.*

Will men like the Audi 5000?

Finkenzeller: Men? Yes. I think they will love its power and handling – and a lot of women will, too. The Audi 5000 may be a rather elegantly conservative car but it's not sedate. It's very fast. With front-wheel drive, it takes corners beautifully, especially for such a big, luxurious car. It's really a lot of fun to drive. People are surprised to find out how responsive the car is. That amuses us. And, of course, delights us, too.

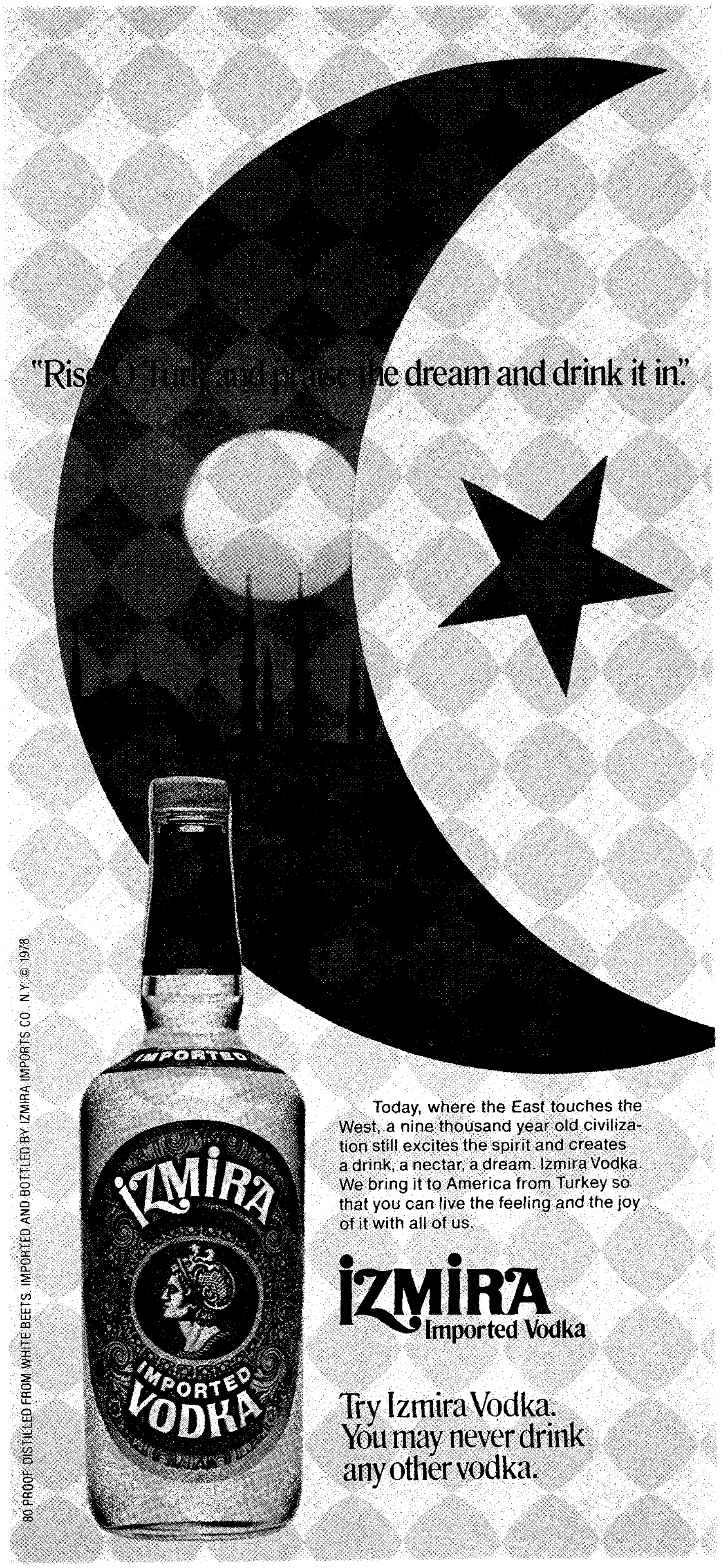
Do you own an Audi 5000?

Finkenzeller: No. Not that I wouldn't like to. It's just that my family has no need for a car with all that room. There's only my husband and our one child. What would we do with all the room there is in the Audi 5000? So, instead, we own the Audi Fox, I think that's what you call it in America. It's smaller. But it's also a very nice car. Do you know, I worked on the design of that car, too.

Are you always this sensible?

Finkenzeller: Sensible? If you mean logical and precise, I would say yes when it comes to doing my work. In my job, I have to be very precise. But, if what you really want to know is whether I'm ever emotional or even romantic, perhaps you should ask my husband about that.

*Suggested 1978 retail price under $9,000 P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional. Come in and test-drive the Audi 5000 at your local Porsche+Audi dealer.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becomes every room of your life. She lay flat on her back, her hands at her sides, and closed her eyes. There was Scobie, only nineteen, smiling awkwardly from the dark dance floor, afraid, she later learned, to reveal his crooked teeth. He asked her to dance. His hands, she remembered, were damp, nervous, practically trembling as he held her at a respectful distance and spun her in a long slow waltz, or his version of one, a simple repetitive circle. Afterward, sweat cooling on her face, she walked with him through the sharp autumn night and he told her of his wandering childhood, his dream of becoming a writer, the cities he had seen. Time, too—he talked of time. On and on he went, talking, talking. She had never met anyone like him. So self-absorbed, so self-confident. All lies, she now knew. But then she could only see him bravely, her heart warming fast to this gloomy gentle stranger. From that night on she was addicted. She called it love, though she suspected that was only half the truth. The rest was recognition, finding someone so much like you he seems a brother, a shadow, an old, old friend. I could sleep with Joey, she thought. Then Scobie would know how it feels to see your lover made happy by someone else. As if you weren't there, as if you didn't exist.

She also remembered the day Sammy was born. She had just come in from the garden, a basket of squash and zucchini on her arm, when the pangs began, slowly at first, then gathering speed, urgency. She called Scobie. The moment had come. He gently led her to the car, helped her in, and moved around to the driver's seat, slowly and deliberately. Nor did he speed, he kept to the limit, cautiously maneuvering between other cars. Once, he turned and asked, "How are you?" Otherwise he was silent. Susan thought, This is happening much too fast, it isn't right, will I lose the child? She closed her eyes and counted, recited the alphabet, spelled ten-syllable words, imagined the time when this would be a memory, reminded herself that a million million women had already passed through this moment and come out laughing. She raised and identified each finger. *Scobie, it hurts.* Had she said that or merely thought it? When she opened her eyes Scobie was pulling into a hospital parking lot. Calmly he turned off the motor and guided her toward the swinging glass doors. Suddenly she felt fine. No pains. I panicked, she thought. It's not time yet. Silly fool. Then, direct as a rebuke, a line of searing heat severed her body. She nearly fainted. Scobie shouted something. He was holding her now, his arm around her shoulders. She heard running footsteps, a metallic rattling, the suck of soft shoes on tile. Hands rested her onto a cold hard surface. She was wheeled away, down hollow white hallways, into a room where Dr. Crawford appeared, efficiently giving orders. He bent and asked, "Ready?" Someone was trying to pull out all her teeth. *Where's Scobie*? "Here," his voice said. Then she felt his hands smoothing her face, closing her eyes. "I'm right here, Susan. Everything's O.K." He spoke from the bottom of an empty well. Someone else was drying her forehead with something cool. Scobie's hand kept her eyes closed, thumb caressing her cheekbone. The pains were so close together now they merged into one pulsing roar. There was nothing left to count. "Push!" Dr. Crawford called. "Push, Susan." His hand massaged her belly. She heaved, slamming down, Scobie whispering into her ear, "I'm right here, I'm right here." Surely her stomach had started to tear, ripped like a fat pillow? And was that blood on her legs, dribbling, warm? The pain, a solid mass, began to move. She felt it, alive, her child swimming for the entrance through which half his consciousness had entered eight months earlier. She heard Scobie hiss, "Jesus Christ." Invisible hands pulled her legs apart, farther than they could spread. "Push!" Dr. Crawford sang. "*Push!*" She did, with all her might, every muscle she had, arching her back again. What happened next she really could not remember, except for the easing relief and the horrible fear her child might be dead. Then she started falling.

She opened her eyes. The darkness had the quality of cloth. Where was she? Which room? When? "Scobie?" she whispered. But she and Sammy were back in New Hampshire. This was her sister's old room. Scobie had left her to live with Clara.

—HENRY BROMELL

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THE BUREAUCRAT'S MONDAY MORNING

[*From a questionnaire distributed with a booklet to employees of the Social Security Administration*]

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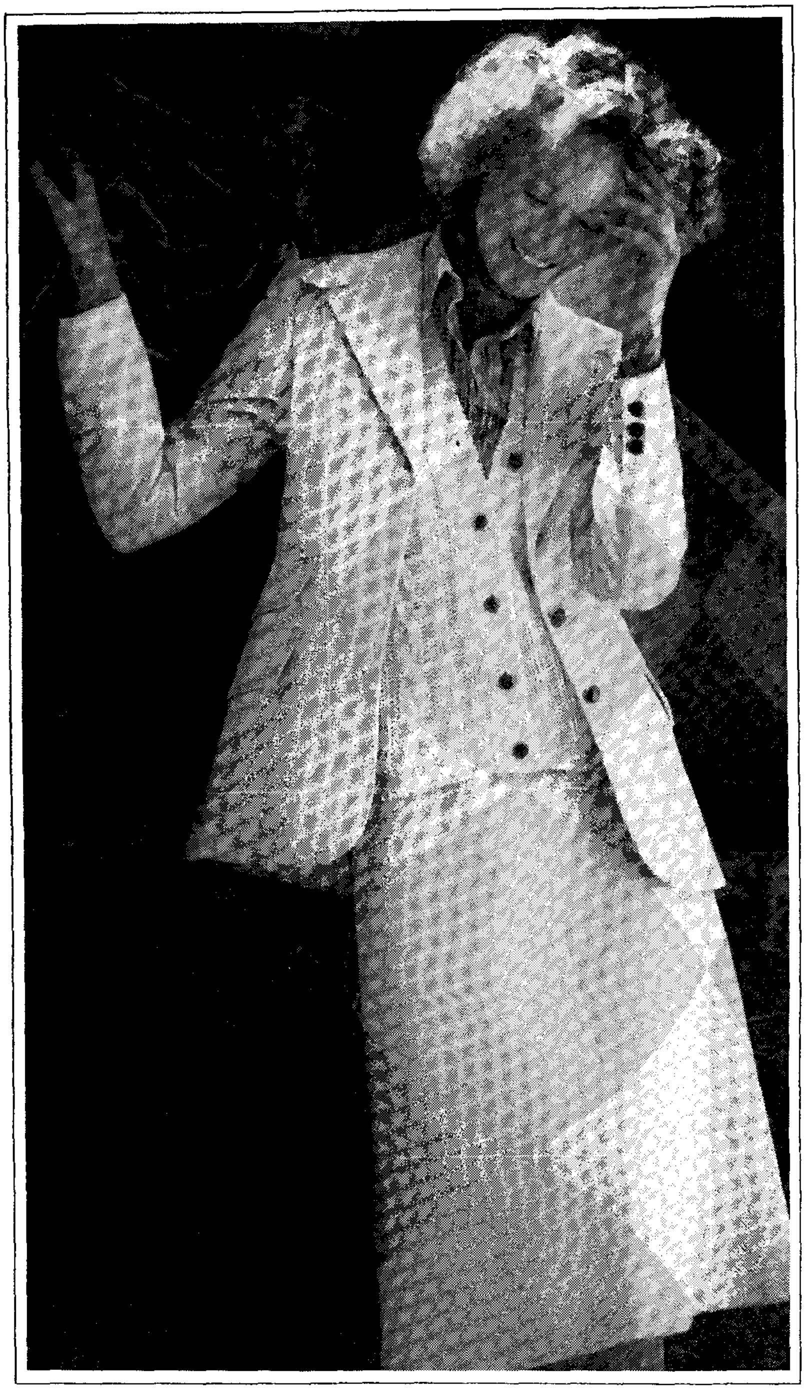

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

UNDER the title "Sganarelle," the Yale Repertory Theatre is presenting an evening of four Molière farces at the Public. The company is made up of Yale graduate students or recent graduates, along with such professionals as Eugene Troobnick and Jeremy Geidt; the director is Andrei Serban, and he is very much the star of the occasion, since this is a director's show (as what Serban production is not?)—a frolic in which gesture and facial expression and movement and acrobatics and dancing and music and costumes, all of them delightful, take precedence over words and acting. More often than not, reacting rather than acting is required. In the first of the plays, "The Flying Doctor," the character called Sganarelle (the leading figure in all the plays) is a clever rascal—a valet who passes himself off as a physician in a complex plot that enables the young man he works for to marry a pretty young woman. In the second and third plays, "The Forced Marriage" and "Sganarelle," Sganarelle is a dupe—a prospective husband (Play No. 2) and a husband (No. 3), both plagued by intimations of cuckoldry. Each of the three Sganarelles is a distinct character, and they are played with some distinction by Mark Linn Baker, Mr. Troobnick, and Michael Gross. The final, and best, play of the evening is a dumb show on themes from "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," with variations by Mr. Serban, whose theatrical inventiveness is boundless. What a nimble troupe the players are! In this play, they talk an amusing kind of Slavic-sounding gibberish, and captions on placards are held up to keep the audience on course. Richard Grusin, who has shown himself to be a natural clown in the first three plays, comes into his own as the Sganarelle of this one—a baffled, tantrummy woodcutter, always either being beaten or laying about him with his axe to good effect. What the evening amounts to is Molière without Molière, but considered as such it is entertaining, even if it is hard to keep any of it in mind one hour after the show is over. The translations are by Albert Bermel, and they sound all right, and occasionally better than that, but the words, as I say, are the least of it. The beautiful costumes are by Dunya Ramicova, the sets are by Michael H. Yeargan, the lighting is by James H. Gage.

TRY as I may, I cannot accept the two plays—I cannot, that is, believe the characters or the lines they speak—by the young British dramatist Stephen Poliakoff. Both "Strawberry Fields" and "City Sugar," which opened within a day of each other last week (at the Manhattan Theatre Club and the Marymount, respectively), deal in part with low-class types, so that comparisons with early Harold Pinter and Joe Orton and David Mamet (and Eudora Welty and V. S. Pritchett) are inescapable, and, without pronouncing any final judgment on Mr. Poliakoff, the comparisons do him no good. Time after time, he seems to be slumming or working at second hand. "Strawberry Fields" (the title is from a Beatles song of the sixties) is about a wellborn young woman and a lowborn young man, both of them right-wing radicals with horrendous opinions about race and other matters, who journey around England collecting money for arms and ammunition, and who are joined, against their wishes, by a schoolmaster with a more decent outlook. The play is a melodrama, and since the policy of this department is to warn readers in these matters it must be said that the woman carries a pistol, which she fires twice onstage. Under Stephen Pascal's direction, the actors do all that can be done with their synthetic-seeming roles. Susan Sharkey is the highborn woman, Nicholas Woodeson is the lowborn man, Brad O'Hare is the decent schoolmaster (one of those awful surely-you-can't-really-mean-that protesters), Geraldine Sherman is a crazy housewife (Act I) and a talky waitress (Act II), and Ralph Seymour is a menacing pest.

"City Sugar" is a slight improvement, much of it consisting of the on-the-air spiel and an off-the-air monologue—full of the usual self-hatred, bitterness, and cruelty—of a disc jockey at a radio station in Leicester. In order to attract listeners, he sets up a foolish contest, and a girl fan of his who works at the frozen-food counter of a supermarket becomes a finalist. Willfully, during a quiz at the studio, he does her out of the prize. Jeff Goldblum, although his regional British accent slips occasionally, does manage to hold the character of the disc jockey together, and Christine Estabrook and Anna Levine are very good as the contestant and a chatty colleague at the shop. Mark Lamos, Russell Horton, and Ann McDonough also do well, as a technician at the studio, a news announcer, and the winning contestant, respectively. Daniel Freudenberger was the capable director.

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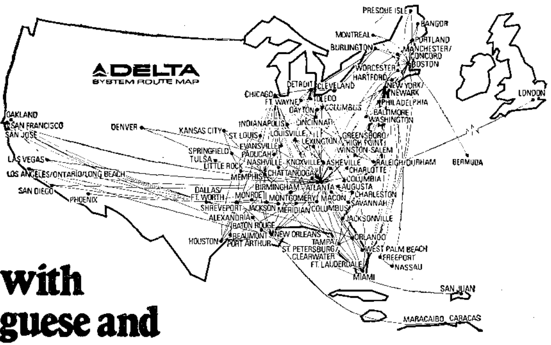
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on a rainy evening, get acquainted, get more than acquainted, and eventually leave, two by two. The show is one song after another; the lyrics are the lines, and little is spoken. As the strangers loosen up, so do the songs, which sound stiff at first and become supple and varied as the evening progresses and the atmosphere changes and deepens. It is Joel Silberman, as the bar pianist, who dominates the action, starting many of the songs and setting many of the moods; and when the interlude is over and the strangers have become characters, known to one another and the audience, it is he who sends them on their way—lights up, and goodbye, come again. Under the direction of Albert Takazauckas, the performance is just right. Kelly Bishop, whom you may remember from "A Chorus Line," and Richard Ryder are two very good dancers who can sing (their "Tango" is a high point of the show); Steve Elmore and Karen DeVito are two very good singers who can dance; and everyone can act well enough—including, by the way, Jim McMahon, as the sympathetic, murmuring bartender. Miss DeVito, making her Off Broadway début, is especially lively. Mr. Silberman, who is also musical director, is splendid. Among the numbers I enjoyed were Miss Bishop's "Meanwhile, Back in Yonkers," an ironic lament sung by a young woman at loose ends in Manhattan and remembering all the boys she turned down; "Dinner at the Mirklines'," in which Mr. Elmore sings of his life gone stale in the suburbs; and "Moms and Dads," a song for each in turn about remembering and blaming parents. The attractive score is by Rob Fremont, the attractive lyrics are by Doris Willens. During the day, Mr. Fremont is a vice-president at Dover Publications, and Miss Willens is a vice-president at the advertising agency Doyle Dane Bernbach. Choreography by Nora Peterson, sets and costumes by Michael Massee, lighting by Gary Porto. —EDITH OLIVER

•

TOKYO (GNS)—In an effort to curb the spiralling value of the yen, the Bank of Japan Wednesday slashed the central discount rate by 0.75 percent to 3.5 percent, effective today.

It was the fourth cut in the rate at which the central bank loans money to private banks in the past 12 months. It brought the discount rate to the lowest point since Japan regained its independence after postwar American occupation.
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—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

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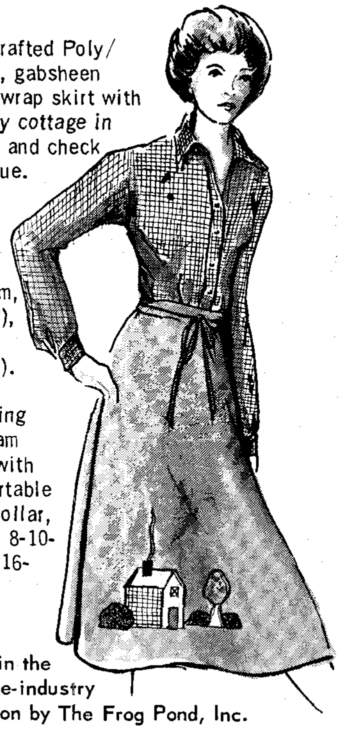

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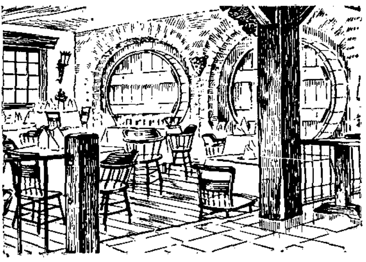

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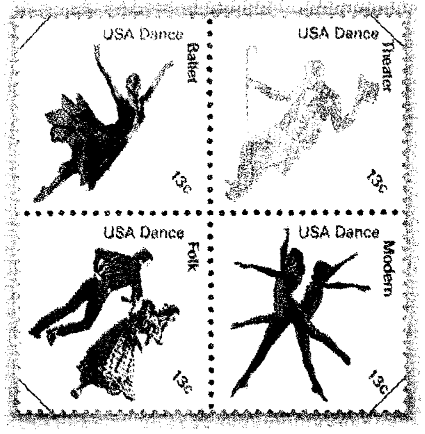

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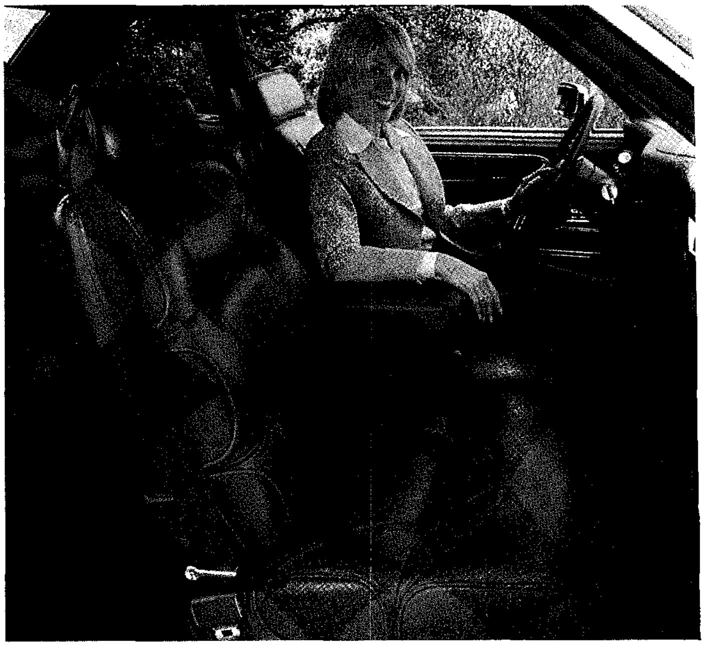

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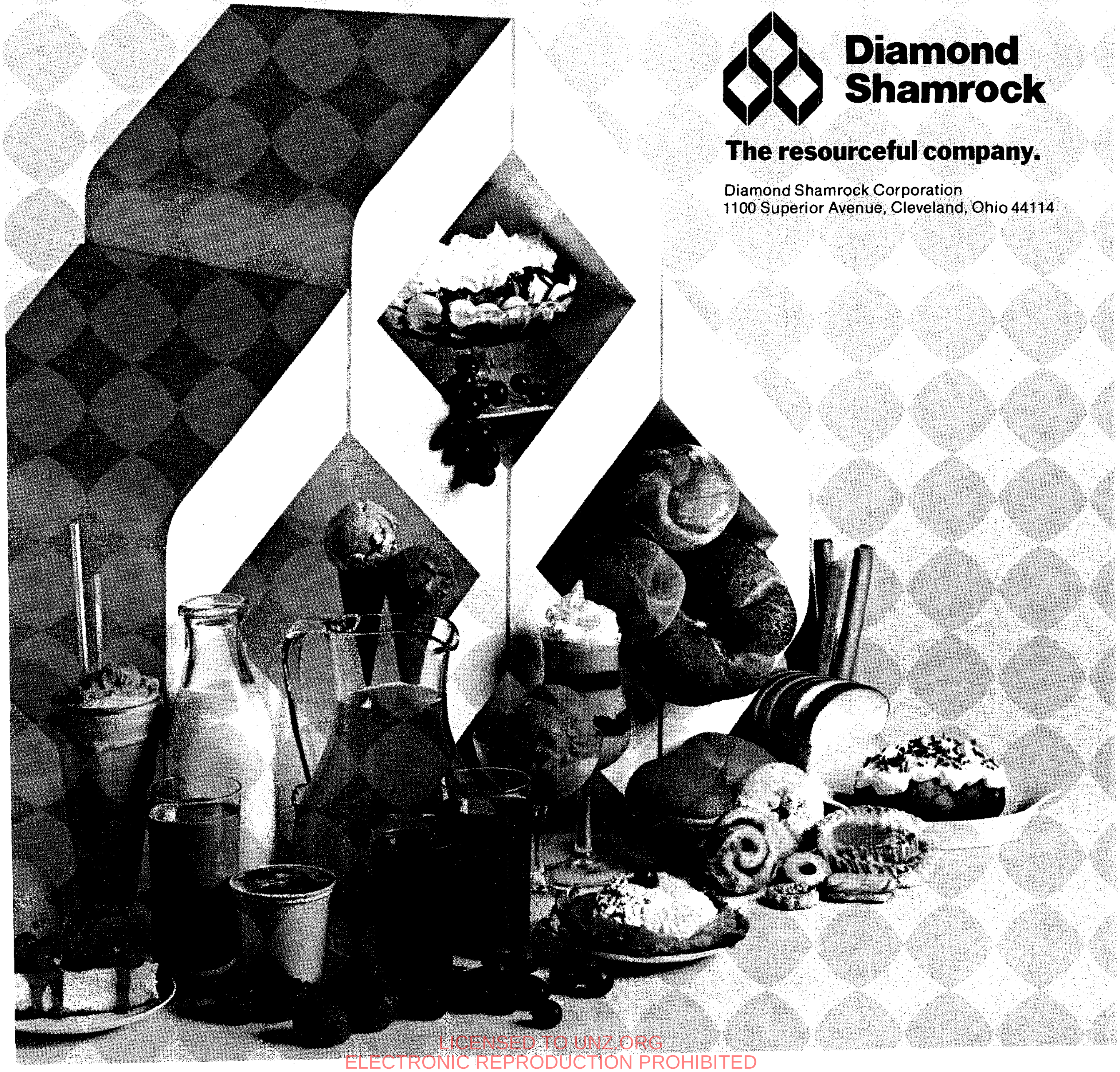


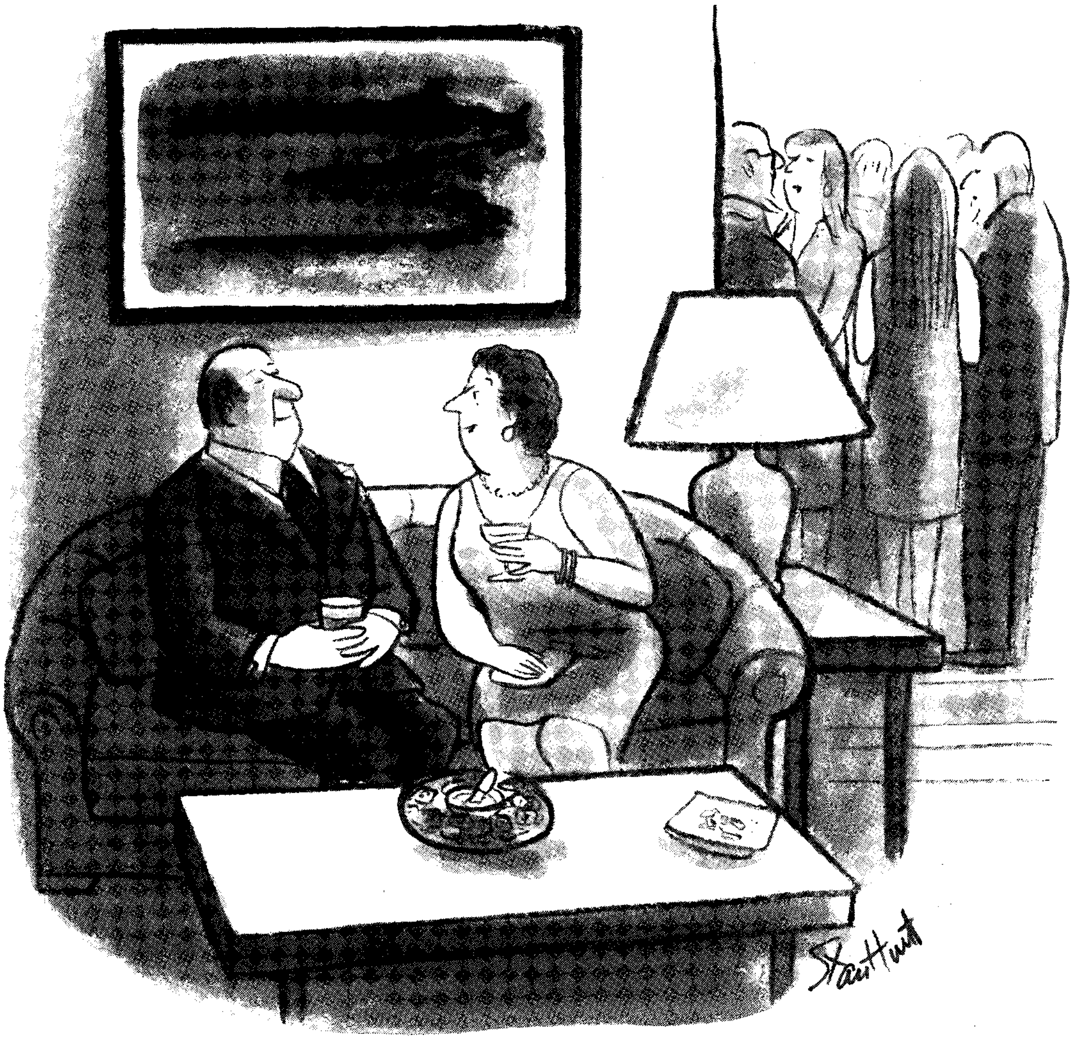
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHEN the fashion designer John Anthony presented his fall collection recently in New York, he announced portentously to the world that he was dedicating his new styles to the spirit of the illustrious French literary character Colette. Oscar de la Renta was even more extravagant, dedicating his collection to the "many fabulously articulate women of style and individuality who, through time, have summed up the mystique of clothes." Jane Austen, George Sand, Emily Brontë, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Stein, Vita Sackville-West, Lesley Blanche, and Lillian Hellman were singled out in particular as his sources of inspiration. Giorgio Sant'Angelo's latest creations were launched together with a press release which stated firmly that "the American woman has gone far beyond caring what's 'the latest.'" In Paris, the milliner who supplied hats for the supremely fashionable Karl Lagerfeld collection gave an interview to *Women's Wear Daily* in which she stated flatly that fashion simply does not exist. "An out-of-date woman can look superb," the milliner said. "I don't like people who are fashionable. No, it's worse than that: I detest being able to put a label on clothes. Frankly, it makes me sick." The Big New Looks—to call upon the parlance that a confused and confusing fashion industry still clings to—include padded shoulders, tailored coats and suits, flat-heeled shoes, and zoot-suit or peg-leg pants. Most of these new looks have been seen before in fairly recent history. For the fashion sensibility that thrives on Late Shows and thrift-shop glamour, they have never disappeared.

All this might suggest that designers are trying to tell us something. Clearly, there is an erosion of faith in novel and dynamic clothing fashions among the very people whose livelihood depends on producing and promoting them. Many designers might well agree, in private, with the Parisian milliner and admit that there are few more dispiriting sights than that of women trekking loyally to the stores each season to get themselves all rigged out in the designers' latest schemes. Although the industry still feels obliged to make a pretense of movement and indispensable novelty, there exists among its more thoughtful members a widespread feeling that novelty has nothing to do with the real style they profess to admire. Strangers to the demented rituals of the fashion-show season might be forgiven for believing that they were indeed witnessing the birth of novelties and for failing to notice that the shapes, lengths, and details of the clothes on parade—the clothes themselves, in short—were really insignificant. Outsiders who visit only one sardine-packed fashion show, with its dramatic music, lighting, and décor, and with elaborately choreographed models, might even be as fully excited as they are primed to be. But professional fashion-watchers, who may attend hundreds of such shows here and in Europe in the course of a year, are by now largely unmoved by the mechanism of stimulation. Like people who live near an airport, they learn, for the sake of their nervous system, to tune out all the racket and attend as comfortably as they can to what is really going on.

What goes on, in ways that vary from the very crude to the very subtle according to the designer, is communication by way of symbol. It is as though the content of fashion has dissolved before our eyes, leaving us only with its language, its code, and its style. As faith in the authority and significance of new clothing fashion declined, the vacuum was filled by another form of fashion, in which clothing was not an end in itself but a vehi-



"I've been watching you, Mr. Friedecher, and I must say I admire the way you handle yourself with the liberals."

(In 1977, this glorious affair was held in Carson City, Nevada. Little did we know when we said, "Annual Event," this year, the locale would be Pittsburgh, PA.)

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September 22, 23 & 24, 1978 **Pittsburgh, PA**

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Contest Categories

1. **Solo Competition**
   (Category with one competition for male persons, and another category for female persons.)
2. **Multiple Competition**
   (This means more than two persons, regardless of sex.)
3. **Novelty Competition**
   (Category for person, or persons, who choose to whistle to novel accompaniment, such as: bagpipes, barking dogs, tambourines, inner tubes, bones, chimes, one-man bands, big bands, kazoos, and such, regardless of sex.)
4. **Solo Classical Competition**
   (This means a category open to person, or persons who are devotees of Beethoven, Bach, or Brahms and the likes.)
5. **Contemporary Music Competition**
   (Category for person, or persons, who choose to whistle to "whatever" . . . any selection from Tin Pan Alley through the Bee-Gees.)
6. **Dual Competition**
   (This means two male persons or two female persons or one male person and one female person may compete. In other words, two persons, regardless of sex.)

The Judges & Judging

AS OF this date, judges have not been appointed. So, we're open to applicants and résumés. Those interested should have had experience in the musical field. Also, it would help if they'd achieved some sort of reputation for excellence either as a musical performer, composer, or conductor. For example, we wouldn't turn down Benny Goodman or Beverly Sills (if they're so inclined to have fun for three days). However, those interested should understand—they judge without remuneration. Our picking-the-judges budget only allows us to pay the tab on travel, lodging and meal expenses.

All whistler applicants will be preliminarily screened as to ability in the state-of-the-art, this allows bonafide whistlers more time for their incredibly serious participation.

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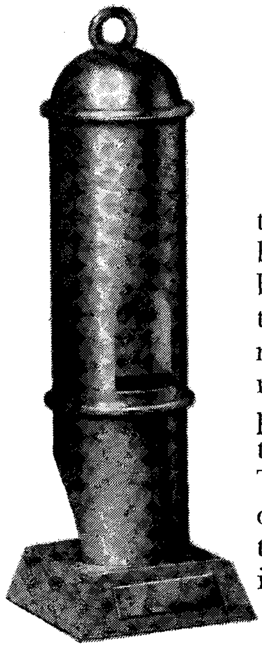
(whistle-off, con't)

What Contestants Win

Besides the glory of it all, the Grand Champion and 1st place winners in each category will receive a beautiful eighteen inch high hand-tooled, hand-rubbed, hand-engraved wooden whistle, each properly mounted (as pictured). Large engraved "Whistle" plaques will be awarded 2nd and 3rd place winners. Additionally, Grand Champion and 1st place winners will share in any world-wide publicity and profits that might be gleaned from a competition of this scope. Note: last year we blew it, no profits.



The Background Music

Last year contestants showed-up with their own pianists, their own wash-board bands, their own 30 piece kazoo and tambourine group, their own concert tapes, their own guitar and banjo accompaniments, their own reel-to-reel tapes — you name it. We backed all this with a ten-piece professional group gathered from the casinos in and around Reno and Tahoe. This year we're counting heavily on the Pittsburgh Musician's Union and the acoustics of the Syria Mosque to make it an even greater happening.

The Sponsors & Why a Whistle-Off

As sponsors, there are two of us — Logical Machine Corporation (LOMAC) of Sunnyvale, CA and radio station KDKA of Pittsburgh, PA. A strange duo, but we got together because we both believe in original thinking and enjoy a flair for the ol' show business. That's why doing things like "bringing back" the happy and forgotten art of whistling, to us, is a proper and fitting project.

Knowing you wouldn't deny either sponsor the pleasure of participation in their creation (even in a small way), both of us plan to show up with our own whistle "reps." We, at LOMAC, will (unobtrusively) display ADAM, our program-it-yourself computer. ADAM will whistle, not in competition, but just for the *heck* of it. Last year ADAM whistled the tune MY WAY.* On the other hand, we at KDKA will scour the countryside holding miniature whistle-offs screening for our "reps." We'll be using our nifty mobile studio "The Incredible Rainbow Machine" (see photo) to produce the first tentative whistles of what, we hope, are destined to be the Tanners, Streisands and Jaggers of the forth-coming whistling age.

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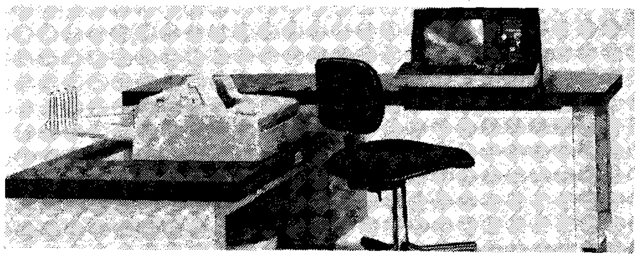

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cle for meaning. Increasingly, audiences at fashion shows see clear through the clothes to a network of messages as complex, as contradictory, as perplexing, as dispiriting, and occasionally as exhilarating as modern life itself. Designers are not always the best communicators of meanings. Sometimes they project them cynically, just to get the audience talking or keep it awake. There have been some gross examples of perfectly ordinary clothes for perfectly ordinary women being presented in fashion shows accessorized by the whips-and-leather symbols of sadomasochism, presumably on the principle that it is better to see the audience titillated or indignant than bored to tears. Sometimes designers' passion for purely visual effects leads them to project meanings they might not have intended either emotionally or intellectually. It is said that Lagerfeld, in Paris, was stunned to find his audience disturbed by overtones in his show of admiration for Nazi authoritarianism and by a prison-bar décor reminiscent of the concentration camps. It was just that he fancied the way the idea *looked*, he is reported to have remarked plaintively. Sometimes meanings presented in shows are completely spurious. Sometimes, as in the not infrequent hints of militant homosexuality one sees these days, meanings and messages begin and end with the designer himself, and are more or less extraneous to the women's clothing he designs. But for the most part the meanings and messages communicated by designers who really know their business are reflections of attitudes they know their customers already hold.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most distinctive and disquieting theme running through the collections both here and in Europe was the troubled relations between the sexes, along with the image of the aggressive new woman. In Europe, the image of woman clad in black leather or with the gloves-in-belt, bemedalled, military-capped trappings of the prewar officer class was far more closely mingled with political ideology than it was by the time it showed up in a modified version here. The European designers were flirting with a stylistic totalitarianism in what were for them very anxious political times. The French were working on their collections at a period when it seemed possible that the country might move radically to the left, the Italians under the continuing trauma of terrorism and with their nation in appalling crisis. The same silhouettes and accessories of aggression were employed in New York to symbolize politics that were less national than sexual. The image of woman as it emerges in its broadest outlines from the fall collections is of her marching forbiddingly through her days with squared shoulders and a travelling greatcoat, in practical shoes and Army-surplus socks, taking the business world for all she can get. By night, she strips down to something minimal and satiny and takes the unfortunate men in her social life for all she can get. Happily, this is the picture in its broadest and crudest outlines. There were many encouraging exceptions—designers whose image of woman is more consistently human and feminine, with no schizophrenic divisions between the moods of day and night. Gil Aimbez, Willi Smith, and Geoffrey Beene were among those who, in different ways, effected a comforting balance here. Even the very skimpy disco clothes of Stephen Burrows and the wispy evening styles of Sant'Angelo—which would look better on Cher Bono Allman than on most of the rest of us—had their own integrity and a kind of innocent exuberance. Nor is there anything intrinsically sinister about padded shoulders: handled with taste, and on the right frame, they can be profoundly flattering.

But the haunting and worrisome image of "the new woman" remains. Many of the new clothes, for day and night, suggest a throwing down of the sexual gauntlet. (Gauntlets, incidentally, were a favored accessory in the shows.) Essentially, this new woman does not need the love or companionship of men. She seems determined, rather, to provoke their fear. The whole idea of those "fabulously articulate women of style" which has dragged poor Jane Austen and Emily Brontë from their fancywork and their parsonages to the jungle of Seventh Avenue rests on admiration less for their delicacy and sensitivity than for their independence. Being dead, moreover, they are securely *hors de combat*, sexually. It is good for a "woman of style" to demonstrate some worldly knowledge of the forces of sex, but she is not supposed to be actively and straightforwardly trying to balance them with her day-to-day life. Instead, she dresses with flair and expresses herself through her work. The idea of women of style is one with particular appeal to homosexual men, to whom they pose no threat. But apparently it also appeals to the new woman, who has either dropped out of the sexual contest or evolved far beyond being merely contentedly heterosexual. Two shows in particular—a self-indulgent, badly edited one put on by Richard Assatly and a totally consistent, slickly professional one by Donna Karan and Louis dell'Olio for Anne Klein—projected the image of the new woman to perfection. Models (the same women we have seen in other clothes looking meltingly feminine) looked hugely tall and frightening, striding along with angry glances to military music. The Klein firm's press release came right out and said that its clothes were aimed at the aggressive new woman, and anxiously disclaimed the notion that there might appear to be anything "butch" about their tone. There were high-heeled boots and leather skirts slit to the thigh, rolled hair and Garboesque masculinity by day. (The designers had obviously been influenced by costumes for the movie "Julia.") For evening, there were slithery little satin dresses, with even higher slits and very revealing tops, worn with stiletto-heeled sandals. All this, like many other evening styles on Seventh Avenue this year, shrieks out the official message of "sexiness." Sexy such clothes may or may not be, for one-night stands—although even in those circumstances all but a handful of the most intrepid men might well run a mile. They are clothes to make assertive passes in, perhaps. But they are certainly not fit for starting or sustaining those "lasting relationships" that people, in spite of themselves, persist in craving. In the end, most of the sexy new clothes look like costumes to caricature sexuality. For beneath the clothing that symbolizes the new woman lies the new body. This is jogged, Jacuzzi-bathed, exercised, and dieted to the point of looking androgynous. It needs sex the way it needs kelp or B_{15} vitamins, but it is fundamentally self-sufficient.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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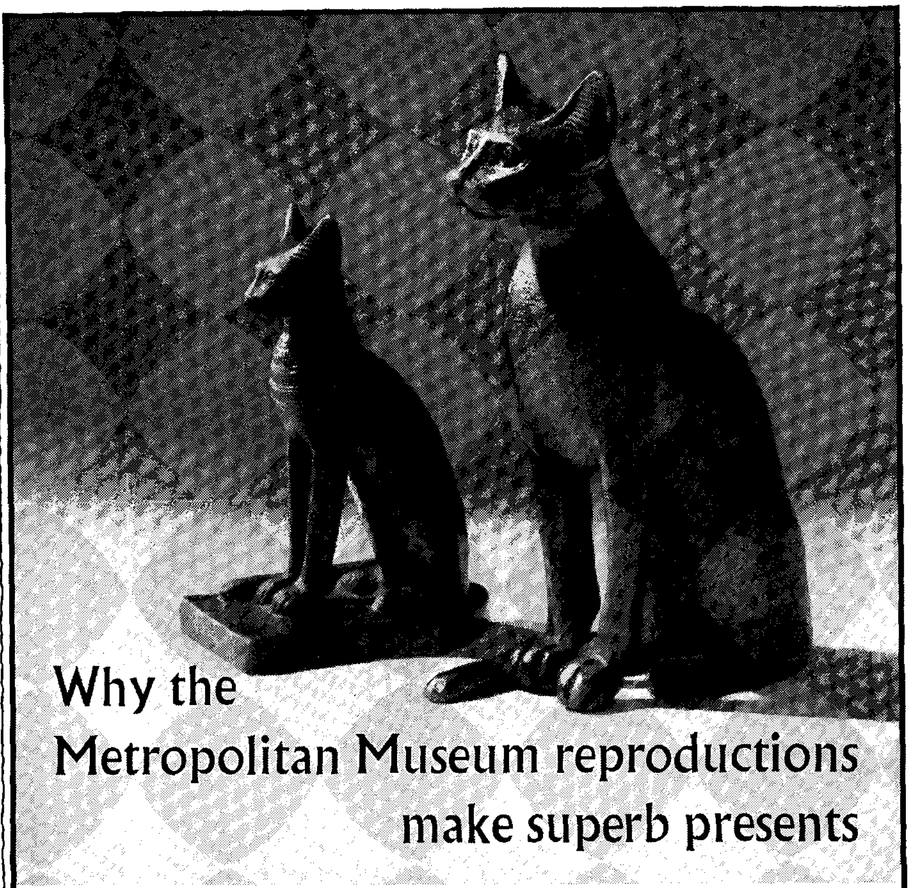
Lloyd said the Vandenberg site would allow the shuttles to be launched over water.

"The first chunk of land you would hit would be Antarctica, and by the time you hit land, you're almost in orbit," he told The Times Wednesday.—*Los Angeles Times.*

What's this project costing, anyhow?



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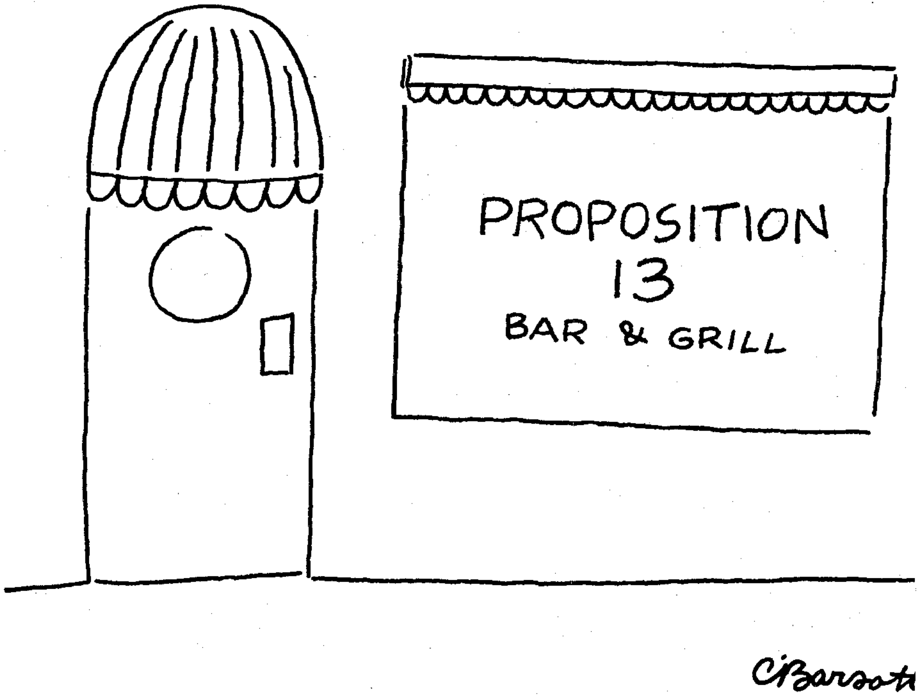
MUSICAL EVENTS

Spoleto of the South

IN 1958, Gian Carlo Menotti launched the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy—an ancient Umbrian city on Etruscan foundations which recalls in the name of one of its gates the inhabitants' repulse of Hannibal in 217 B.C. Last year, Menotti inaugurated a New World branch of the festival, in Charleston, South Carolina—a modern city, founded in 1670, which retains many of its eighteenth-century and early-nineteenth-century buildings. Last year, I described some of the likenesses and differences between the two places. In brief, Spoleto is a steep hill town, while Charleston, on a peninsula between the Ashley and the Cooper, rises nowhere more than twenty feet above the rivers. Each town is picturesque, and therefore a good festival site. In the words of the eleventh Britannica, "there are . . . few medieval towns with so picturesque an appearance" as Spoleto, while in Charleston "the quaint specimens of colonial architecture" and the abundant and beautiful flora—live oaks and lindens, magnolias, palmettos—"give the city a peculiarly picturesque character." The churches of Spoleto are larger and more striking, but those of Charleston are numerous and not without interest. Charleston's principal theatre, the Gaillard Municipal Auditorium, which seats more than twenty-seven hundred, is much larger than Spoleto's, the Teatro Nuovo, which seats less than nine hundred. Each has a smaller theatre: Spoleto's Teatro Caio Melisso, a miniature opera house with horseshoe tiers, seats about four hundred, and Charleston's Dock Street Theatre, a W.P.A. reconstruction of a Georgian playhouse, seats about four hundred and fifty. In both places at festival time, the days and nights are filled with music, dance, drama, and exhibitions. This year, the Charleston festival has grown from twelve days to eighteen. Last year, two operas were done; this year, five. The midday chamber-music concerts in the Dock Street Theatre, a big success with the public, have been supplemented by afternoon chamber recitals in the Garden Theatre, a 1918 movie house bought by the city, done up, and now brought into festival use: it also housed a full retrospective of Luchino Visconti's films and a series of country-music concerts. The recitals were timed not to clash with the afternoon "Intermezzo" concerts held in the various churches. Most days, there was jazz, afternoon, evening, and night, at Charles Towne Landing, a park some miles up the Ashley. Tennessee Williams' "Crève Cœur" had its première. The Ballets Félix Blaska and the Netherlands Dance Theatre danced. The Phe Zulu Theatre Company played "Umabatha," a tribal version of "Macbeth." Restaurants stayed open late, and a large, cool, elegant disco was added to the extracurricular attractions. Everything I attended in churches and in the Dock Street Theatre was packed, but at "Vanessa" and "La Traviata," in the huge Gaillard Auditorium, there were rows and rows of empty seats.

"La Traviata" was a restaging by Gianfranco Ventura of a production that Menotti directed for the Fenice, Venice, three years ago. There was a different cast: in Venice the principals were Maria Chiara, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Zanasi; in Charleston, Luciana Serra, a Kitty in Spanish and Italian performances of Menotti's "The Last Savage," Maurizio Frusoni, a Lensky in Menotti's production of "Eugene Onegin" at the 1975 Florence Maggio, and David Holloway, of the New York City Opera. The show was dull and dead, as a secondhand staging is apt to be unless the individual interpreters reanimate it. Miss Serra is not negligible. The voice is very sure: it is even and precisely focussed throughout its range and at all dynamics; she sings real notes, free of fluff and flutter. In "Parigi, o caro" and in "Prendi, quest'è l'immagine" she traced a delicate and moving line. But otherwise her interpretation was no more than competent—and Claudie Gastine's costumes did not flatter her figure. Mr. Frusoni was a stick, unromantic in timbre and in bearing. Mr. Holloway, miscast as a heavy father, forced his splendid young baritone and turned every grace note of "Di Provenza" into a bump. Cal Stewart Kellogg II's conducting was stiff, metronomic, and unfeeling.

Samuel Barber's first opera, "Vanessa," to a libretto by Menotti, was created at the old Metropolitan, with Eleanor Steber in the title role. It is twenty years old now and has not worn well. Both plot and score are synthetic. In a richly appointed drawing room "in a northern country," Baroness Vanessa awaits the return of her lover Anatol, unseen for twenty years. The mirrors are shrouded. She is veiled. With her are her mother, who does not speak to her, and her niece Erika. Erika orders the next day's dinner, and Vanessa amends it; they decide on potage crème aux perles, langoustines grillées sauce aux huîtres, palombes rôties nature, gâteau d'amandes au miel, a bottle of Montrachet, and two bottles of Romanée-Conti. Not Anatol but his son, another Anatol, arrives. That night, he seduces Erika. Then Vanessa falls in love with him. She unshrouds the mirrors. In Act II, she gives a ball to announce their engagement; during it, Erika rushes out into the snow, toward a frozen lake, and has a miscarriage on the way. Vanessa and Anatol, married, leave for Paris; Erika covers up the mirrors again and settles down to live



with the old Baroness, who now won't speak to her, either. "Now it is my turn to wait."

I saw the original production when it came from the Met to the Salzburg Festival, and remarked that "it is a slightly less awful libretto than it seems." Beneath the staginess and contrivance, Steber, Rosalind Elias, and Nicolai Gedda found hints of three interestingly self-aware characters. Erika is pitilessly clear-sighted. Anatol, an adventurer, is honest with her, honest with himself, and clever in his handling of Vanessa. Vanessa, perceiving more of the true situation than she allows herself to admit, grasps eagerly at a love from which, after all, she can hope to extract a certain amount of enjoyment. But Johanna Meier, the Vanessa of the Charleston production, missed the touch of deliberate self-deception which makes the character mildly interesting and individual. In voice and in manner, she is warm, generous, dignified, and spontaneous, and therefore she is an attractive performer in whatever part she plays; but there is a tendency for all her roles to come out seeming much the same—incarnations of a likable all-purpose heroine who would fit equally well into "Arabella," "Die Fledermaus," and "Die Meistersinger." Henry Price did not have enough voice to fill the role of Anatol in so large a theatre. The star of the evening was Katherine Ciesinski, as Erika. Wide-eyed, with a clear, open brow and a clear, firm voice, Miss Ciesinski is the latest in the line of admirable young mezzos from whom much can be expected. She was both an eloquent, touching, credible actress and an excellent singer.

Barber's music is a weak syrup apparently brewed from Cilea, Giordano, Tchaikovsky, and Richard Strauss. It flows along agreeably enough, pausing now and again to crystallize around an aria, a duet, or an ensemble. Menotti staged the opera as if he had lost any confidence in his collaborator's ability to hold the listener's attention. During a long, important dialogue for Erika and the old Baroness which opens the second scene, the focus of attention was shifted to a blond footman arranging six roses in a vase, stepping back to appraise the effect, rearranging them, stepping back again—and so on until the dialogue was done. During the Doctor's aria in the final scene, the focus of attention was shifted to Vanessa fussily painting her face before a little glass held up by her maid. At the ball, the old Baroness suddenly appeared in her nightdress, and none of the guests

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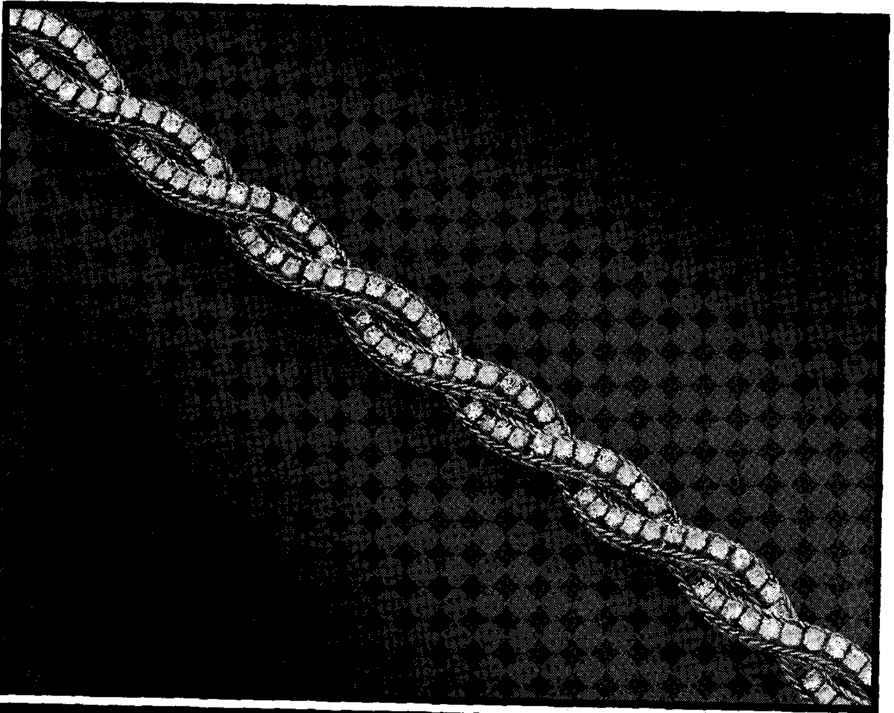
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even seemed to notice her. Christopher Keene, the musical director of the festival, was an able conductor. Instead of the Victorian Gothic of Cecil Beaton's scenery for the original production, there was turn-of-the-century rococo, designed by Pasquale Grossi. The show looked good. The opera itself seemed unnecessary.

IN Spoleto, Menotti kept his own music off the bills for ten years. But in Charleston we had "The Consul" last year and, this year, a double bill of the little church operas "The Egg" and "Martin's Lie," played in the Circular Congregational Church, an 1891 building. "The Egg" is slight, silly, ethically shallow, and musically worthless. The level of taste can be gauged from an incident when a blundering cook misaims his cleaver and chops off a cookboy's finger; this is meant to be funny. "Martin's Lie" was commissioned for Canterbury Cathedral but denied performance there as being theologically shaky—which it is. But at least it is an efficient tearjerker. A dear little fatherless boy persists in a courageous lie while a torturer brings a red-hot poker closer and closer to his eyes; then he dies of fear, and the other little orphan boys mourn him. Sean Coogan, of the Newark Boys Chorus, was accomplished in the title role.

THE fifth opera was an abridged version of Donizetti's "Il Furioso all'Isola di San Domingo," done in the Dock Street Theatre. "Il Furioso," first performed in Rome in 1833, was once a famous piece: within six years some seventy Italian theatres had produced it; within a decade it had travelled round the world. (Mexico City and Havana produced it in 1836, New Orleans in 1842.) The first modern revival was in Siena in 1958, the next at the Spoleto festival in 1967. It is an *opera semiseria.* The plot has its starting point in the Cardenio chapters of "Don Quixote." The hero, driven mad by his beloved's (in the opera, his wife's) apparent inconstancy (in the opera, positive infidelity), wanders in the wilderness and is subject to fits of violence. But the stories are quite different. Jacopo Ferretti, the librettist, worked from an anonymous play, not from Cervantes. His Cardenio roams not in the Sierra Morena but around the island of San Domingo. Cardenio's penitent wife is opportunely cast up on the shore; and his brother comes in search of him. The three subsidiary characters are a planter, his daughter, and a black buffo servant. A plunge from a cliff into the sea brings Cardenio to his senses, and all ends happily. It is an unusual libretto. Some of the opera's success must have been due to the exotic setting and the unconventional characters and plot; there are storms, a shipwreck, and the piquancy—as in "The Tempest" and in Metastasio's much-set "L'Isola Disabitata"—of unexpected island encounters far from home. And much of its success must have been due to the liveliness of Donizetti's score, which combines the fresh, graceful inventions of "L'Elisir d'Amore," its immediate predecessor, with elements of his high dramatic manner.

The merits of the piece were faintly perceptible in the Charleston production. As in Spoleto, it had been condensed from three acts into two and heavily cut. If the Gaillard Auditorium is too big for anything but grand opera with grand singers, the Dock Street Theatre is too small for anything but chamber opera. Donizetti's orchestration was reduced to mainly single winds, and his décor to a single scene (by Lorenzo Mongiardino, as in Spoleto). The staging, by Richard Pearlman, was clumsy, and the conducting, by Clayton Westermann, was stodgy. The festival published no libretto, and so it was doubly idiotic for an American cast to be singing an unfamiliar work to an American audience in Italian. When Menotti produces his own works abroad, he has them translated into the language of the country; at Spoleto in 1961 he gave "Vanessa" in Italian. Donizetti's opera deserves to be treated with equal seriousness. Brenda Boozer was attractive as Marcella, the planter's daughter; otherwise the singing was mediocre.

A poor year, then, for Spoleto-in-Charleston opera—except in the "discovery" of Katherine Ciesinski. Excuses can be found. One theatre is too big, the other too small. The Westminster Choir, a student body, sings in both big operas and also gives concerts. The Spoleto Festival Orchestra, of largely student recruitment, plays for all the operas and also gives concerts. So how can one expect carefully rehearsed, consistently polished performances from them? Am I being too severe? I think not. Even at a festival, some roughness is acceptable provided that the works, the directors, the conductors, the principal artists have been very carefully chosen and provided that the performances are as good as in the circumstances they can be. But a second-rate "Traviata" is not festival fare; nor is a "Furioso" that bears so

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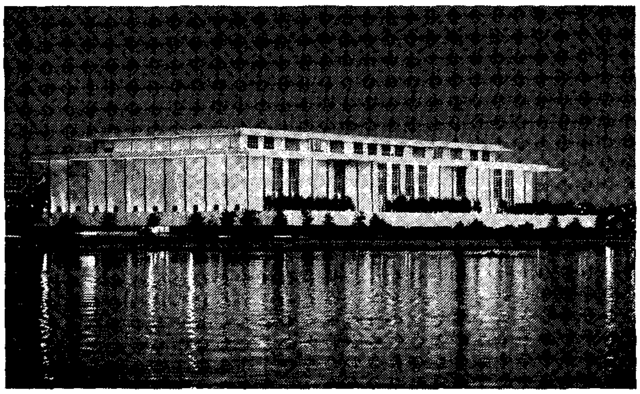

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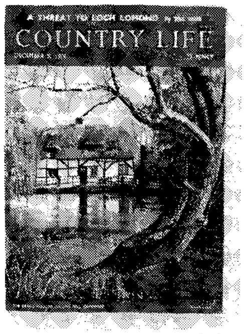

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little relation to what its creators intended.

THE midday concerts I heard followed their familiar pattern: excellent young artists, most of them known in New York; middle-of-the-road repertory; Charles Wadsworth as a cheerfully philistine host. The audience—to judge from a show of hands Mr. Wadsworth asked for—was mostly local; it was decently served, and at times with distinction. (Spoleto-in-Spoleto is a more adventurous and international affair, and at the midday concerts there Jessye Norman, Pinchas Zukerman, and Christoph Eschenbach first came to international attention.) I think that more might be done to tie the festival to the place, and to recall the days when Charleston vied with New Orleans and Boston as a glittering cultural center. One reads that the first opera performed in North America was "Flora, or Hob in the Well," produced in Charleston in 1735. Is that something that might be revived in the Dock Street Theatre? (It held the boards in London for much of the eighteenth century.) There is a local composer, Edmond S.T. Jenkins (1894-1926). Would any of his compositions merit revival at the midday concerts? (His symphony "Charlestonia" was first played in Ostend, Belgium.) Some of the happiest hours I spent at the festival this year were in the grounds of Middleton Place, an eighteenth-century plantation up the Ashley, with magnificent terraces, allées, and ornamental lakes—a formal European garden on the grandest scale unexpectedly re-created in South Carolina with great live oaks, magnolias, and crêpe myrtles beneath American skies. The Spoleto Festival Orchestra was due to give a concert there. Who on earth decided that an all-Tchaikovsky program would be apt? —ANDREW PORTER

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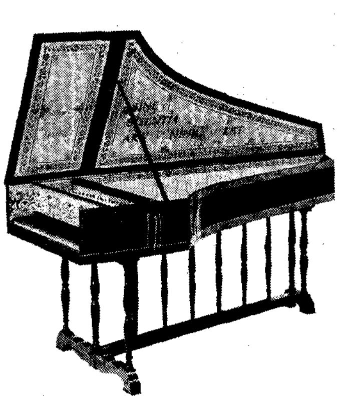

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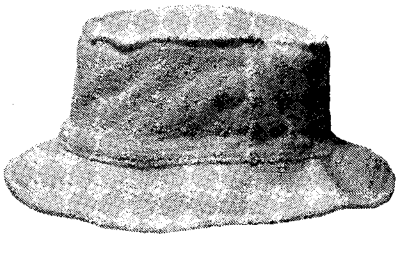

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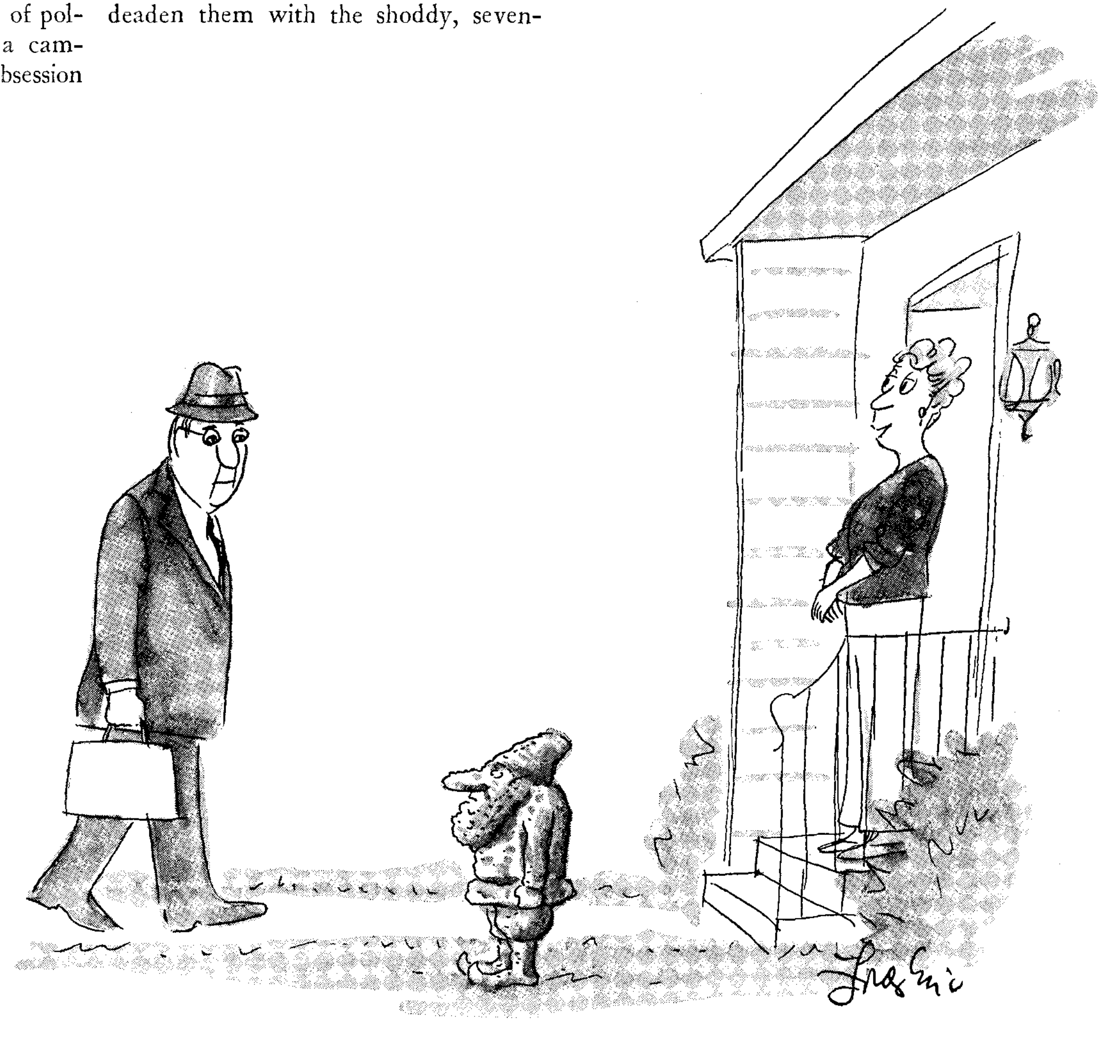
A REPORTER IN EUROPE

PARIS

La lutte pour la France is over for a while—with casualties to the language which could keep a whole generation of *Académiciens* off the dole. It was a battle of words, and it went on for so long that by the time the French actually got to the polls to vote this spring, those words out of the litanies of left and right had lost any reference to reality they might have had and turned completely senseless and rhetorical. One of the reasons the President's party—it was patched together this winter and given the stirring name Union pour la Démocratie Française—did so well in the elections may simply be that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing said so much less than any of the other politicians here that that immaculately indifferent gentleman in the Élysée began to look like a kind of French Gary Cooper. A lot of people on the left who were fervent about *la lutte* a year or two ago voted this year wanting nothing more than that the endless, extravagant talking stop; when it was all over, they were too relieved to remember to be inconsolable. They were sick of politics, sick of ideology, sick of a campaign that had been a national obsession since 1974, when François Mitterrand, the Socialist Party secretary, came within a few hundred thousand votes of moving into the Élysée himself and the French concluded that in all likelihood the National Assembly elections of '78, with the Socialists and the Communists pledged to support each other in the runoff round of voting, would give them their first full government of the left since the Front Populaire of 1936. *La lutte pour la France*, with its arrangements, its betrayals, its rhetoric of apocalyptic choice, flattered the ambitions of politicians here to the point where most of them started to resent the real problems of the country—problems of cities, say, or energy or inflation or unemployment—as intrusions in the purity of a discourse based on the astonishing but entirely French premise that the fate of civilization hung on the precise composition of their next parliament.

People in Paris are genuinely troubled by what is happening to their city. They may belong to a race of shopkeepers, but when it comes to Paris, and the values of Parisian life, they are hoarders—whatever else they are selling, the way they live is out of bounds. The speculation on Paris space—*la consummation de l'espace*, the urbanist Paul Virilio calls it—that has been going on since the nineteen-sixties, and with it the levelling of vast sections of the city, has to do with a fundamental disregard for those values, and Parisians say that their politicians have been too busy with *la lutte* to care. They say that politicians here have written off the subject as a simple housing problem, and in fact, at the first big Paris conference on cities a few years back, where there were delegates from every party, none of the politicians even seemed particularly concerned about the kind of housing Paris needed, or about where that housing should go—or about whether it might not actually be more sensible and more humane to subsidize the restoration of old working-class neighborhoods than to deaden them with the shoddy, seventeen-story concrete blocks that pass for innovative public housing here or, as is usually the case, empty those neighborhoods completely, packing the people off to projects where the leftover concrete is dumped on the ground in mounds, painted green, and called "hills" for the children, or to one of the sinister *villes nouvelles* that ring the city. There are four of those "new towns" outside Paris now. They rise, suddenly, in barren flats along the *autoroutes*, and they are vast, surreal places, places of consummate social desolation—because to leave Paris for a *ville nouvelle* with a parking lot for a center, a shopping mall where the lights go off at six, and a couple of hundred thousand drab, identical apartments is insulting to a Frenchman's sense of space and *quartier*, and represents a defeat much more devastating than the burdens of age or poverty the new towns claim to lighten. No one talked about these things at the conference. The only difference between the left and the right



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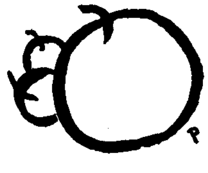
was that the right was going to solve the city problem by building four hundred thousand new public-housing units and the left was going to solve it with seven hundred thousand.

No one here doubts that the left—Socialists, Communists, and some social democrats who call themselves Radicaux de Gauche—would have taken over the Assembly this spring if the Communists had not decided to sabotage the alliance. It was obvious last fall that Georges Marchais, the Communists' party secretary, was not adjusting very graciously to the idea of having to answer to François Mitterrand in a government of the left which Socialists dominated. Communists here dream of Italy. They want their party to be the first, preferably the only, party of the French left, and finally one election more or less was nothing compared with the chance to stop Mitterrand, and maybe even to shatter his fragile coalition, by talking about Communists' running the Interior Ministry or the Foreign Affairs or Finance Ministry, talking about doubling the minimum wage, talking about a couple of thousand nationalizations—talking about precisely the sorts of things that horrify French "socialist" voters in their moment of truth at the ballot box. They made it clear, by March, that the Socialists could no longer win *with* the Communists. Mitterrand already knew that they could not win without them. And now Giscard would like everybody to believe that the French have discovered their true consensus—a kind of tranquil, moderate common ground that is much more the "real" France than all their rhetoric of vast and irreconcilable division. But the left, even in default, still got forty-nine and a half per cent of the popular vote this spring, and it was mainly the calculated gerrymandering of France's election *circonscriptions*—along with a system of simple-majority rather than proportional representation—that gave the government its majority of nearly a hundred deputies. Actually, the Socialists got more votes than any of the other parties. By anybody's reckoning, this has to mean that half the people in France are not wildly enthusiastic about the way the country is being run. Whatever their disenchantment with politicians and politics, they are willing to give the Socialists a chance to make some changes—even in a government with Communists who are neither liked nor trusted by anybody but themselves and whose Eurocommunism has less to do with the cheerful myths of the Western press than with the Communists' natural tendency, as Frenchmen, to consider themselves more civilized than a few peasants in commissars' clothes.



POLITICS here is like a good club. Georges Marchais may be able to talk about a worker's background, but mainly the superluminaries of the right *and* the left—along with the people who write their policy papers and advise them—are children of privilege who have sat in class together at L'École Nationale d'Administration or one or another of the country's other *grandes écoles*. Their feelings about the rest of France are not so much patriarchal—it took a Charles de Gaulle to carry that off—as papal. They have trained as master technicians of the state in a country that seems to have resolved the separation of church and state by making the state itself a sacred institution, and they claim, if not divine right, a kind of intellectual right to rule. They share a respect for the state, and for their own role in the state, that is practically Napoleonic. They may dispute its policies, but they accept as gospel its extraordinary power over the details and ordering of daily life. André Glucksmann, the aging wunderkind from the barricades of '68 who is now referred to reverently as a "new philosopher," is not exaggerating much when he says they practice a terrorism of expertise and information. L'École Nationale d'Administration is considered the finishing school for power here, and it never graduates more than a hundred and twenty people a year; those hundred and twenty *Énarques* take their places on the left or the right of *la lutte* for France, but they stay very consciously an élite, and always have more in common with each other than with any of the people who vote for them. This is the real problem of the French left—not that it loses one election but that so many of the votes it gets are cast without enthusiasm by people who have become convinced that the politics of *la lutte* is a politics of fiction, having no relation to issues that involve them, a fight to change the managers of the state and not in any way the spirit.

People who care about Paris have to make their own politics. They have Jacques Chirac for a mayor, and Chirac's frenetic Gaullist populism is mainly what the old Marxist philosopher

Henri Lefebvre likes to call *le populisme contre le peuple*. Chirac's plans for the city come straight from Georges Pompidou, who introduced *les promoteurs* to Paris—a breed of high-level hustlers who made their money packaging real-estate schemes like the Front de Seine and the Tour Maine-Montparnasse and the upside-down pyramid, tiered with night clubs and boutiques, that is going to help fill the huge hole in the ground that used to be Les Halles, the central market. *Les promoteurs* were Paris's new money—glossy middlemen for the financiers and the banks and insurance companies (the state's included) that had started speculating on Paris as if the city were a hot commodity on the futures market. They were Pompidou's friends and contributors when he was Prime Minister and then when he was President, and now Chirac has inherited them. Even Marchais does not do much to discourage the promoters beyond making the appropriate speeches against them. Communist Party militants often work hard to save their own neighborhoods, but the Party powers—short of running Paris themselves—have more to gain from a *mairie* devoted to insane construction projects than from a left that could conceivably start talking about a human scale to development, or controlled growth, or the texture and pleasures of a Paris neighborhood. It is not simply that Georges Marchais and his friends on the Central Committee have an underdeveloped aesthetic—which is why intellectuals here find the Communists so boring. It is that a *ville nouvelle* like Évry, out near the old Orly airport, or a big condominium-and-hotel complex like Le Front de Seine, which cuts the gentle perspective down the Left Bank and is consequently referred to here a lot as L'Affront de Seine, can provide thousands of French workers with jobs that last for several years. The office towers called La Défense, just over the bridge from Neuilly, were twenty years in construction, and it took a good many of those years for the Communists or anybody else to notice that the towers were going to block the marvellous open sweep of avenue past the Arc de Triomphe. A third of the French working class is delivered to the Communist Party on election days by the Confédération Générale du Travail, which is the biggest labor union in the country; this is not something Marchais is likely to ignore for the sake of a few liberal values that will make him popular at the Café Flore or get him a good table at La

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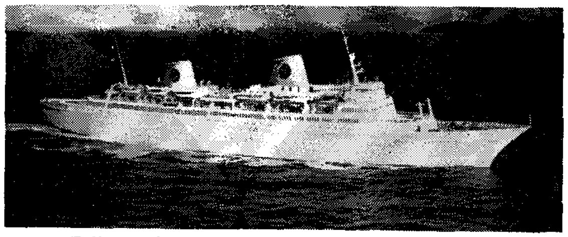

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The Socialists, on the other hand, tend to care about a warm welcome at the Flore. They like to think of themselves as intellectuals who happen to be in politics. And if the Communists manage to sound like Baron Haussmann when they talk about Paris—they want neighborhoods that are easy to organize, easy to administer, easy to police—the rest of the French left usually brings a kind of sociological cover to its neglect. Socialists here talk a lot about "structures of community" and *équipements*—*équipements* being big public places like roller-skating rinks and play-group centers and swimming pools and recreation halls. The tradition in Paris has always been that a *quartier* is its own public place, but the left seems to find that sort of tradition a complicated and exasperating business to pursue, and prefers the tidy solution of building something useful. Parisians joke about what happens here when a neighborhood starts looking a little shabby. First the promoters come, and then the demolition gangs and the construction crews, and then some dreary new housing goes up, so that there are no more shops and cafés where people can meet and talk and feel comfortable, and the streets are widened a bit to let the traffic through, so that there is nowhere for the children to play—and then the left sends in its urbanists, who shake their heads and say, "*Bon Dieu,* there is nowhere to play, nowhere to meet, nowhere to enjoy life. *Il n'y a pas assez d'équipements.*"

A YEAR or two ago, most Parisians thought of Giscard d'Estaing as a kind of political fop—a putterer at power, fashionably reformist when the spirit moved him but with only the laziest interest in the city's problems. By now, and by comparison, he is beginning to look like a conservationist, if for no other reason than that he so clearly would like to keep Paris beautiful for the delectation of the President of the Republic. Once, he tried to cover Les Halles with a formal, colonnaded garden, like the gardens that French kings always got to look at. It was hardly a practical plan, or even a very good one. The most that could be said for it was that Giscard's daughter had a boyfriend who was an architect and happened to be quite good at designing gardens with colonnades. But it was certainly more agreeable than what Paris is getting, considering that the first building to actually appear on the thirty acres of central Paris that make up the new Les Halles renewal zone houses a ventilating system the size of a city block.

Les Halles has become a symbol of planning folly here. The original plan for the neighborhoods around Les Halles and the Centre Beaubourg would have done away with seventy-five acres of the city, all the way from the Gare de l'Est to the Louvre. Architects have been hired and fired and blueprints changed so often that no one is really sure what, if anything, is finally going to happen to the hole Pompidou dug seven years ago. All anybody does know is that by now those changes have at least as much to do with the bitterness between the Mayor and the President as with public pressure, or even common sense. Four years ago, Chirac made Giscard the President of France—it took some guts but no great imagination for an ambitious young minister whose political patron had just died to come to the conclusion that his own main chance lay in persuading enough Gaullist voters to abandon the Party's candidate and let Jacques Chirac act as kingmaker to a man with no real base and not much aptitude for the work of building one. Chirac, at forty-one, got to be Prime Minister, but in the end he did not get nearly the authority he expected with the job. Whatever reticence Giscard may have had about politics, he had no reticence at all about claiming the extraordinary powers of a Fifth Republic President—and certainly no reticence about using them when it came to Chirac, whom he considered a slick commoner with a suspicious tan and a "new" château. Chirac quit in a showdown, ran for mayor against a dim Giscardien minister, and won, determined to use Paris as a base to run for President himself in 1981. He spent his first two years at the Hôtel de Ville preaching the kind of hysterical nationalism that was supposed to make Giscard look like a traitor to the cause of saving France from Communists—though he seemed to forget in the process that the left was quite capable of losing an election without his help, and once it was clear that this was what the left was doing, Chirac looked a little silly shouting that the President of France was selling out his country.

A mayor of Paris can have considerable power—which is why, until Chirac took over the *mairie*, Paris had been without one since the Communards threw out Jules Ferry, in 1871, and the state started running the city through the prefecture. Giscard had assumed that a new *mairie* would be a kind of annex to the Élysée. He obviously never expected Chirac to end up running Paris, and now the city is their battleground. The trouble between them has literally spilled over onto the city's streets. When Chirac supports Beaubourg—and he always does, because Beaubourg was Pompidou's project—Giscard is obliged to cut the museum's budget. When Giscard wants to put a garden in Les Halles, Chirac is obliged to produce a blueprint for a trade center. And when a group of neighbors in Montparnasse petition to save their houses from a developer's bulldozer, and Chirac's friends turn up in the *société d'économie mixte*—a partnership between the state and its banks and the developers and their banks—that has taken over the quarter, Giscard's friends invite the neighbors to the Élysée and start talking as if the President were a charter member of Les Amis de la Terre.

FRENCH intellectuals have a kind of fashion status. When their enthusiasms seem worn, their vocabulary *usé*, they are expected to come up with something fresh and spectacular—something on the order of a new collection from Saint Laurent. Just when it looked as if the left might come to power, they discarded Marx like a sixties miniskirt—though the first of the *nouveaux philosophes* had never been remotely Marxist and, in fact, was a Giscardien named Jean-Marie Benoist with none of Glucksmann's betrayed-at-the-barricades cachet, who once happened to write a book called "Marx Est Mort." Replacing Marx proceeds by trial and error. For a while, the Christian mystics looked good—St. Augustine had his moment in the pages of *Tel Quel*, and everybody read St. Thomas. Then it was the skeptics—Roland Barthes called them "*les neutres*," and Paris lined up at the Collège de France on Saturday mornings to hear him talk about them. Some people, though, preferred *la vie quotidienne*. Daily life was much discussed here—it turned out to be a little broad for inspired conversation—and now intellectuals have taken up "the city." They have made *la ville* their cause and their discovery, and the fact that large chunks of Paris disappeared before they made that discovery (Les Presses Universitaires bought the French rights to Jane Jacobs' "Death and Life of Great American Cities" and then never brought it out, because there was no

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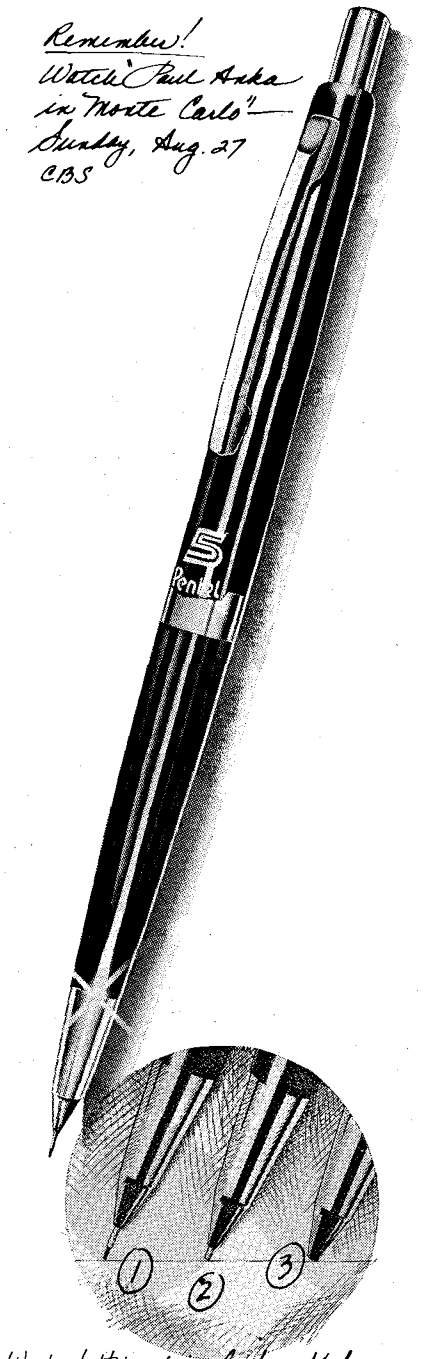

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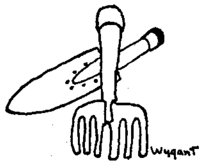
public for it) does not seem to dampen their excitement. Now that five hundred thousand ordinary Parisians have had to leave the city because of development schemes that either razed their neighborhoods or made them unaffordable, there is a cult in Paris of *le quartier populaire*. "*Immeuble de grand luxe—vous êtes au milieu de Paris populaire*" is the way real-estate agents advertise these days if they want a good price for an apartment. The problem is that *Paris populaire* is getting scarce. Edgar de Bresson, the filmmaker, who was recording the rich, surprising qualities of neighborhoods like Belleville and Ménilmontant long before they were "discovered," once came across a demolition boss in Belleville whose services included the use of a Rube Goldberg machine that was guaranteed to keep a building shaking until the tenants fled. The machine must have been in great demand around Paris, because a whole new industry in harassment has opened up. Small landlords can call on "experts" who work on commissions calculated on the time it takes them to clear a building; big developers have their own resources. SEMIREP, the *société d'économie mixte* that managed to get a neighborhood of eight thousand people condemned in Montparnasse, tried to clear a big old building on the Rue de l'Ouest of its last ten tenants by digging an enormous hole in the back yard. No one left, as it happened, so they kept digging. At forty feet, one of the workmen died in a cave-in, and then the building was declared "in a state of peril" and the ten tenants who could not be evicted were evacuated for their own safety by the police.



CITIES obviously have to change. The *tissu urbain* that Parisians talk so much about lately depends on change and shock and variety. They tend to forget that people here have always complained about the city's being ruined. In the middle of the nineteenth century, Parisians were writing that Paris was an open wound, "mauled and festering." They called it Chicago-sur-Seine, and said that speculators and promoters—not the least of them their prefect, Baron Haussmann, who was masterminding this "modern" Paris on the Right Bank and the Île de la Cité—were making fortunes on the city's destruction. There were probably Communards around then who talked about the new market called Les Halles as something brutal and supervisory—something designed to divert the querulous, unruly life of the *quartiers*, something to discipline the *cadre classique* of the revolution of 1848. Parisians may have decided that they loved their market, but by the turn of the century Les Halles was already condemned and on its way to the suburbs. It was considered outdated and unsanitary, and the newspapers blamed it for every problem in the city from rats to typhoid to crime. The First World War, not sentiment, was what saved Les Halles the first time. In sixty years, Haussmann and his disciples in provincial cities had managed to build as much as the French had built in an entire history, but then a million Frenchmen died fighting, and there were literally no young men to build more, and no money to pay for building if there had been—people had all they could do to repair a countryside where most of the barns and farmhouses dated from the time of François I. Paris stayed the same for thirty years and another war. In 1950, there were still only three and a half million people in the city and its towns and suburbs. Today, there are ten million, including a few million migrant workers, and no one knows where to put them all.

Twelve years ago, the government talked about decentralizing France. De Gaulle made speeches about building up provincial cities, about a new France of "*métropoles d'équilibre*." It was a France that—considering that all roads, real and psychic, in this country lead directly to the capital—would have required of the French an almost spiritual readjustment, and the government, of course, never built it and probably never intended to. In those twelve years alone, four million people moved to Paris. A handful of ecologists may have bothered to ask why the government wasn't spending its money helping Orléans, say, accommodate some of the immigration of foreign workers and people from the provinces instead of building more new towns and suburbs around the capital, but no one else here did, because Paris is the center of France in ways that every Parisian recognizes. It is the focus of identity and accomplishment and even desire for a country. This is why its ghettos are in the suburbs; when too many people claim Paris, it is the poor, not the rich, who have to go.

Paris is not Chicago-sur-Seine. Its energy is mellow, not raw. Its character is in its streets, not its skyline. And its heart is in fact *populaire*. Paris has always survived the presence of the state by preserving a scrappy, eccentric, essentially democratic (if not anarchic) local life. The enormous charm of the city has to do with the sense one gets of beauty being so exuberantly occupied. Paris without *le peuple* is a monument, like Siena with a sandblasting. Some of its loveliest streets are only postcards without the butcher holding forth in his doorway, the grumpy regulars at the café, the hawking and gossiping and seductions, and the *petites bagarres* with everybody taking sides. It is nearly impossible now to preserve that life *and* preserve the neighborhoods that inspire it. People tried in the Marais—the neighborhood was protected by the Minister of Culture and nothing much could be torn down, but the ancient streets around the Place des Vosges were slums, and so was the Jewish quarter where goldsmiths and silversmiths and artisans had lived for as long as anybody could remember. When restoration in the Marais began, ten years ago, more than half the houses had no toilets; many had no running water at all. None of the people who lived in those houses wanted to leave them, but there was usually no way to stay once any restoration had started—no rent subsidies for them, no subsidies for new owners who might want them, no arrangements for the state to take over some of the cost of restoration for landlords who agreed to keep the rent on their apartments down. By now, a tiny flat in the Marais can rent for as much as five hundred dollars. There are streets in the neighborhood that have lost a quarter of their population to public housing in the suburbs. And a lot of the people who wanted a life of *grand luxe* in a *quartier populaire* have ended up living in their own fancy suburb in the middle of town.

THE hole at Les Halles gets a lot of attention here because the name itself is so evocative. It stirs images of exquisite slumming—onion soup and beckoning whores and huge truckers in little blue berets unloading crates of lettuces, and the marvellous gathering rhythms of a marketplace in the morning. There have been so many financial and political scandals around *le trou des Halles* since Pompidou ordered in the first bulldozer, and so many fortunes staked on wild schemes for its future, that the hole has gotten to be as famous as the market was. No one doubts that the market operation itself was doomed—a mafia of middlemen ran the place like a protection racket,

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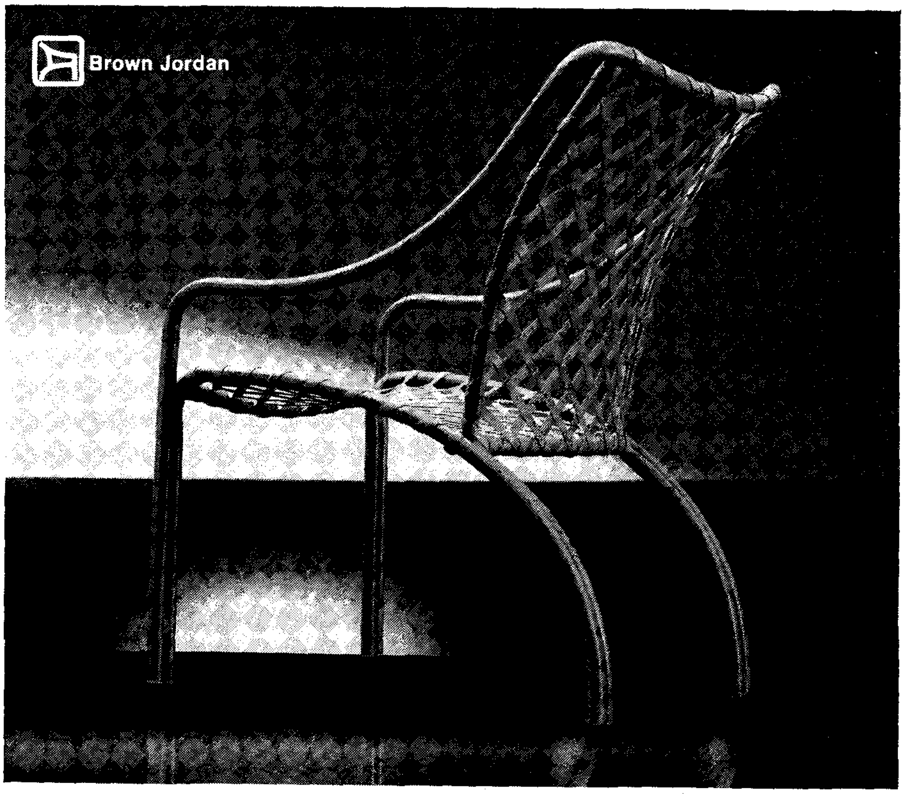

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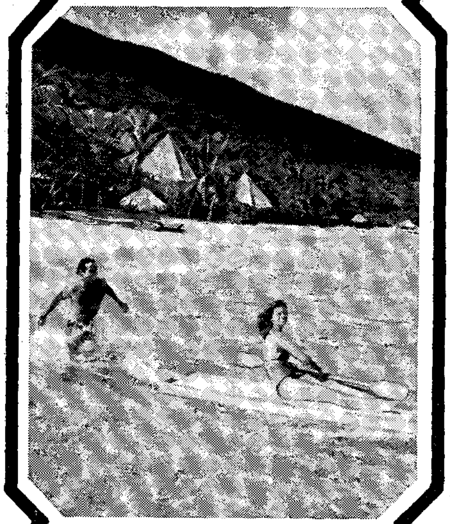

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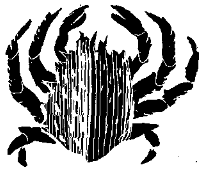
controlled the distribution of food in the city, and lined the pockets of a particularly disagreeable food lobby in the National Assembly. But years of outrage and argument about a hole in the ground—and all the inevitable exchanges in *Le Monde* over "planned culture" and "spontaneous culture" and "onion soup as metaphor"—freed a lot of developers to claim whole neighborhoods of the city for themselves without anybody else paying much attention. It is in fact true that not many people seemed to care what was happening at La Défense until a dozen skyscrapers had reduced the Arc de Triomphe to the scale of an intersection sculpture. La Défense was planned toward the end of the nineteen-fifties—which was about the time Paris decided to be a modern city, with proper headquarters for big outfits like UNESCO and NATO and all the multinational companies that were going to make the country rich—but the plans were fairly limited until Pompidou took over from de Gaulle in 1969 and, being both well connected and well disposed to the *banques d'affaires* here, started dividing Paris into big investment projects. People on the left say that Pompidou ran his party with money from La Défense developers' profits, but no one knows how much money, since French tradition has it that the kind of outright gifts politicians get in other countries are a little vulgar and conspicuous, and that the proper way to thank a politician is to fund a Bureau d'Études for his party, which will undertake a worthy and expensive study of something like trade relations with Patagonia—the sort of study no one will ever ask to see. Pompidou brought British insurance money into La Défense, and then Italian money, and now Arabs are involved. Office buildings that had been approved at three hundred and fifty feet and no higher ended up as seven-hundred-foot towers—which doubled the floor space and gave investors the chance to double the money they could make selling it to promoters who, as it happens, have had a lot of trouble unloading that space in a city with ten million square feet of vacant offices. People who did complain about what was happening at La Défense, which ended up with some of the most grotesque buildings in Europe, were amazed to hear that Pompidou had done it all to give France a "more interesting" architecture. But then Pompidou had once waived height limits for new buildings in development zones of Belleville and Italie and Montparnasse and called it, in the idiom of the decade, *la libération des hauteurs*.

By now, much of Italie has been given over to drab blocks of public housing. Belleville is on its way, and the wonderful old Place des Fêtes, in Les Hauts de Belleville, has been gone for years. Parts of Montparnasse are gone, too—Plaisance, northwest of the Rue Vercingétorix, is levelled now, and the section of Montparnasse called Guilleminot, just below Vercingétorix, has been condemned for demolition, though a lot of the people there have organized and are simply refusing to leave their homes. Plaisance and Guilleminot were neighborhoods of no particular distinction—no perfect seventeenth-century houses for the Beaux-Arts, no stirring monuments, no old markets like the Marché Saint-Germain to fight for, no one with any money to do the fighting. Whatever culture there was was definitely the "spontaneous culture" that Parisians now find so reviving. Streets in Guilleminot, where a lot of the city's drop-outs are squatting now, were busy, welcoming streets, and the people who lived in them may not have had much money, but they had all the satisfactions of being completely *chez eux*. Three thousand of those people have left since SEMIREP took over Guilleminot. The neighborhood now is a mixture of old locals, Algerian workers, and some stubborn urbanists and sociologists and architects and their friends, who have started neighborhood groups with names like Vivre dans la Quatorzième! and Atelier Populaire. They have occupied buildings that they want to save—buildings like the big millhouse on Rue Raymond Losserand, which is now referred to up and down the street as Le Squat, and which counts among its forty squatters two university teachers and their families and a young *paumé* who wandered in from a mental hospital one day and was communally adopted. Once, there were thirty-five families living in the mill; most of them have left, but Gaston Petit, who is eighty-six years old and a working sculptor *and* a Légionnaire d'Honneur, is holding out, and so are a few families and the local madwoman. Spirit is strong at the mill. One of the vacant flats is now a *salle de spectacle*—the Squat children use it for their rock concerts, and the grownups use it for Sunday-night meetings to divide up the next week's petitioning and garbage



duty. There are eight hundred buildings in Guilleminot, and the mill is one of the best of them; Squat people have spent six months at the Hôtel de Ville asking for permission to rent the building from the city and restore it, and now it will probably be saved, along with twenty-six other neighborhood buildings that the city council has decided to admire. But people from Le Squat who work with the Atelier Populaire and have looked at every building in the quarter say that nearly three hundred more buildings are in good condition and, in fact, need very little restoration to make them perfect. They are trying to persuade the tenants in some of the others to demand a say in whether those buildings are torn down or restored—to present the city with plans for the kind of restoration they can afford and for the time they want that restoration to take—but sooner or later those tenants are going to give up and move. Some of the biggest state and development banks in France are in the consortium that wants their houses, and the tenants know by now that if anything stops the demolition of Guilleminot it will be tight money and inflation and not public protests or petitions at city hall. They have no powerful politicians willing to defend them—or even to take up some of the peculiarities of a system in which the state plays promoter, speculating against its citizens on anything from breeder-reactor businesses to Paris real estate. In fact, Christian de La Malène, who sits in the National Assembly for their *circonscription*, is also president of the consortium behind Les Halles, not to mention Chirac's deputy mayor for the city's finances. His *suppléant*, or alternate, in the Assembly is the vice-president of SEMIREP, their own developer.

In a way, the real *lutte* for France involves people fighting for the way they live—people in Le Squat, and people like the woman who is holding out, just across Vercingétorix, in the last studio on a tiny cobblestoned alley of artists' ateliers that are literally all that is left of the enormous neighborhood called Plaisance. The woman's name is Reine Franchi, and she is determined to save the alley, which sits alone in the middle of twelve acres of rubble, leading nowhere, with a couple of ugly housing projects in the distance to block its old view of the Eiffel Tower, and a long wall that runs down Vercingétorix and is called, locally, the "wall of shame." Reine never expected to win a seat in the National Assembly,

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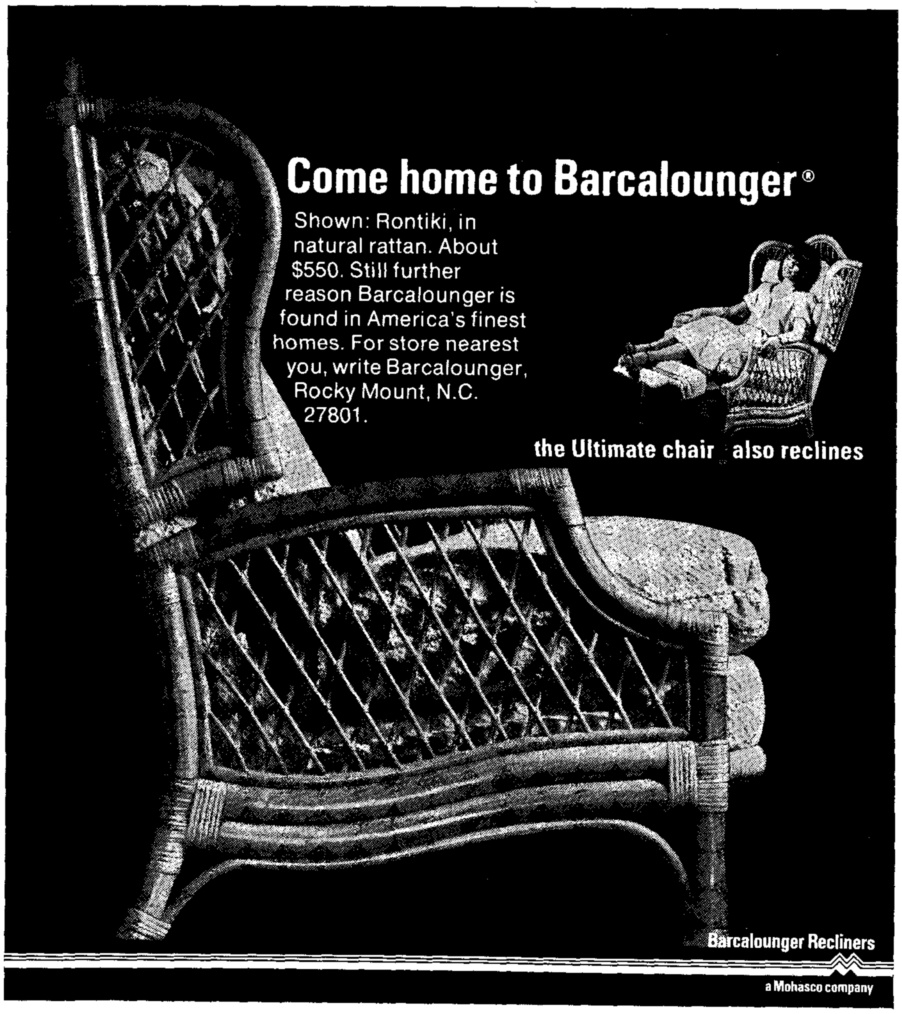

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but she ran anyway this spring, just as she ran last year for the city council and will probably run again for something when she can. This year, Reine got six per cent of the vote. She had hoped to do a little better, but she was not particularly surprised by the results, since this was the year of *la lutte* and she was not a politician, only a painter of no special reputation—a local bohemian with no connections in the world of Paris politics, no debts to collect on voting day, no money, and no machine besides the floppy umbrella of the various environmental groups and urban groups and neighborhood committees that have been running candidates in elections lately under the common banner of Paris-Écologie.

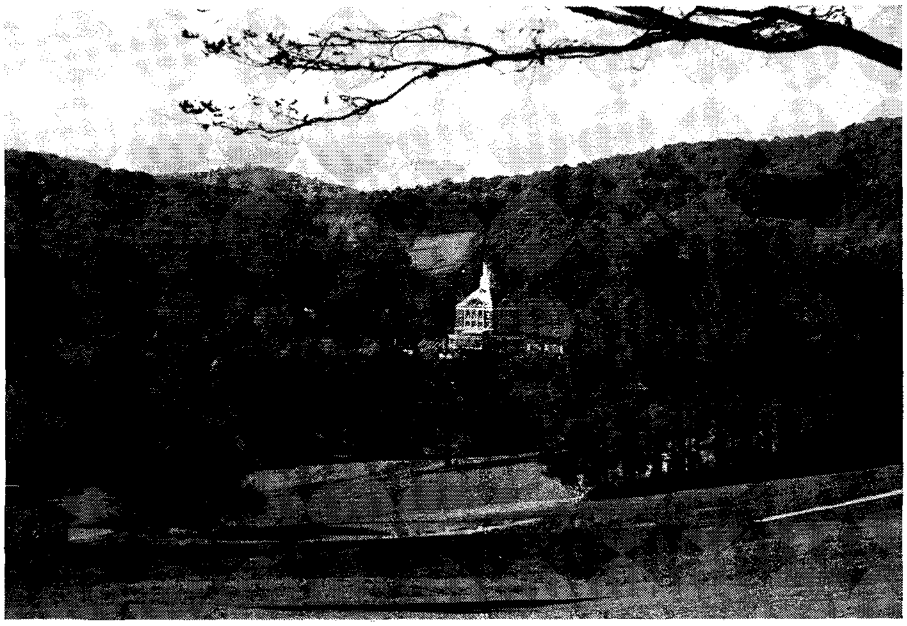
There is nothing exceptional about Reine Franchi except her warm, stubborn character. She paints the sort of innocent and cheerful pictures of poppy fields and dappled gardens which would sell well in a sidewalk show during the tourist season, and her atelier is only a shabby little cement-block house with corrugated sheet metal covering a leaky roof. Saving Reine Franchi's atelier is not really about the cause of great art or great artists, but it has a lot to do with that rich congeniality that used to draw artists to the city—with the kind of fussy, clucking, indulgent family that a Paris *quartier* provided. In 1956, when Reine was nineteen and left Toulon and her local Beaux-Arts for the studio at 50 Rue Vercingétorix, there were more than fifty thousand people—all of them gone now—in Plaisance, and there were other little alleys just like hers where the ateliers passed from friend to friend for twenty dollars a month and a solemn promise to help clean the communal outhouse. Montparnasse itself was full of these *cités*—which is what Parisians call them—tucked away, like mews, off busy streets, hard to find unless you knew the gate. Five hundred ateliers have been torn down in Montparnasse since then, and less than seventy new ones built to replace them. Reine herself would never move into one of those new ateliers. She says that most of them sit in the shadow of some big housing project and never get any sunlight, and anyway they cost too much for her—a few hundred dollars a month for a tiny room, and up to a thousand a month for something better. But some of her neighbors from the Cité Vercingétorix have moved. There are seventeen ateliers in the *cité*, and only five real tenants left—under eviction notice and paying their rent in escrow—along with a few new artists who have simply squatted.

Twice in the past few years, mysterious fires have broken out in the debris that was once the *cité* next to Reine's. Then, last summer, a director from SEMIREP showed up with three of the company's workmen, who started hacking at one of the ateliers with pickaxes. Reine called her neighbors, and they formed a human wall against the axes; it took three vans of policemen to seal the Cité Vercingétorix, because by then the *cité* was a local cause, and Reine had made a lot of friends, helping people across the street in Guilleminot defeat a plan to turn Vercingétorix into an elevated superhighway. Some of them actually moved over to the *cité*—last fall, a local carpenter and his wife and children and apprentices were evicted by a full complement of the Paris riot squad from an abandoned schoolhouse they were trying to save, and they set up housekeeping behind the studios in bright red and yellow tents that made the place a little less desolate than it was before. There are problems, though, with strangers coming into the *cité*. A few months ago, a commune of fifty sullen and obviously drugged men and women pushed three burnt-out London buses through the gate at 50 Vercingétorix and stayed, camping in the rubble, and it is hard to get rid of them now, since their rather menacing presence seems to serve the city's purpose by making everybody else nervous. Reine suspects them of being thieves or drug dealers or both—there are locks on all the studios now, for the first time, and on the outhouse—but mainly she complains because *les marginaux*, as she calls them, have bad manners and are dirty and scatter their garbage everywhere.

Like all true bohemians, Reine is at heart a good bourgeoise and in her way house-proud. People who visit her atelier are sometimes a little stunned to find a dog, three cats, four kittens, a hen, a kinkajou, and a large sculptor named Alain Metayer sharing one small room that is already pretty much taken up by a flea-market collection of beads and bags and rag dolls and porcelain teapots and, of course, Reine's paintings and her easel. But the room is tidy, and it is clean, from the scrubbed cement floor to the white batiste curtains at the window—and that is how Reine likes to see her *cité*. She cleans the outhouse every day, and sweeps the cobblestones if they need it, and Alain collects the garbage at night when he comes home from the atelier he has to rent outside of town because his pieces have gotten too big for Reine's studio, and he himself is too big for the sink where Reine takes her showers, crouching on the kitchen counter. Reine says that their neighbors in the *cité* are not much help cleaning any longer. They are all demoralized by their long sit-in—it is four years now since they got their first eviction notices—and Reine tries not to be cross with them for not caring as much about appearances as they used to. Reine thinks that appearances are important. The garden next to her atelier is splashed with pansies, daffodils, tulips, jonquils, roses, and a dozen other flowers, and she likes to show it off to people, the way she likes to show off the gallery she and Alain and four other artists in the *cité* have built and patched and painted in one of the abandoned studios.

Parisians have just discovered *les dissidents*. They read "The Gulag Archipelago" and scan the papers for news of writers in Hungary and students in Czechoslovakia and strikers in Poland. But the French left has inspired its own dissidents. There are a lot of them now—some are *éminences grises* from the Flore, but mainly they are people like Reine Franchi, and her neighbors in Guilleminot with their street committees and their protests, and her friends from Paris-Écologie with their network of new politicians from the real world. Reine is a small, valiant woman—like the house she has had for twenty-two years—with black hair pulled back from her face, and honorable and intense dark eyes. It is hard not to imagine her staring down a demolition crew or, for that matter, winning an election. During the campaign this year, she told people to remember that when the condemnations started in Montparnasse they were promised nursery schools and clinics and all the *équipements sociaux* the planners talk about. She told them to keep remembering that they got instead a Sheraton Hotel that cost fifty million dollars and has never even been half full. They got a Tour Maine-Montparnasse for seven thousand strangers. They got vacant lots that are waiting for expensive offices or sterile public housing or whatever the promoters decide to sell. They got politicians who are still too busy with *la lutte pour la France* to consider the problems of one blighted and tendentious corner of the capital.

—JANE KRAMER



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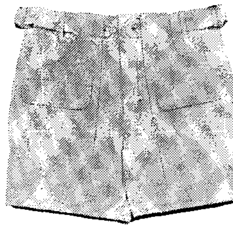

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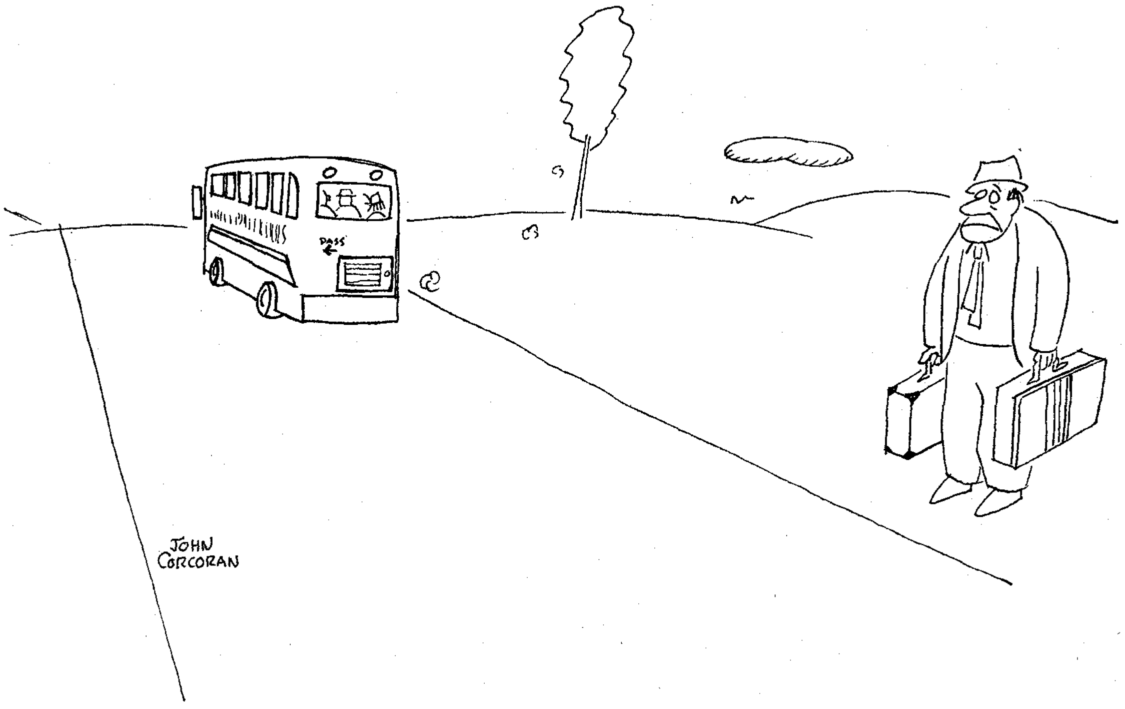
DANCING

Lechery in Nuns

"APHRODISIAMANIA," a collaboration between Paul Taylor and Charles Ludlam, is one of those classic codpiece sex farces—the kind that no one can be funny in except the greatest clowns. The cast consists of such characters as Old Flatchio; his virgin daughter Isabella, unwillingly betrothed to the popinjay General Havoc; their servants Linguini and Fetuchina; and Luxurio, "a travelling mountebank," who administers an aphrodisiac to one and all, including a passing nun, the Good Sister Frigid. Taylor's dancers in these roles are willing performers, several of them are genuinely amusing, and Taylor's crack timing provides them all with a cushion of support, but even though they get their laughs, they aren't good enough to ignite the formula antics. The jokes are theory-of-comedy jokes, and so is the laughter. Nor can Taylor's dancers be made to *seem* hilarious, because the piece doesn't push hard enough against their own comic tradition. Coming from them, "Aphrodisiamania" isn't funny in the way that the second and third parts of "Union Jack" are funny coming from the New York City Ballet. Taylor has used crude comedy before, but he's always kept it within a range that his dancers could express. Within the official "bawdy" framework of what the program notes call "commedia dell'arte" (actually the much earlier Roman pantomime), he's stuck with situations that need to be treated like springboards for individual improvisation in performance. At the speed at which Taylor directs this farce, only a Bobby Clark or a Phil Silvers could carry it. Or Taylor himself, playing all the roles.

When "Aphrodisiamania" was first done, last winter, it seemed to me an aberration on Taylor's part. It still does. I've waited until this season (at the City Center) to review it, hoping that the shakedown period would make a difference in my reaction. Taylor's pieces traditionally go through a process of refinement after their premières. But this time it wasn't refinement I wanted, it was revision. From the start, the timing of the dances had seemed right, but the piece was nine-tenths mime, and mime of a kind that asked more than it told. Ludlam's plot, for all the time it took up, never established a strong line of development, and it gained nothing when the line got tangled. Its worst offense, though, was one that Ludlam has consistently committed in the work of his that I've seen. He takes classic situations for granted as humorous in themselves and plays them for meanings that are irrelevant or private. The juxtaposition of what is classic and what is Ludlam is supposed to supply the outré comedy that Ludlam is prized for. For me, it is the comedy of the amateur who mistakes his own interest in a subject for a valid comment on it. The libretto Ludlam presented Taylor with might have been one of the discards from his own wishful Ridiculous Theatrical Company; no one but a dreamer would have thought these witless stereotypes appropriate to a professional company. The mystery is why Taylor went ahead and staged the thing. My guess is that he wanted to do a mime piece, preferably a comic one, and mistrusted his ability to devise a scenario. Perhaps he was taken in by the appearance of audacity in Ludlam's conceptions or by the praise Ludlam has received. In any case, the one thing the experiment makes clear is that Ludlam can't write for anyone else the way he writes for himself—there's no outré spark in the material. Taylor's solution has been to fan what spark there is into a raging one-joke bonfire. We have lechery in old men, lechery in the young, lechery in nuns. And, of course, there are snakes rampant and swords going limp. Much as Taylor revels in excess, this really isn't his kind of humor. He can be both wilder and more subtle than he is allowed to be here; his Daffy Duck silly streak isn't released by Ludlam's simple substitution of action for speech, and, because the gags don't build out of each other, he can't sustain characterization or create the feeling of connectedness that makes gags pay off. Objectives like these would have made sense of the whole enterprise. Ludlam confines Taylor's objectives to those of a rescue operation. Since the première, the mime has been clarified and the cast has gained in technical control. But in this mime play the outstanding moments are still the dances and set pieces: Victoria Uris's snake-handling cooch dance; Christopher Gillis's tumbling act, with Lila York playing *en travestie* the potty, diminutive General Havoc.



BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA

Not only Taylor seems confined. Gene Moore, who is the most inventive designer to become associated with dance since Santo Loquasto, has stuck to tacky-traditional on this assignment. His set is a static arrangement of clotheslines and bedsheets in glum pastels; his costumes, more inspired, are variations on the usual capes and pantaloons. There are a few "touches," mostly in the props: the aphrodisiac is dispensed from a plastic bottle of what looks like a household cleaner, and Victoria Uris does her dance with a bright-green stuffed snake that could have come from a cheap toy store. These irresolute bits of junk are Moore's only concession to what is most coarse and Ludlamite in the material. Further than that, one feels, he simply couldn't bring himself to go.

Moore is also the designer of "Images," in which Taylor seems to collaborate across the centuries with the artists of ancient Crete; of "Dust," which is Taylor's latest terroristic account of illness as metaphor; and of "Airs," the season's new ballet, which seems to have no subject other than lyrical dancing. Like "Aureole," Taylor's best-known work, "Airs" is set to selections from Handel; as if to stress the relation between the two, "Aureole" was on the bills again this season. The relation, which is immediately striking even if you haven't seen "Aureole" recently, is of the simple to the complex—a relation that is also true of the two scores. "Airs" begins like a sequel, with a few strokes reminiscent, in their looseness, of "Aureole." Suddenly, with a duet for Ruth Andrien and Elie Chaib, we are caught up in a more involved harmony between dancing and music, a more dangerous momentum. Now there are many rapid strokes in a pliant rhythm, one dancer taking up where the other left off. It is a dance shared as a continuum by two, and it looks like Taylor's "answer" to the Farrell-Martins solos in Balanchine's "Chaconne." There's more, of course: duets between Carolyn Adams and Christopher Gillis, group dances, adagio solos for lone women which stand apart from the density of the main action. Taylor fills in more of his canvas this time than he usually does. When I first saw the piece, from a downstairs seat, it looked *too* dense, too steppy. From the balcony, it was spacious, clear, and completely absorbing. (Rule No. 1 to remember, especially at the City Center: When you can't see the floor, you can't see the ballet.) The architectural shape of "Airs" is hard to hold on to, and the ending looks provisional. No doubt there'll be changes. "Images" and "Dust" seemed disconnected in their first performances, too. "Cloven Kingdom" was actually diffuse. Now it's one of the most precisely focussed works in the repertory. It activates a

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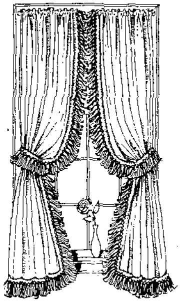

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leading Taylor theme: the fusion of angelic and bestial—man's opposite natures. Elegant partygoers, women and men, have furry Francis Bacon faces and fanged grins. This is what the choreography suggests. It's not in the costumes, which are primal enough in their own way: for the men, white tie and tails; for the women, chic Scott Barrie evening gowns with fantastic headdresses by John Rawlings—a dinner plate, a globe, a cube, a set of earmuffs—all made of mirrors and clamped on with chin straps. In the finale, which parodies the ageless faddishness of social dancing and, by implication, the atavistic pleasures of civilized society, everyone appears in this mad millinery or in what look like coffee-can helmets worn over bandaged faces.

The intensity of "Cloven Kingdom" does not build to a climax; it peaks in the "animal" dance for the quartet of men which has its antecedents in the diplomats' tango of "The Green Table." In *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue* covers of the same period may lie the inspiration for the glaceéd women. But then, in Taylor's earliest success, "Three Epitaphs" (also shown this season), human beings appear as lumps of phosphorescent mud, flashing light from mittened costumes faced with bits of mirror. (Designer: Robert Rauschenberg.) The women in "Airs" wear teal-blue shredded skirts; the men, leggings of the same color with rows of slits. The theme of the costumes is a kind of multiple pun on the title—fashionable whim, ventilation, ethereal freedom. Among working choreographers, only Taylor seems able to draw a consistent relevance of interpretation from his designers, just as he draws a consistent style and projection from his dancers.

—ARLENE CROCE

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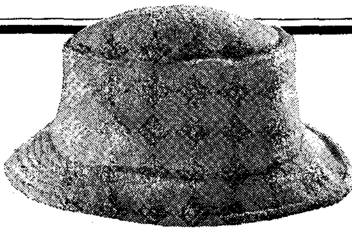

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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NO doubt about it: Beelzebub is boffo at the moment, ahead even of plastic sharks. Think of the money that has rolled in from "Rosemary's Baby," "The Exorcist," "Audrey Rose," "The Devil Within Her," "The Omen." And now there is a piece called "Damien: Omen II," directed by Don Taylor, which pushes the idea of diabolical possession to its limits. The hero of the original "Omen" was six when the film ended. Six seems to be an unlucky number. He was born at six o'clock on the sixth day of the sixth month. The little fiend incarnate, now thirteen, is in the hands of his Uncle Richard (William Holden, looking more and more gaunt as the film progresses) and his Aunt Ann, played by Lee Grant. His mother was played by Lee Remick, which only adds to the confusion.

Of all the books of the Bible that scriptwriters have read, Revelations seems to yield most. Both sections of "The Omen" rest for their mysticism on this doggerel pastiche:

When the Jews return to Zion
And a comet rips the sky;
And the Holy Roman Empire rises,
Then you and I must die.

From the eternal sea he rises,
Creating armies on either shore;
Turning man against his brother,
'Til man exists no more.

"Re-li-giosity," chanted some child, long ago, in her father's library, prowling through the complete Oxford English Dictionary, which was on the only shelf she could reach. Heaven knows what attracted her to the word. The euphony was pleasing, of course. And what else? These re-li-giosity pictures are characteristically about upper-middle-class families. I wonder what percentage of the class goes to church on Sunday. Certainly not as high a one as the percentage that sees these movies. "Audrey Rose" is typical in its choice of Marsha Mason and John Beck to play upper-middle-class parents who are distressed to observe their daughter, Ivy, beginning to act in a way that they feel to be rather odd, which is to put it mildly. Anthony Hopkins, that good actor, here acting none too well, has an occult complicity with Ivy. He hangs around her high school as an outsider with a strange influence on the child because he believes that Ivy is the reincarnation of his own daughter, Audrey Rose, who was killed in a car accident in Pittsburgh. Ivy was born two minutes later in New York, and two minutes is apparently not enough respite before a soul's reappearance. The lack of the proper time interval in the workings of the traffic systems of souls constitutes one of the hazards in these pictures about diabolism and reincarnation. A spirit needs a while to put its feet up. The wizardly children in these films seem to be suffering from spiritual jet lag. They are especially hysterical on their birthdays. Ivy goes into practically epileptic spasms on hers. Damien in "The Omen" manages, with the help of the devil within him, to have his nanny hang herself on his birthday, and not because she has been cutting a hundred jam sandwiches and toiling over layer cakes.

Damien Thorn is played this time around by Jonathan Scott-Taylor, a pretty boy with a hard-boiled-egg face and a nasty glare. Being now thirteen, he is said to have reached the age of manhood: which ropes the Jewish audience into a particularly silly Christian story. He is brought up by William Holden, playing the head of Thorn Industries, because his stepfather, Gregory Peck, was killed at the end of "The Omen." The Thorn brothers have done well. Gregory Peck was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he told us in his sonorous banqueting voice. Just what Thorn Industries does is obscure, but it has to do with the energy and food crises and is certainly of worldwide significance. Large ethical questions come up. It seems that the Thorn firm, up to here in electronics and computers, is so important that, by engendering a food shortage, it could blackmail the world into making it the major power. This possibility emerges and sinks again in the quickest underwater disappearance of a moral problem I have ever seen: Shaw would have made a play out of the dilemma. This, however, is not at all the main point made by the film, which has to do

"I believe in eggs, and I think that you all believe in eggs, too!"

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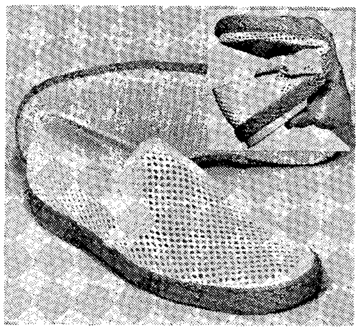

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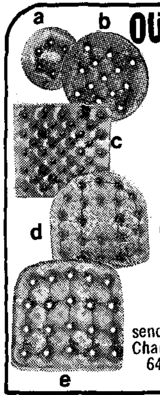

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with arcane catastrophes arising from the transportation of something called Yigael's wall. "Who was Yigael, exactly?" asks Mrs. Thorn. A man named Warren (Nicholas Pryor) explains, "He was a somewhat mysterious character—a monk, an exorcist, reputed to have lived in the thirteenth century. The story goes that Satan appeared to him and, not unexpectedly, he went out of his mind." A prize piece of opaque exegesis. The screenplay, by Stanley Mann and Mike Hodges, is so straight-faced that it might have been starched. Indeed, apart from William Holden's worried features and Sylvia Sidney's distinguished aging beauty as Damien's Aunt Marion, everyone's face seems to have been ironed. There is not much sign of either a crow's-foot or a laugh line on any of the women's faces: those laugh lines that Barry Humphries, the Australian falsetto monologuist, once delicately called "the dried-up riverbeds of old smiles."

These cultish demonic movies rely on several ambiguities, assumptions, and fears:

1. In dealing with the Antichrist, they by no means posit the existence of Christ.

2. In placing the Antichrist in the body of a child, they play on the universal adult fear of what a taciturn young being can be thinking. You feel that Damien could stare down the Gorgons without the faintest danger of collapsing into childish giggles.

3. By shock cuts, they create an anxiety in the audience that is not there in the text. In "Omen II," there are scenes set in a Middle Eastern cave containing Yigael's wall, a mural from which Yigael peers with eyes that look like a menacing advertisement for what contact lenses can do for you. There is an enormous pressure of occult panic. Even the sheep outside the cave graze nervously.

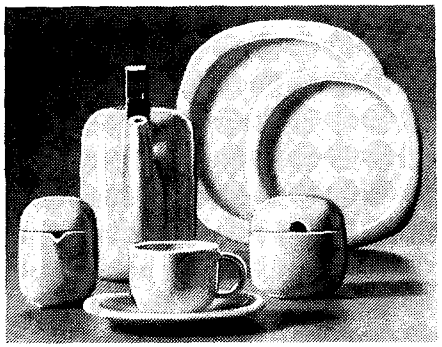
4. By their emphasis on misplaced children, these films play on every parent's fear that identification bracelets may have been muddled in the maternity hospital.

5. They play on a vulgar streak of antipopery that lingers in Anglo-Saxon countries. Perhaps the fact that Catholicism now yields the most potent idea of the Devil has led filmmakers to make hay with this prejudice.

6. By positioning Satanism in children's bodies, the films present an idea of goodness defiled. Young Damien looks like a della Robbia singer. Jonathan Scott-Taylor has been taught to gaze unblinkingly, but his role represents a primitive idea about virtue: that by adult systems of purgation and witchcraft it can be restored to children tarnished with Old Nick. Not one of these films presents an evil child, or even a badly brought-up child: simply a too young cadet coping with the troops of Satan.

7. By playing on a buried belief in diabolical possession, they proffer a gothic horror that has nothing to do with the hope of ridding our society of evil. We are losing the sense of that evil, though we know that there is something crucial to be cauterized. Films about possession rid us of private responsibility and encourage us to shove off the onus onto crowds. They involve us in a demonic ritual that is freighted with religiosity and an empty warranty of absolution.

ONLY a Frenchman could have made Bruno Gantillon's "Servant and Mistress," which is about a diplomat who comes home to collect a presumed inheritance from his dead uncle and finds that the huge estate has been bequeathed to his uncle's maid. The master gradually becomes the servant, putting up with every sort of humiliation, taking breakfast to Madame in his uncle's stupendous bedroom, polishing the shoes of one of her guests. The French are obsessed with role reversals: one thinks of Genet's "The Maids;" of Sartre's introduction to Henri Alleg's book about Algeria, "La Question." The film is accomplished in setting out to arouse distaste. It amounts to a study in callousness. In the first scene, the maid is sitting outside a bedroom playing solitaire and eating an apple while her bedridden employer draws his last, rattling breaths. Going into the bedroom and shutting his dead eyes with no particular piety, she carries on with eating the apple. Later on, she shakes a dust sheet off what seems to be a corpse with its feet upturned; it is revealed to be a Rolls, and the feet the famous Rolls radiator ornament. There is a dark compact between her and her returned new employer which is heavy with sensuality and hatred. She buys him a serving-man's wasp waistcoat and a chauffeur's hat, gets her hair done, insists on luxurious food, which she leaves untouched. The film is a lesson in goading, in punishment for past social ills that were far less than the ones she now imposes. Part of its Gallicism is that both players know they are participants in an elegant game leading nowhere. The woman is played by Andréa Ferréol, the man by Victor Lanoux, both with such deep-sunk im-



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passivity that you feel it would be as much a danger to wave a hand in front of their eyes as it would be to wake a somnambulist. Everything here is concerned with propriety, with a gavotte rhythm of life, with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. There is no ease, only contest. These are people who have will without moral force. One thinks with longing of the humor and the sense of absurdity which Genet brings to the same sort of task. The film is not trivial in itself; its solemnity makes it so. One can't build a convincing tale about absence of affection without showing flashes of the possibility of its presence. Such flashes are the reason that Strindberg's "Miss Julie" and "The Stronger" are so stirring. Bergman's "Persona" is also about a contest, but the pity his film extends to his characters transforms it into one of the most piercing works of our century about the quenching of rivalry by love. One can warm one's hands in front of such a picture. "Servant and Mistress" is not a film to dismiss, by any means: a little humor, some amplitude of spirit toward its characters would have rescued the endeavor instead of leaving one with the impulse to give both servant and mistress the sack.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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MR. KAZIN, MEET MR. BANDY

[*Two entries in a Times Book Review feature entitled "My Summer: Authors Tell Their Plans"*]

ALFRED KAZIN ("New York Jew")

Since Stanford has all its flowers out and no taxi driver is yelling and the local subway has lost all its graffiti, I also plan to saturate myself in such delicious books as "The Voyage of the Beagle" and Bakunin's "A Guide to Terrorism for 20th-Century Innocents."

WAY BANDY ("Designing Your Face")

Summers have always been important times for me. I seem to measure out my life by the summers.

My favorite weather is hot with very little wind. Space, clean sand, blue skies and waters symbolize for me joyous good times and good health.

The six weeks or so of each summer that I spend at my old house in Nantucket seem to be a reward for having survived winter in Manhattan. Two years ago I wrote my first book there, and this summer I plan to spend mornings working on my second book.

In the afternoons I'll read, paint and slouch around the garden, maybe even summon the energy for a bicycle ride in the country.

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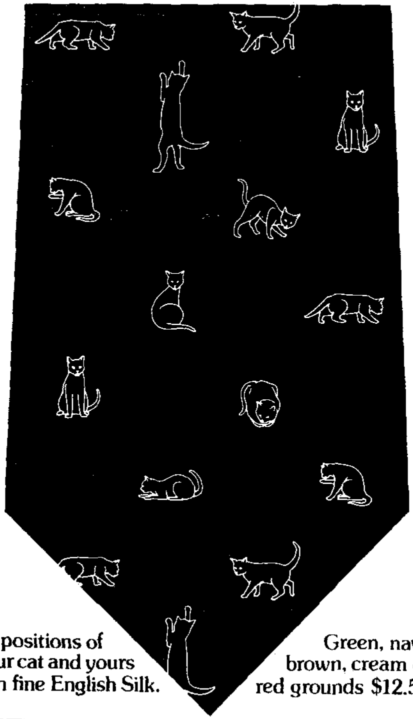

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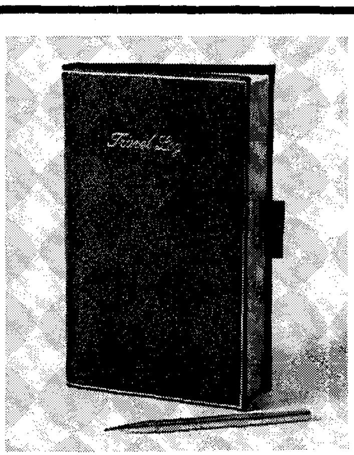
THE RACE TRACK

A Crown for Affirmed

AFTER as dramatic a struggle as this watcher of horses has seen in years, Harbor View Farm's Affirmed, ridden by eighteen-year-old Steve Cauthen, beat Alydar, his magnificent rival, by a head in a furious finish in the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday—and won the 1978 Triple Crown. It was a race that left the 65,417 spectators in the crowded stands breathless. An old-time horseman matched it for thrills with the Man o' War-John P. Grier duel in the Dwyer Handicap in 1920. Only five three-year-olds came out for the hundred-and-tenth running of America's blue ribbon of racing. Seconds after the start, in front of the stand, it looked as though we'd be seeing the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness all over again, for Affirmed was breezing in front. But at the far turn the picture changed. Alydar, running without blinkers for the first time in twelve starts, began to move up and drew level with Affirmed. There was still a mile to go, but the two colts stayed nearly even and raced all out down the stretch, their riders going at it hammer and tongs. Velasquez, who rode Alydar, is said to be the strongest finisher of the boys at the Big A, but in that drive to the wire Cauthen was his match. Horses seem to run willingly for Cauthen, which is always a help. As they passed the winning post, Darby Creek Road was third, thirteen lengths behind. Affirmed paid a $3.20 mutuel, and Alydar was $2.20 to place. There was no show betting. Affirmed, by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You, is the eleventh horse to win the Triple Crown, and this is the first time it has been won in succeeding years; as you'll remember, Seattle Slew won it in 1977.

There seems no possible doubt that Louis Wolfson has the horse of the year in Affirmed—winner of his seven starts so far this season, including the Triple Crown, for which he warmed up with the $150,000 Santa Anita Derby and the $250,000 Hollywood Derby. When he won the Preakness, on May 20th, first money of $136,200 brought his earnings to $1,023,227, making him the twenty-first horse in American racing to earn a million dollars. Purses being what they are these days, Affirmed is the youngest horse ever to become a millionaire. Winning his share of the Belmont purse, $110,580, moved him up to



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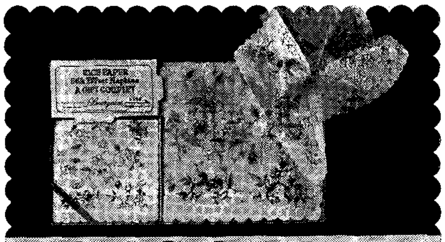

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$1,133,807. That is more than some hallowed horses made in a lifetime. As a result, an unexpectedly lively discussion has sprung up among racing folk with regard to Affirmed's merits compared to the famous horses of the past, and some pretty wild opinions have been expressed. It seems to me, as one who does not believe that achievement on the racecourse can be measured by the number of dollars earned, that Affirmed has done everything asked of him and done it well. I'd prefer to reserve further judgment until next season, but good luck to him.

No doubt Affirmed will now be rested up. He has had a long campaign, and may not run again until the $100,000 Travers Stakes, at a mile and a quarter, at Saratoga in August. Alydar may turn up there, too. Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed, reported that his horse came out of the Belmont in perfect condition—ready for anything. Incidentally, Hollywood Park announced that it would add $100,000 to the $200,000 purse for the Swaps Stakes, on July 2nd, if Affirmed was a starter. There is a lot of talk around about a match between Affirmed and Seattle Slew, but to date no track has announced plans for one and I hope none does. It would be a sorry show, for Affirmed would beat Slew by more lengths than J. O. Tobin did in the Swaps Stakes last year.

Ever since the Preakness, Steve Cauthen, who is the youngest jockey ever to have won the Triple Crown, has been busy autographing copies of "The Kid"—an interesting, well-written account of his life and times, by Pete Axthelm, sports editor at *Newsweek*.

CAESAR'S WISH won the Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park last Sunday. Lakeville Miss was second in the race—the middle event in the Triple Crown for fillies—and Tempest Queen was third.

BILL SHOEMAKER, whom the American Racing Manual calls "the world's leading jockey"—he has ridden 7,445 winning horses and has earned more than sixty-five million dollars—had his first mount in the English Derby at Epsom Downs last Wednesday and nearly won it. Riding Hawaiian Sound, he set the pace for most of the mile and a half over the horseshoe-shaped uphill-and-downhill course. Turning Tattenham Corner, he looked the winner all over, but Shirley Heights—by Mill Reef, Paul Mellon's 1971 Derby winner—finished with a great rush to the post and won by a head.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE MULLEIN ON THE LAKE

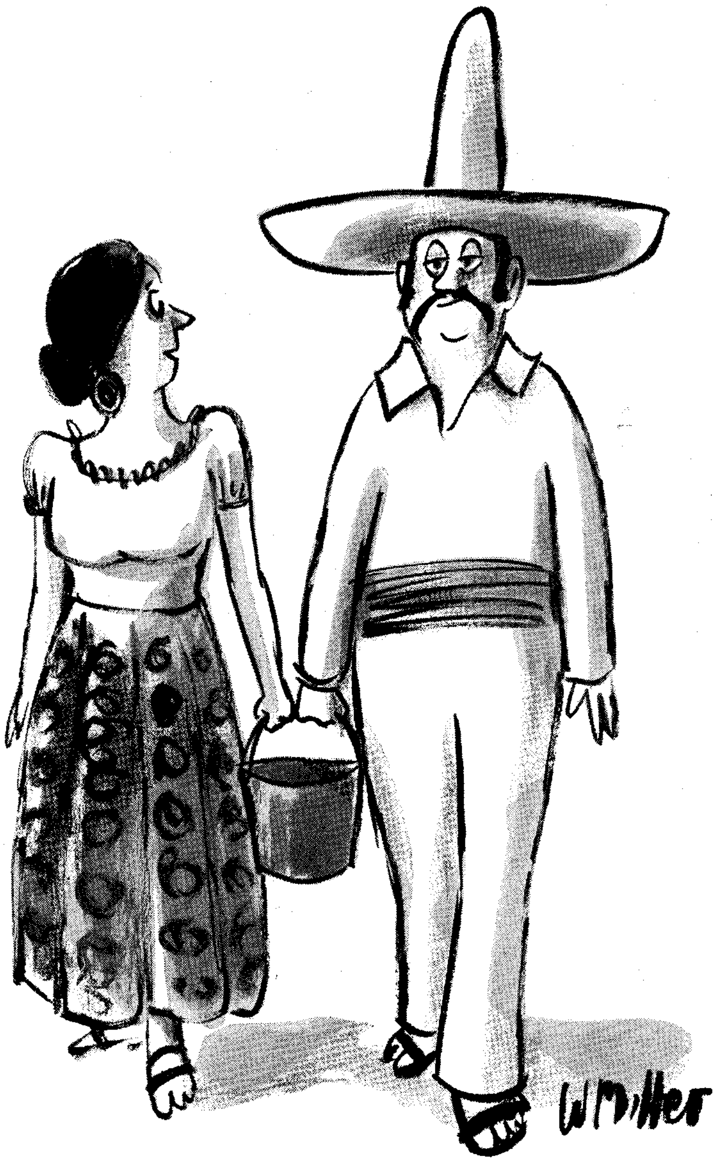
A COUPLE of decades after Central Park opened, in 1858, the windblown seeds of a vast variety of plant life had taken root in the vast amounts of fertile soil that had been provided for the site, and in an 1879 issue of *Harper's* a writer reported, "Nearly every wildflower of the field finds its congenial haunt there." His statement conjures up a vision of arbutus, bloodroot, columbine, hepatica, and trillium nodding in the breeze within the stone-walled rectangle in those sedate Victorian days. The bits of bloom dotting the tangles and the greensward of the Park have been much diminished since that time, though one spring about forty years ago when I walked through some of the less frequented parts to see what I might find in the way of the showier wild flowers—those often fragile beauties that normally grow in secluded situations and are the joy of woodland strollers at the start of the growing season—I found the adder's-tongue, or dogtooth violet; the jack-in-the-pulpit; the rue anemone; and the wild geranium.

Since 1969, I have made annual forays into the Park, and of those four only the dogtooth violet still hangs on, in the northwest quadrant—its pendant yellow trumpet and mottled leaves erupting there, often in very early spring, from marshy ground. Yet nature has refused to be crowded out of an area whose earth still gets its allotment of sunshine and rain, and in the course of my dozens of visits I have come across more than fifty kinds of wild flowers. Dedicated gardeners may refer to some of them as weeds. But they are wild flowers nevertheless: all but two, the Japanese knotweed and the scilla, an Old World native, are included among the nearly thirteen hundred species listed in the authoritative "Field Guide to Wildflowers of Northeastern and North-central North America," by Roger Tory Peterson and his collaborator, the late Margaret McKenny.

When warmth arrived early in the year, I would start out in March to see what had poked through the ground. Besides the dogtooth violet (not a true violet at all but a member of the lily family, with spotted leaves that resemble a snake's skin), I would almost certainly glimpse the dandelion's golden star, and perhaps the small white florets of chickweed. Somewhat later in the spring, I might find the star-of-Bethlehem—an immigrant, like so many of the plants in Peterson's book. In ancient Palestine, where it was extremely common, it was called dove's dung—doubtless because its white flowers shrouded the hillsides and open spaces until they looked as though they had been blanched with bird droppings. The plant's roots, when they have been properly treated, can be dried, ground up, and mixed with flour to make bread. The Second Book of Kings (6:25) says that during a famine in Samaria a measure of the plant—about two quarts—sold for five pieces of silver.

As the spring grew older, more flowers would appear, most of them lasting well into the summer—and, in some cases, even into the fall. Among them would be the buttercup, one of whose survival mechanisms is an acrid, stinging juice that makes it unpalatable to grazing animals. Others would be the cattail, whose spikes of brown flowers can usually be seen rising from the north end of the Pond, not far from the Plaza Hotel; the clovers, red and white (the former is the kind that is used for forage); ground ivy, or gill-over-ground, which was introduced to this country by early settlers and used, before the introduction of hops, to impart a bitter taste to beer; Queen Anne's lace, or the wild carrot, from which the garden vegetable is believed to have been derived; sorrel, with its small pink flower and sour taste, much prized in Belgium for cooking; and spiderwort, with its violet-tinted blooms, the "wort" in the name being Old English for root or plant. One of my loveliest memories dates from a day in May. Crossing Burns Lawn, a stretch of turf on the west side of the Park, in the company of a Scottish friend, I came upon a carpet of azure scilla flowers lying like a haze over the sod. My companion said they put him in mind of shoals of bluebells in his homeland.

A surprise to me in the group of plants that bloom from the spring onward was the nightshade, an inconspicuous growth that I have now found to be quite common in the Park. It is a cosmopolitan plant, with a small white five-pointed flower. In this country, it is known as deadly nightshade, for animals ingesting it to the extent of one-hundredth part of their



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body weight are subject to apathy and trembling, followed by paralysis that may result in death. Within the Park, it fortunately poses no threat to livestock.

SUMMER, of course, always brought the most flowers, and some of these, too, would last into the fall. Three were representatives of the thirty-odd species of the genus *Aster*—so named from the starlike appearance of the flowers—that are known in this part of the country. The ones in the Park would be among those that bear tiny blooms, mere white and yellow asterisks compared to the magnificent blue, white, and yellow luminaries to be found strewing country meadows and wasteland after the summer solstice. One of the largest flowers on my list is the bindweed—a vine that I found on the west side of the Park, near the storage yard about opposite Eighty-first Street, snaking through the grass and climbing adjacent shrubs. The blossoms resemble white morning glories. The pink flower clusters of bouncing Bet would be widespread, and from time to time I would find the daisy more formally known as the ox-eye daisy, that familiar ornament of our waysides. Perhaps the clearest blue of any bloom I ever found radiated from some dayflowers. The plant grew low. One small white petal drooped down from the two larger blue ones. Of the many species of goldenrod occurring in the Northeast, I would spot several—all rather unostentatious examples. They, like a number of the other flora, belong to the composite family, perhaps the most recently evolved of the flowering plants. Yellow-colored hawkweed, with its small dandelionlike flower, turned up off and on, too.

Another summer flower I would find was knotweed, both Japanese and native. The Japanese variety, despite some efforts to restrict it, has taken over much ground. In July and August, parts of the Park can be almost covered with its clusters of minuscule white blooms. The plant seems to be living up to its reputation of being an aggressive weed, nearly impossible to check once it has been established. By contrast, the native knotweed I found, with its small pink flowers, is sparse and inoffensive. Milkweed, bearing pleasant clusters of pink or dusty-rose flowers, blooms at this time of year, as do mullein and mustard. Both the latter have yellow blossoms. Mullein is a lordly, rodlike plant, quite large for the Park. The one I saw most recently stood near the western edge of the Lake. In summer, if not earlier, the plantain, too, makes its appearance. This is common wherever there are lawns. Suburbanites detest it. Flat, oval leaves surround buds tightly arranged in a center spike that resembles nothing so much as a small, green, beardless ear of wheat. But if one pulls it off and examines it under a hand glass, one usually finds here and there over its surface minute flowerets that are like lovely white orchidaceous trumpets, often fringed with purple. Another flower that rewards closer inspection is the broad, flat white cluster of Queen Anne's lace. From a distance, it appears to be only a wide, uniformly creamy plateau. But if it is examined carefully, a tiny single dark floret is almost always found to lie at the center. The dazzle surrounding it makes it look black at first, but under a hand glass it usually resolves into a rich dark purple. Pokeweed, wormwood, and yarrow also blossom in summer—pokeweed and yarrow with white flowers, wormwood with green.

The only parasite on my wild-flower list is dodder, which starts blooming in July. It is a plant without leaves or green color, the body structure consisting of long, tangled yellow or orange threads, which it wraps around its hosts to draw nourishment from their tissue. The flowers of dodder are small and waxy white. Not long ago, I glimpsed some of the plant in the bed of ivy in front of the Arsenal.

Among the flowers that continue into the fall—some of them, when the air remains soft and mild, well into November—are gallant soldier (*Galinsoga*), with white flowers; Mexican tea and lamb's-quarters, with green; and smartweed, with pink.

The commonest color among the flowers I have found is white. Yellow comes next. White and yellow flowers were the first to evolve when flowering plants started to emerge—in the Cretaceous period of the Mesozoic era, a hundred and thirty-five million years ago. Today, they still rule the floral landscape. After white and yellow come the pink-to-red and blue-to-violet flowers, in, as it happens, equal numbers. Very close behind them are the green flowers. My list includes only one brown flower, the cattail, and one flower ranging from green to brown—the curled dock, which is among the twelve weeds found most frequently throughout the world. For example, I have found the camomile, one variety of goldenrod, honewort, horse nettle, and peppergrass, all with white flowers; the beggar-ticks, butter-and-eggs, two varieties of goldenrod, purslane, and hop clover, with yellow; the burdock

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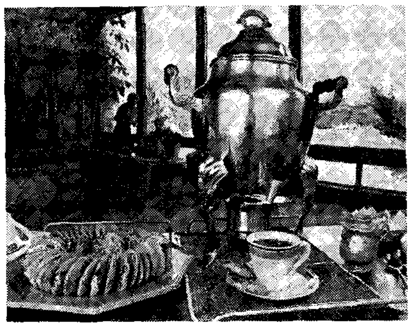

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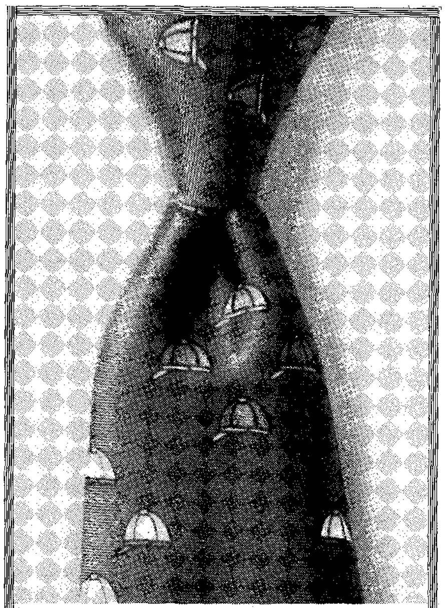
and tearthumb, with pink; the loosestrife, with purple; the ground ivy, with blue; and the clearweed, mugwort, and spurge, with green.

PERHAPS surprisingly, most of the wild-flower plants on my list have tested medicinal properties. Old herbals record those properties at length. And today modern volumes have made such remedies available to the organic crowd, which is so strongly drawn just now to the artless products of the earth. (Of course, some of the plants have long been officially recognized as therapeutic. For instance, the United States Pharmacopoeia has for some years listed the root of the curled dock as a gently tonic astringent, laxative, and alterative—a medicine that gradually changes a morbid state into one of health.) Among those in my collection which have been used remedially are camomile, as an insect repellent and an antispasmodic; the horse nettle, to treat tetanus; and oil from the seed of Mexican tea, to purge worms from animals and people. Even ragweed has a helpful side, yielding an extract that can be taken for intestinal disturbances. The parasite dodder joins the group, having no fewer than five beneficial roles; for example, it acts as a fever reducer when it is placed in a bath.

Cookery, too, has uses for the plants I have found in the Park. Young curled dock leaves are tasty when cooked like greens, and so are the new sprouts of chickweed, which, being a little bland, are improved by the addition of sprigs of peppergrass. The late Euell Gibbons, whose books have done much to draw attention to edible wild plants, says of lamb's-quarters, "It is a close relative of garden spinach and . . . by far the better plant of the two. It is richer in Vitamin C, far richer in Vitamin A, and, while not quite as rich as spinach in iron and potassium, it is still a good source of these important minerals. But the area where lamb's-quarters really excels is as a source of calcium. Those 309 milligrams of calcium per 100 grams make this the richest source of calcium found among the green leafy vegetables listed in the *Composition of Foods*," a publication of the Department of Agriculture. He recommends that it be eaten as a salad. (Culinary experimenters are, however, warned against gathering their stocks from Central Park; removal of plants or their parts therefrom is illegal.) Perhaps the bitterest flavoring agent that I have come across is common wormwood—only a shade less bitter



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than its cousin absinthe wormwood, which is one of the bitterest of all herbs.

The Park plants have been involved with man in other ways, some serviceable, some merely odd. Bouncing Bet, a soap source that was highly prized by the Colonists, is still recommended for washing cuts on outings when soap is unavailable. The lather comes from all parts of the plant, whose less common name is soapwort. The trefoil leaf of white clover, whose heads were used as a supplement in making bread in times of famine in Ireland, has been said to be the original shamrock that St. Patrick used to illustrate the Holy Trinity. The root of goldenrod contains a yellow juice that is suitable for dyeing cloth naturally—a process that handicrafters deem far superior to the chemical method—while the stalk's milky juice contains latex, from which Thomas Edison produced a form of rubber. (It was too expensive to become commercial.) During the Second World War, when the fluff of the kapok tree of the Far East was unobtainable, milkweed floss was used to stuff life jackets.

The wild flowers I have found each year have generally been undersized examples of their kind. And not all the same flowers have appeared each year. Sometimes certain species were missing but returned eventually; some have never come back. On the other hand, sometimes new species materialized. But the Park has deteriorated badly in the last few years. This is partly because of the heavy human traffic, which makes it the most frequented city park of its size in the world, and partly because of lack of money to provide the enormous amount of maintenance needed. Thus, the space in which wild flowers can grow has continually lessened. I was particularly shocked on trips this year to see widespread decay. Between Cherry Hill and the west shore of the Lake, for example, square rods—not yards—of earth were bare of turf and washing away under rains. In the Ramble, the wildest part of the Park, the vegetation was in a sorry state, and many walkways had been undermined and lay in pieces. Here and there across the Park, in sad little out-of-the-way plots and grassy scrub, I still was able to find some blooms. But the Park of that long-ago *Harper's* writer seems remote indeed today.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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BOOKS

Richard the Bold

"RN: THE MEMOIRS OF RICHARD NIXON" (Grosset & Dunlap; $19.95) is a huge, cluttered, fetid warehouse of a book—a storage place for all the Nixons there ever were, in fact or in fancy, except the Nixon we have all come to know. There is, of course, no trace here of the hustler, the con artist, the hit man. What we have is Richard the Bold, Richard the Just, Richard the Wise, and here and there some whiffs of Richard the Avenger. There is the endlessly put-upon Nixon: the victim of Communists and liberals, of the "pack mentality" in Congress, of inept public relations, of student crazies, of the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. and the State Department, of the Kennedys, Nelson Rockefeller, Daniel Ellsberg, Martha Mitchell, Ramsey Clark, Jack Anderson, Jane Fonda, of the hundreds on the "enemies list"—the names would fill pages in a telephone directory. And, always, Nixon the victim of the media. Did anyone ever have reason to doubt his word? Well, maybe, but that was because he "inherited" Lyndon Johnson's "credibility gap," just as he inherited a war, a mismanaged economy, and a disloyal bureaucracy. He, Nixon, was charged with the "debt" of Johnson's "dissembling." Another Nixon, the proudest Nixon, is the global strategist, the man behind Henry Kissinger, who was the wisely chosen instrument of Nixon foreign policy. And there is the long-suffering Vice-President, who minded the store while Dwight Eisenhower was practicing chip shots on the White House lawn; Eisenhower was a genial but naïve and inattentive soldier, often in need of guidance and instruction from his young lieutenant, who at times received help from John Foster Dulles in keeping everything from going to pot. And a host of other Nixons—the anti-poverty warrior, the civil-rights enthusiast, the friend of culture who brought Isaac Stern and Frank Sinatra to the White House (Sinatra had "tears in his eyes when he thanked me afterward;" a lot of moisture in these memoirs, but the tears are of joy, not sorrow), the God-fearing Quaker, friend of Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale, the bring-us-together champion of unity and brotherhood, the dutiful son, the devoted husband, the affectionate, indulgent father who could withstand any kind of abuse but was always fretting about the effect it would have on "Pat and the girls." (There is more here on each of his daughters' weddings than on the grave "crisis" in Chile, which is covered in little more than a page.) And Nixon the indefatigable tourist: "We walked through castles and cathedrals in Spain; we explored the ruins of the Parthenon in Athens and of the Forum in Rome; we rode in gondolas in Venice," etc., etc. Hundreds of postcards.

Some of the Nixons seem to be strangers to the others and to the author. (Not much doubt that Nixon wrote this book, or most of it; the whining is authentic, pure self-parody.) In 1961, he had a talk with John Kennedy about the mess in Laos. Kennedy didn't think "we ought to get involved." Hearing this, Nixon was "surprised and disappointed." He had assumed that Kennedy agreed with him that "the Communist threat was indivisible, and unless it was resisted everywhere, there was really no point in resisting it anywhere." This from the Nixon of détente, the good friend of Leonid Brezhnev, Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and that bully fellow the President of Stalinist Rumania. (Nixon ended the conversation with Kennedy by assuring him of support if he did move in Laos, and left the Oval Office with the feeling that "I had at least lightened his burden.") The Nixon who in 1952 spoke of Adlai Stevenson as a graduate of Dean Acheson's College of Cowardly Communist Containment describes an unfriendly story about one of his own aides as "McCarthyism at its very worst." The aide was Dwight Chapin, the White House appointments secretary, who hired the dirty-tricks specialist Donald Segretti and served eight months for perjury.

Nixon is a man of some intelligence—not of a high order, but enough to manage his survival. One would suppose that from his experience at the center of so many storms he could provide some kind of insight into the political process in his time. But there is nothing worthy of being called an idea

"Oh, good! We're both eclectic."

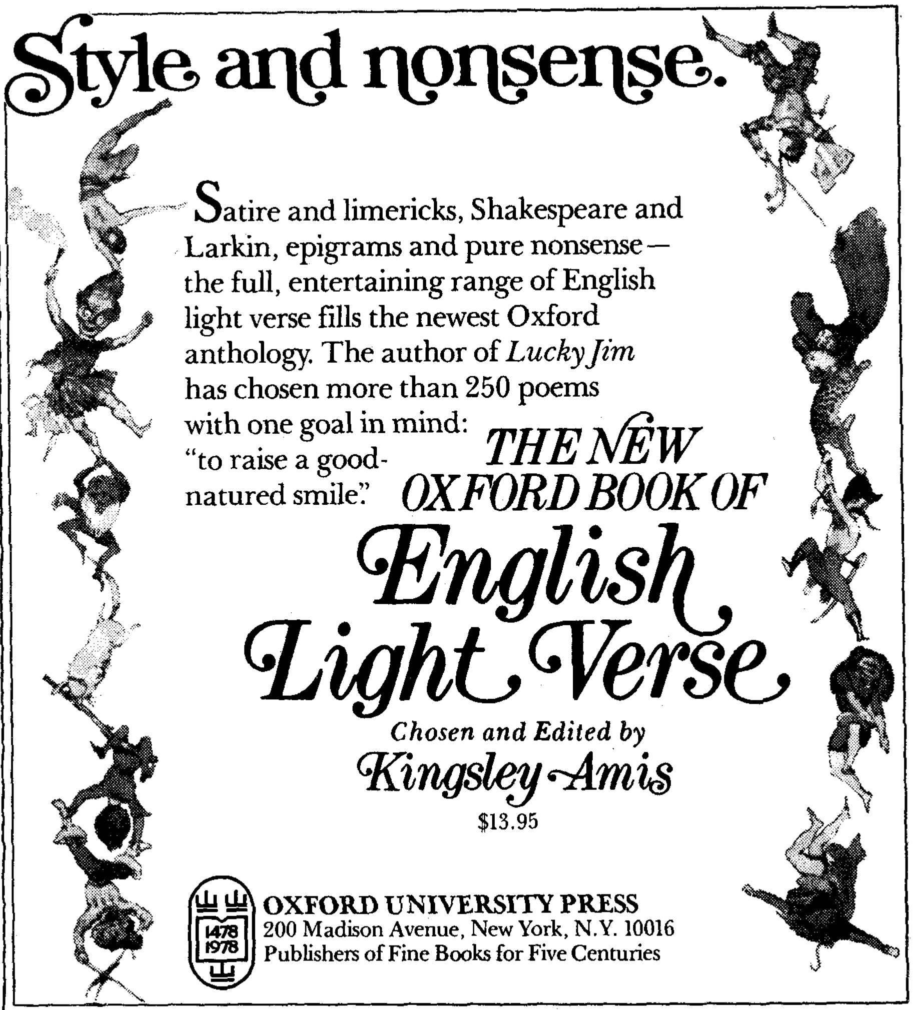
in this four-pound ego trip. Nixon is incapable of reflection. He can't stand back and take a hard look at anything or anybody, least of all himself. He is very fond of the word "ironic," but there is no trace of irony here, no sense of paradox. As for truth, who knows? When he is scoring against others, he relies heavily on his diaries. They seem a bit too pat, too accurate in prophecy. One suspects they are ex post facto, put together while putting this book together. The book is full of compliments he says he received, and the most lavish of these are from the dead—Eisenhower, Dulles, Johnson, Kennedy, Thomas Dewey, Herbert Hoover, and many others. John Chancellor, the NBC commentator, once played a neat trick on Nixon. The two men were chatting just before Nixon was to leave for Europe, where he was to see Mariano Rumor, the Italian Premier. Chancellor asked the President if he knew Premier Rumor well, giving the name its Anglicized pronunciation. Ah, yes, Nixon said, he'd known Rumor for some time. Chancellor then asked if he had known Rumor's predecessor, Leak. Of course, Nixon said, he'd also been on good terms with Premier Leak. That's our ex-President and twenty-buck memoirist.

—RICHARD ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EXECUTION OF MAYOR YIN AND OTHER STORIES FROM THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL REVOLUTION, by Chen Jo-hsi, translated from the Chinese by Nancy Ing and Howard Goldblatt (Indiana University Press; $8.95). Chen Jo-hsi grew up in Taiwan and attended graduate school in the United States. Full of enthusiasm for the Chinese Cultural Revolution, she and her husband moved from this country to the People's Republic in 1966; seven years later, they departed (with two children), bitterly disillusioned. These eight stories, written afterward, suggest that one cannot understand the nightmare of China unless one has lived there for some time and then left. Fear and hypocrisy deform every thought and action: A mother slaps her four-year-old son back and forth in the face when she is told that he has shouted gleefully with a playmate, "Chairman Mao is a rotten egg!," because the child's innocent prattle may jeopardize the family's status and brand him as a "reactionary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since childhood." Unfortunately, except for a complex central character, each story is peopled with caricatures: virtues and vices are portrayed by a simple code of physical features and gestures, as in a comic book or wall poster. Chen Jo-hsi has adopted the reductive techniques of propaganda to promote her own dissenting view, but they only impair her credibility—an interesting, if accidental, twist.

GENERAL

REMBRANDT'S HOUSE, by Anthony Bailey (Houghton Mifflin; $13.95). This book had its genesis, the author tells us, some twenty years ago in a confrontation with the penetrating gaze of the artist in the 1658 self-portrait in the Frick Collection. Time has in no way dulled the impact of that encounter. Rather, it has fired Mr. Bailey's interest to the pitch of obsession—to an intoxication with Rembrandt van Rijn that reaches out to everything that touched or was touched by the man. Rembrandt's house is here (all four floors of it, along with an inventory of its contents), and so are his street, his Amsterdam, his favorite rural walks, his colleagues, his fellow-townsmen, his Holland and its place in the seventeenth-century world. An example: Mention of Rembrandt's neighbor, the Sephardic Jewish scholar Manasseh ben Israel, produces a chapter on the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal. Mr. Bailey, moreover, has lived in Amsterdam; examined as many as possible of Rembrandt's two thousand drawings, six hundred paintings, and three hundred etchings; and read (it would seem) all the enormous Rembrandt literature. The result is a little overwhelming—a profligacy of information, reflection, and appreciation—but Mr. Bailey, for all his addiction, has himself under control, and there is not a word too much. Illustrated with sixty-four reproductions of (mostly) drawings and etchings, but including the seminal self-portrait.

A PRIME MINISTER ON PRIME MINISTERS, by Harold Wilson (Summit; $15). The former Prime Minister writes with charm and pith, tucking in all sorts of practical political assessments. Like everybody else, he counts Sir Robert Walpole, who served from 1721 to 1742, as the first Prime Minister (although the British did not officially use that job description until 1878), and he takes

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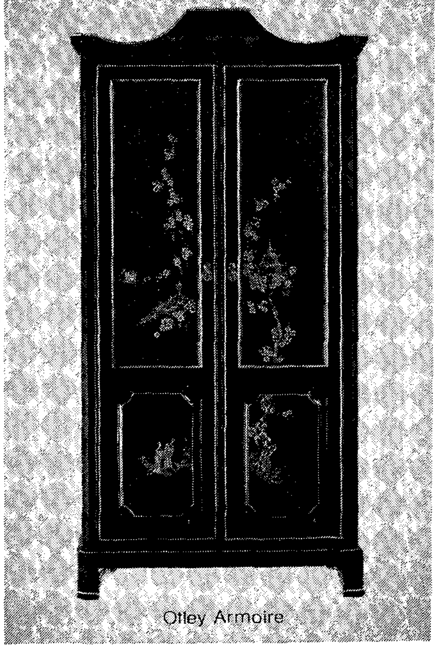

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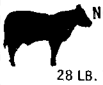

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us from him down through Harold Macmillan, though he cannot help referring to some of the experiences of Macmillan's successors, including himself. When he deals with men he knew, he has marvellous firsthand anecdotes—one, about Sir Winston Churchill, is deeply affecting as well as funny. Everything Wilson says about his precedessors is fair, lively, and stimulating. Thickly illustrated.

MENCKEN: A STUDY OF HIS THOUGHT, by Charles A. Fecher (Knopf; $15). The author, a devoted, though not necessarily devout, Menckenian, may have started out to write a study of Mencken's thinking, but he has wound up with a full-scale critical biography, and a good one. The "thought" that Mr. Fecher submits to examination turns out to be mostly Mencken's opinions. For all his untrammelled critical writing, and for all his strenuous unorthodoxy, Mencken was at bottom an anti-intellectual. He rejected most systems of philosophy (the big exception was Nietzsche, who cannot fairly be said to have had a system); he ridiculed Marx, Freud, Veblen, William James, and John Dewey; and his respect for the classical giants was expressed by his characterization of Dante as a "wop boob." As for religions, Mencken held them all to be frauds of various magnitudes. Mr. Fecher rightly sees Mencken as one of the stylistic masters of American prose and as a humorist in a class with Mark Twain, and he gives him his due as a nurseryman to new literary talent. He reminds us, though, that Mencken seemed to tire of this role in mid-career, for, having championed such writers as Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Willa Cather, he then turned on Hemingway, Steinbeck ("full of pink hooey"), and Faulkner.

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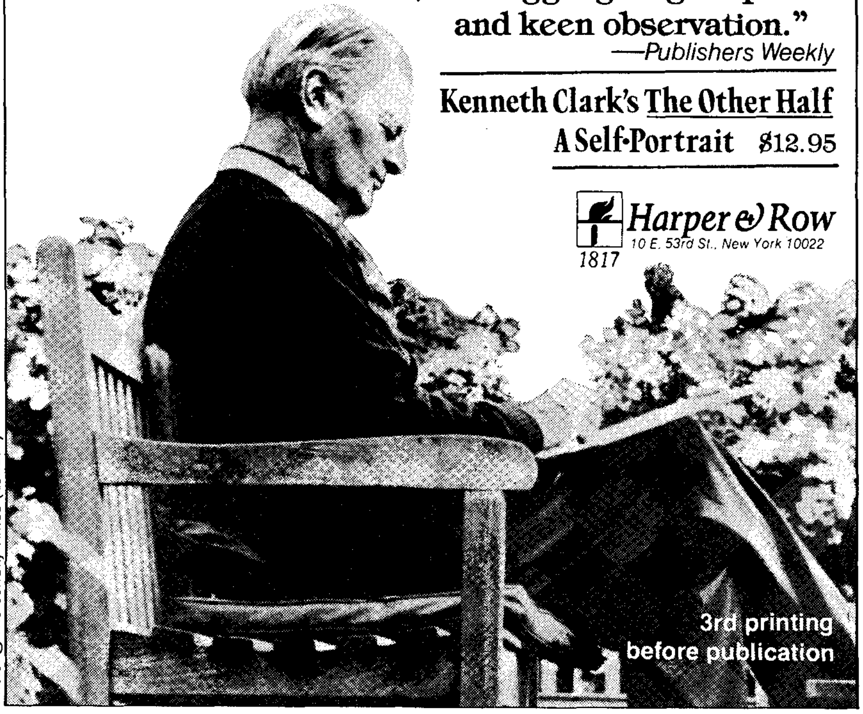

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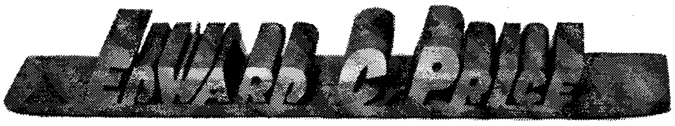

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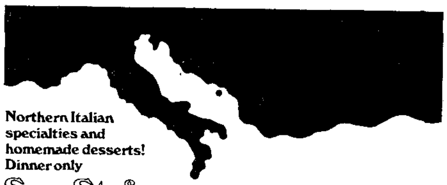

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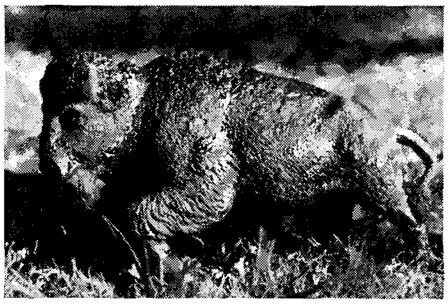

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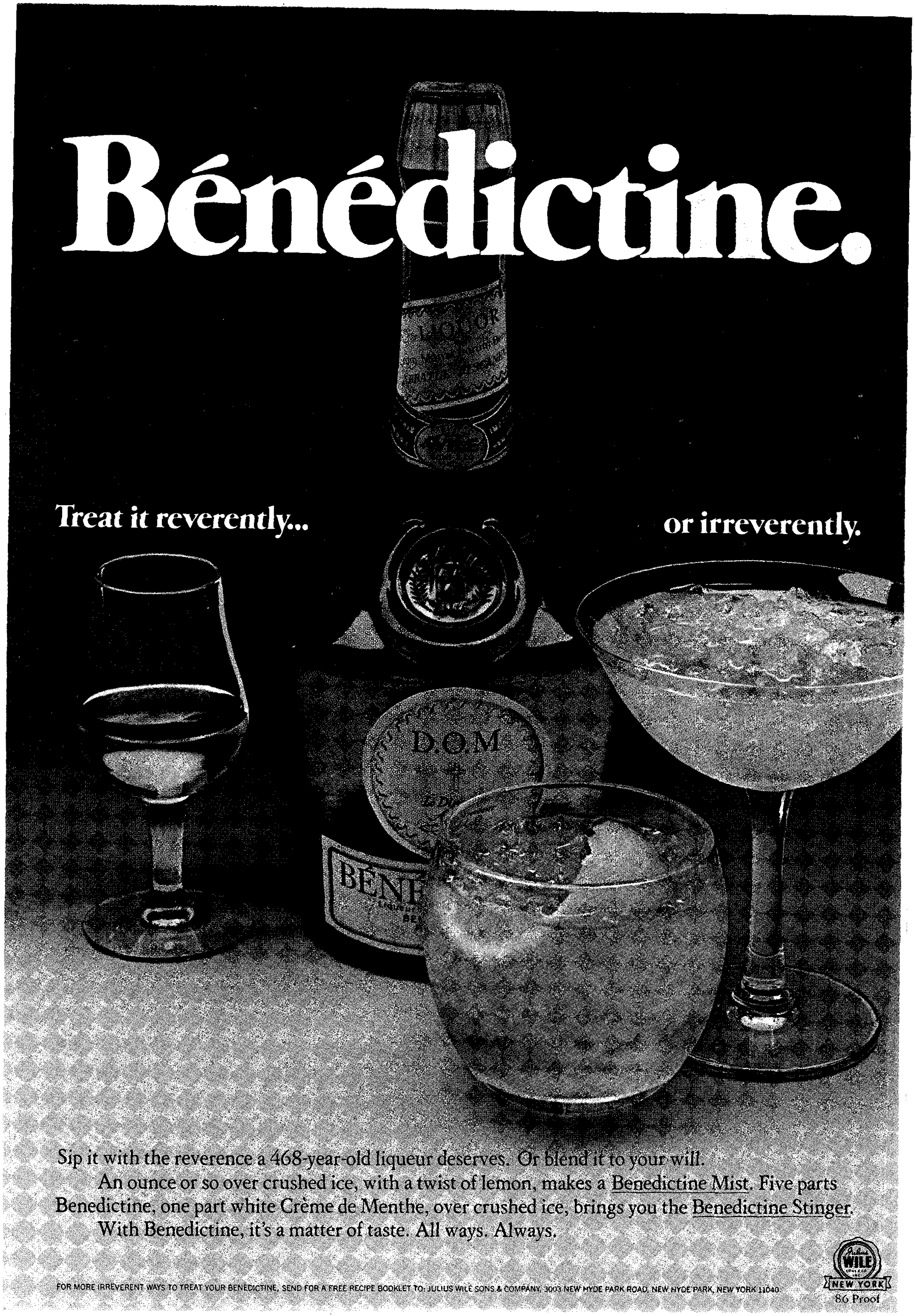
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